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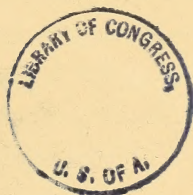
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HISTORICAL STUDIES.

BY

✓
EUGENE LAWRENCE.



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P R E F A C E.

THE following historical papers have appeared at intervals in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. I trust, notwithstanding their imperfections, that they may furnish a useful outline of the slow advance of knowledge and the decay of ecclesiastical tyranny. The chief aim of the Roman Church has been the destruction of the intellect. The chief result of the overthrow of persecution has been the rapid growth of the popular mind. It is well, therefore, to review these remarkable mental struggles by the light of republican progress. Our benefactors in the past have been, not kings, popes, or princes, but those memorable men who have lived and died for religion and knowledge. To them it has at last become customary to trace the most valuable results of modern progress. Education, intelligence, virtue, religion, have flourished in spite of the intolerance of popes and kings; and the New World, in the centennial year of freedom, turns gratefully to the heroes who died, that men might be free.

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HISTORICAL STUDIES.

THE BISHOPS OF ROME.⁽¹⁾

IN her faded magnificence, Rome still possesses the most imposing of earthly empires. She rules over nearly two hundred millions of the human race. Her well-ordered army of priests, both regular and secular, arrayed almost with the precision of a Roman legion, and governed by a single will, carry the standard of St. Peter to the farthest bounds of civilization, and cover the whole earth with a chain of influences radiating from the central city. The Pope is still powerful in Europe and America, Africa and the East. He disturbs the policy of England, and sometimes governs that of France; his influence is felt in the revolutions of Mexico and the elections of New York.⁽²⁾ Hemmed in by the Greek Church on the eastward, engaged in a constant struggle with the Protestantism of the North, and trembling for his ancestral dominions in the heart of Italy itself, the Supreme Pontiff still gallantly summons around him his countless priestly legions, and thunders from the Vatican the sentiments of the Middle Ages.

As if to maintain before the eyes of mankind a semblance of supernatural splendor, the Popes have invented and perfected at Rome a ritual more magnificent than was ever

⁽¹⁾ Gieseler, Ecclesiastical History; Milman, Latin Christianity.

⁽²⁾ Since this was written (1869) the papal power has fallen. But the Pope is still the most active and dangerous of politicians in every civilized land.

known before. In the Basilica of St. Peter, the largest and most costly building ever erected by man, the annual pomp of the Romish ceremonies exceeds the powers of description. The gorgeous robes, the plaintive music, the assembled throng of princes, cardinals, and priests, the various rites designed to paint in living colors the touching memorials of the Saviour's life and death, delight or impress the inquisitive and the devout. And when at length the Holy Father, parent of all the faithful, appears upon the balcony of St. Peter's and bestows his blessing upon mankind, few turn away unaffected by the splendid spectacle, untouched by the peculiar fascination of the magnificent Church of Rome.

Very different, however, in character and appearance was that early church which the Popes claim to represent. The Jewish Christians entered pagan Rome probably about the middle of the first century. That city was then the capital of the Roman Empire and of the world. Its population was more than a million; its temples, baths, and public buildings were still complete in their magnificence; its streets were filled with a splendid throng of senators, priests, and nobles; its palaces were scenes of unexampled luxury; and literature and the fine arts still flourished, although with diminished lustre. But the moral condition of Rome during the reigns of Claudius and Nero shocked even the unrefined consciences of Juvenal and Persius. A cold, dull materialism pervaded all ranks of the people; the intellect was enchained by spells more gross and foul than the enchantments of Comus; crime kept pace with luxury, and the palaces of emperors and senators were stained with horrible deeds that terrified even the hardened sentiment of Rome.^(*) At length Nero became a raging madman. He murdered his mother, his friends, and his kinsmen. Seneca and Lucan, the literary glories of the age, died at his command. To forget his fearful deeds, Nero plunged into wild excesses. He roamed like a bacchanal through the streets of the city; he sung upon the stage

(*) Tacitus, Juvenal, and Persius indicate the condition of Rome. Merivale and Gibbon may be consulted.

amidst the applauding throng of mimics and actors, and his horrible revelry was mingled with a cruelty that almost surpasses belief.

The people of Rome were little less corrupt than their emperor. Honor, integrity, and moral purity were mocked at and contemned by the degraded descendants of Cicero and Cato, and the keen satire of Juvenal has thrown a shameful immortality upon the vicious and criminal of his contemporaries. Gain was the only aim of the Romans. The husband sold his honor, the parent his child, friend betrayed friend, wives denounced their husbands, to win the means of a luxurious subsistence. The amusements of the people, too, were well fitted to instruct them in degradation and crime. Thousands of wretched gladiators died in the arena to satisfy the Roman thirst for blood; gross and frivolous pantomimes had supplanted on the stage the tragedies of Accius and the comedies of Terence; the witty but indecorous epigrams of Martial were beginning to excite the interest of the cultivated; and even the philosophic Seneca, plunged in the luxury of his palaces and villas, wrote in vain his defense of the matricide of Nero.

It was into such a city that the early missionaries from Jerusalem made their way, about the middle of the first century, bearing to unhappy Rome the earliest tidings of the gospel of peace. Amidst the splendid throng of consulars, knights, and nobles, they wandered obscure and unknown strangers. The first bishop of Rome, clothed in coarse and foreign garb, and mingling with the lowest classes of the people, was scarcely noticed by the frivolous courtiers of Nero, or that literary opposition which was inspired by the vigorous honesty of the satirists and poets. Yet Christianity seems to have made swift though silent progress. Within thirty years from the death of its author a church had already been gathered at Rome, and the simple worship of the early Christians was celebrated under the shadow of the Capitol. Their meetings were held in rooms and private houses in obscure portions of the city; the exhortations of the apostles were heard with eager interest by the lower orders of the Romans; a new

hope dawned upon the oppressed and the obscure, and it is said that a large number of the earlier converts were slaves. Little is known of the condition of the Church at this period; yet we may properly infer that its congregations were numerous, and that the voice of praise and prayer was heard issuing from many an humble dwelling of the crowded and dissolute city. Amidst the shouts and groans of the blood-stained arena, and the wild revels of the streets and the palaces, the Jewish teachers inculcated to eager assemblies lessons of gentleness and love.

Suddenly, however, a terrible light is thrown upon the condition of the early Church of Rome. Nero began his famous persecution, and the severe pen of the historian Tacitus bears witness to the wide and rapid growth of the obscure faith. "The founder of the sect, Christ," says the pagan writer, "was executed in the reign of Tiberius by the procurator, Pontius Pilate. The pernicious superstition, repressed for a time, burst forth again; not only through Judea, the birthplace of the evil, but at Rome also, where every thing atrocious and base centres and is in repute." Rome had lately been desolated by a great fire, which Nero was believed to have ordered to be kindled in one of his moments of insane merriment; and, to remove suspicion from himself, the emperor charged the Christians with an attempt to burn the city. Those first arrested, says Tacitus, confessed their guilt; vast numbers were put to death; some were clad in the skins of wild beasts and were torn to pieces by dogs; others were affixed to crosses, and, being covered with some inflammable material, were burned at night, in the place of torches, to dispel the darkness. Nero lent his gardens for the hideous spectacle, the populace of Rome crowded to the novel entertainment, and the emperor, driving his own chariot, rode amidst the throng, clad in the garb of a charioteer. In the last year of the reign of this monster, St. Peter and St. Paul, a doubtful tradition relates, suffered martyrdom at Rome, and were buried in the spots now marked by the two noble Basilicas that bear their names.

From this period (67) the new and powerful sect became a

constant object of imperial persecution. The Christians were denounced as the common enemies of mankind. The grossest crimes, the foulest superstitions, were charged against them. The learned Romans looked upon them with contempt as a vulgar throng of deluded enthusiasts. Pliny speaks of them with gentle scorn; the wise Trajan and the philosophic Aurelius united in persecuting them; and Decius and Diocletian sought to extirpate every vestige of the hated creed. Six great persecutions are noticed by the historians, from that of Nero to that of Maximin and Diocletian, during which the whole civilized world everywhere witnessed the constancy and resignation of the Christian martyrs.

It was the age of martyrdom. An infinite number of novel tortures were devised by the infuriated pagans to rack the bodies of their unresisting victims. Some were affixed to crosses and left to starve; some were suspended by the feet, and hung with their heads downward until they died; some were crushed beneath heavy weights; some beaten to death with iron rods; some were cast into caldrons of blazing oil; some were thrown, bound, into dungeons to be eaten by mice; some were pierced with sharp knives; and thousands died in the arena, contending with wild beasts, to amuse the populace of Rome.⁽¹⁾ The mildest punishment awarded to the Christians was to labor in the sand-pits, or to dig in the distant mines of Sardinia and Spain. Men, women, and children, the noble convert or the faithful slave, suffered a common doom, and were exposed to tortures scarcely equaled by the poetic horrors of Dante's terrible Inferno. Yet the honors paid to these early martyrs in a later age were almost as extravagant as their sufferings had been severe. The city which had been consecrated by their tortures deemed itself hallowed by their doom. The sepulchre of eighteen martyrs, sung Prudentius, has made holy the fair city of Saragossa. Splendid churches

(¹) Prudentius, *Migne*, lx., p. 450-54, sings the sufferings of the martyrs. See *Peristeph.*, hymn x., p. 1069. *Conspirat uno fœderatus spiritu.*

*Grege Christianus, agmen imperterritum
Matrum, virorum, parvulorum, virginum;
Fixa et statuta est omnibus sententia, etc.*

were built over the graves of obscure victims; the bones of the martyrs were looked upon as the most precious relics; they were encased in gold and covered with jewels; they wrought miracles, healed the sick, and brought prosperity and good fortune; and the humblest Christian who had been racked with sharp knives or hung with his head downward, in the days of pagan persecution, was now deified, worshiped, and almost adored.

It was during the reign of the early persecution that the bishops and the Church of Rome sought, and perhaps found, a refuge in that singular hiding-place—the Catacombs.⁽¹⁾ Beneath the Campagna, immediately around the city, the earth is penetrated by a great number of galleries or tunnels, running for many miles under the surface, and difficult of access even to those most familiar with them. These narrow passages are now known as the Catacombs, and are usually four or six feet wide, and ten feet high. They were formed by the Romans in getting out sand for cement; and as many of the Christians were laborers or slaves, they were probably well acquainted with the opportunity for concealment offered by these *arenariæ*, or sand-pits, where they had often labored at their humble toil. When persecution grew fierce, and the life of every Christian was in danger, the Church of Rome hid itself in the Catacombs. Here, in these dismal passages, may still be seen a thousand traces of the sufferings and sorrows of the early Christians. Here are small chapels cut in the sides of the wall of sand, and provided with altars, fonts, and episcopal chairs, while above the chapel a narrow opening is often excavated to the surface of the earth in order to admit a little light or air to the hidden congregation below. Other portions of the Catacombs were used as cemeteries for the burial of the Christian dead. Countless tombs are seen rudely excavated in the earth, and usual-

(¹) For the Catacombs consult Church of the Catacombs, Maitland, who thinks (p. 17) they were originally sand-pits; and De Rossi. The *arenarii*, or sand-diggers, were probably slaves who eagerly embraced Christianity.

ly distinguished by an inscription indicating the position and character of the deceased. These inscriptions, indeed, form one of the most interesting traits of the Catacombs, and have been eagerly studied and copied by many ardent explorers. They bring into clear light the simplicity and fervor of the ancient faith. Here are no prayers for the dead, no address to the Virgin or the saints. Upon one tomb is written, "He sleeps in Christ;" over another, "May she live in the Lord Jesus!" Most of the inscriptions dwell upon the hope of a better life, and are full of resignation and faith. One, however, shows in what gloom and terror the Church maintained its existence. "O, mournful time," it reads, "in which prayer and sacred rites, even in caverns, afford no protection!"⁽¹⁾

The bishops of Rome, with their terrified followers, were now the tenants of a subterranean home. They lived among tombs, in darkness and confinement, fed upon the scanty food brought them by stealth by faithful slaves or devoted women. Yet, if we may believe the common tradition, but few of the early bishops escaped martyrdom. They were pursued into the Catacombs, and were often murdered in the midst of their congregations. Stephen I., Bishop of Rome, lived many years, it is said, in these dismal retreats. Food was furnished him from above, and wells and springs are found in the Catacombs. At length, however, the pagan soldiers traced him to his chapel, while he was performing service, and, when he had done, threw him back in his episcopal chair, and cut off his head at a blow. The pagan emperors in vain issued decrees forbidding the Christians to take refuge in the Catacombs; and although death was decreed to every one who was found there, these endless labyrinths were always thickly peopled. Ladies of rank hid in the sand-pits, and were fed by their faithful maids; the rich and the poor found a common safety in the recesses of the earth. When the heathen soldiers approached, the Christians would sometimes block up

(1) Maitland, p. 53: "No worship of the Virgin is found, nor image-worship."

the passages with sand, and then escape to some distant part of the labyrinths where the persecutors did not venture to follow them.

Long afterward, when all necessity for using them had forever passed away, the Catacombs were still looked upon with singular veneration by the Roman Christians as the scene of many a martyrdom, and the home of the persecuted Church. Here they would often assemble to celebrate their holiest rites, surrounded by the tombs of bishops and presbyters, and shut out from the world in the gloom of a subterranean darkness. St. Jerome relates that it was his custom, when a young student at Rome, to wander on Sundays to the Catacombs, accompanied by his pious friends, descend into a deep cavern amidst the cultivated fields near the city, and enter by a path of winding steps the hallowed abode of the martyrs. His pious pilgrimage represents, no doubt, the common practice of the Christians of his time. But as centuries passed away, the ancient usage was neglected, until at length even the very existence of the Catacombs was forgotten. It was only remembered that in the early ages the Christians had hidden in their cemeteries, and that the living had once been forced to seek shelter among the dead. In the year 1578 Rome was startled by the intelligence that an ancient Christian cemetery had been discovered, extending like a subterranean city around and beneath the Salarian Way. The Roman antiquarians and artists crowded to the spot, explored with earnest devotion the crumbling labyrinth, copied the numerous inscriptions, traced the moldering sculptures or the faded pictures on the walls, and revived the memory of the forgotten Church of the Catacombs.

During this period of persecution and contempt the bishops of Rome gave little promise of that spiritual and temporal grandeur to which they afterward attained. They are nearly lost to history; a barren list of names is almost all that we possess. Yet the discovery of the writings of Hippolytus has lately thrown some new light upon the characters of several of the early bishops, and serves to show that the rulers of the Church were not always selected with discre-

tion.⁽¹⁾ Bishop Victor was stern, haughty, and overbearing; his successor, Zephyrinus, feeble, ignorant, avaricious, and venal. But the next bishop, who ruled from 219 to 223, was even less reputable than his predecessors. Callistus, in early life, had been a slave in the family of Carpophorus, a wealthy Christian who was employed in the emperor's household. His master established Callistus as a banker in a business quarter of the city, and his bank was soon filled with the savings of prudent Christians and the property of widows and orphans. Callistus made away with the funds intrusted to his care, and, being called to account, fled from Rome. He was seized, brought back to the city, and condemned to hard labor in the public work-house. His master, however, obtained his release, forgave his offense, and employed him in collecting moneys which Callistus pretended were due him. Soon after, the defaulting banker was arrested for some new offense, and was condemned to be scourged and transported to the mines of Sardinia. He was again relieved from his sentence through the influence of powerful friends, returned to Rome, and became the favorite and counselor of the feeble Bishop Zephyrinus. When the latter died, Callistus succeeded him in the episcopal chair; and thus a public defaulter, snatched from the work-house and the mines, became the head of the Roman Church.

In the last great persecution under Diocletian, the bishops of Rome probably fled once more to the Catacombs. Their churches were torn down, their property confiscated, their sacred writings destroyed, and a vigorous effort was made to extirpate the powerful sect. But the effort was vain. Constantine soon afterward became emperor, and the Bishop of Rome emerged from the Catacombs to become one of the ruling powers of the world. This sudden change was followed by an almost total loss of the simplicity and purity of the days of persecution. Magnificent churches were erected by the emperor in Rome, adorned with images and pictures, where the bishop sat on a lofty throne, encircled by inferior priests,

(¹) Bunsen, Hippolytus.

and performing rights borrowed from the splendid ceremonial of the pagan temple. The Bishop of Rome became a prince of the empire, and lived in a style of luxury and pomp that awakened the envy or the just indignation of the heathen writer, Marcellinus. The Church was now enriched by the gifts and bequests of the pious and the timid; the bishop drew great revenues from his farms in the Campagna and his rich plantations in Sicily; he rode through the streets of Rome in a stately chariot and clothed in gorgeous attire; his table was supplied with a profusion more than imperial; the proudest women of Rome loaded him with lavish donations, and followed him with their flatteries and attentions; and his haughty bearing and profuse luxury were remarked upon by both pagans and Christians as strangely inconsistent with the humility and simplicity enjoined by the faith which he professed.

The bishopric of Rome now became a splendid prize, for which the ambitious and unprincipled contended by force or fraud. The bishop was elected by the clergy and the populace of the city, and this was the only elective office at Rome. Long deprived of all the rights of freemen, and obliged to accept the senators and consuls nominated by the emperors, the Romans seemed once more to have regained a new liberty in their privilege of choosing their bishops. They exercised this right with a violence and a factious spirit that showed them to be unworthy of possessing it. On an election-day the streets of Rome were often filled with bloodshed and riot. The rival factions assailed each other with blows and weapons. Churches were garrisoned, stormed, sacked, and burned; and the opposing candidates, at the head of their respective parties, more than once asserted their spiritual claims by force of arms.

About the middle of the fourth century, the famous Trinitarian controversy swept over the world, and lent new ardor and bitterness to the internal contests of the Church of Rome. The Emperor Constantius was an Arian, and had filled all the Eastern sees with the prelates of his own faith. His adversary, the rigorous Athanasius, fled to Rome, and had there

thrown the spell of his master-mind over Pope and people. But Constantius was resolved to crush the last stronghold of Trinitarianism. Pope Liberius, won by the favors or terrified at the threats of the emperor, at first consented to a condemnation of the doctrine of Athanasius. But soon the mental influence of the great Alexandrian proved more powerful than the material impulse of Constantius. Liberius recanted, proclaimed the independence of the Roman See, and launched the anathemas of the Church against all who held Arian opinions, and even against the emperor himself. All Rome rose in revolt in defense of its bishop and its creed; but the unhappy Liberius was seized at night, by the orders of the enraged Constantius, and carried away in exile to the shores of cold and inhospitable Thrace. He refused with contempt the money sent him by the emperor to pay the expenses of his journey. "Let him keep it," said he to the messengers, "to pay his soldiers. Do you presume to offer me alms as if I were a criminal?" he exclaimed. "Away! first become a Christian!"

Two years of exile in barbarous Thrace, and the dread of a worse doom, seem to have shaken the resolution of the Pope. The emperor, too, had taken a still more effectual means of assailing the authority of his rebellious subject. Felix, an anti-pope, had been appointed at Rome, elected by three eunuchs, and Liberius now consented to renounce his communion with Athanasius. His people, and particularly the rich and noble women of Rome, had remained faithful to their exiled bishop; and as he entered the city a splendid throng came forth to meet him, and welcomed him with a triumphal procession. Felix, the anti-pope, fled before him, but soon afterward returned, and it is said that the streets, the baths, and the churches were the scenes of a fierce struggle between the rival factions. Rome was filled with bloodshed and violence, until at last Liberius triumphed, and closed his life in peace upon the throne of St. Peter.

His death was the signal for new disorders, and two opposing candidates, Damasus and Ursicinus, contended for the papal chair. The latter having occupied, with his adherents, the

Julian Basilica, Damasus, at the head of a mob of charioteers, the hackmen of Rome, and a wild throng of the lowest of the people, broke into the sacred edifice, and encouraged a general massacre of its defenders. On another occasion Damasus assembled a force composed of gladiators, charioteers, and laborers, armed with clubs, swords, and axes, and stormed the Church of S. Maria Maggiore, where a party of the rival faction had intrenched themselves, and massacred one hundred and sixty persons of both sexes. The contest raged for a long time. Another frightful massacre took place in the Church of St. Agnes; the civil powers in vain interfered to check the violence of the pious factions, and at length the emperor was obliged to appoint a heathen prefect for the city, who, by his severe impartiality, reduced the Christians to concord. Damasus, stained with bloodshed and raging with evil passions, was firmly seated on the episcopal throne, and seems to have obtained the admiration and the support of his contemporary, the impetuous St. Jerome.

In the mean time the magnificent city was still divided between the pagans and the Christians. A large part of the population still clung to the ancient faith. Many of the wealthiest citizens and most of the old aristocracy still sacrificed to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, and looked with scorn upon the fierce enthusiasts who had filled Rome with violence and disorder. In one street the pagan temple, rising in severe majesty, was filled with its pious worshipers, performing rites and ceremonies as ancient as Numa; in the next the Christian Basilica resounded with the praises of the triune God. On one side the white-robed priest led the willing victim to the altar, and inspected the palpitating entrails; on the other the Christian preacher denounced in vigorous sermons the follies of the ancient superstition. The contest, however, did not continue long. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, enforced the condemnation of paganism, and the last marks of respect were withdrawn from those tutelar deities who had so long presided over the destinies of Rome.

The fourth century brought important changes in the condition of the bishops of Rome. It is a singular trait of the

corrupt Christianity of this period that the chief characteristic of the eminent prelates was a fierce and ungovernable pride. Humility had long ceased to be numbered among the Christian virtues. The four great rulers of the Church (the Bishop of Rome and the patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, and Alexandria) were engaged in a constant struggle for supremacy.⁽¹⁾ Even the inferior bishops assumed a princely state, and surrounded themselves with their sacred courts. The vices of pride and arrogance descended to the lower orders of the clergy; the emperor himself was declared to be inferior in dignity to the simple presbyter, and in all public entertainments and ceremonious assemblies the proudest layman was expected to take his place below the haughty churchman. As learning declined and the world sunk into a new barbarism, the clergy elevated themselves into a ruling caste, and were looked upon as half divine by the rude Goths and the degraded Romans. It is even said that the pagan nations of the West transferred to the priest and monk the same awe-struck reverence which they had been accustomed to pay to their Druid teachers. The Pope took the place of their Chief Druid, and was worshiped with idolatrous devotion; the meanest presbyter, however vicious and degraded, seemed, to the ignorant savages, a true messenger from the skies.

At Rome, the splendid capital, still untouched by the Goth, the luxury and pride of the princely caste had risen to a kind of madness. Instead of healing the wounded conscience or ministering to the sick and the poor, the fashionable presbyter or deacon passed his time in visiting wealthy widows, and extracting rich gifts and legacies from his superstitious admirers. A clerical fop of the period of Pope Damasus is thus described by the priestly Juvenal, St. Jerome: "His chief care is to see that his dress is well perfumed, that his sandals fit close to his feet; his hair is crisped with a curl-

(¹) Gieseler, i., p. 374. In 381, the second General Council gave the Bishop of Constantinople the first rank after the Bishop of Rome: *διὰ τὸ εἶναι αὐτὴν νείαν Ρώμην*. The appellation of patriarch might be given to any bishop in the fourth century.

ing-pin; his fingers glitter with rings; he walks on tip-toe through the streets lest he may splash himself with the wet soil, and when you see him abroad you would think him a bridegroom rather than a priest." "Both deacons and presbyters," exclaims the monastic Jerome, "strive for the favor of women;" and were, no doubt, in search of wealthy and high-born wives among the greatest families of Rome. The first era of successful Christianity, indeed, was more luxurious and corrupt than had been that of Augustus or Tiberius. The bishop lived in imperial pomp, the lower orders of the clergy imitated his license and his example; the people were sunk in superstition and vice; when suddenly a terrible purification—a baptism of fire and blood—came upon the guilty city.

This was no less than the total destruction of that costly fabric of civilization, the Roman Empire, which had been erected by the labors and sufferings of so many statesmen, warriors, philosophers, and had seemed destined to control forever the future of Europe and mankind. The northern races now descended upon the southern, and gained an easy victory. Knowledge ceased to be power, the intellectual sunk before the material, and the cultivated Romans showed themselves to have wholly lost the faculty of self-defense—an example of national decay so often repeated in history that one can scarcely assert with confidence that any people is to remain exempted from it forever. A few thousand Goths or Huns were now more than a match for countless hosts of Romans; they swept away the feeble defenders of Greece, Italy, and Gaul with the same ease that has since marked the progress of the British in Hindostan and Pizarro in Peru. The savages blotted great cities from existence, restored vast tracts of cultivated country to its early wildness, and forced the European intellect to begin anew its slow progress toward supremacy.

No part of the civilized world suffered more severely than its capital. Alaric entered Rome lighted by the flames of its finest quarters; Genseric swept away almost its entire population. Famine, pestilence, and war fell upon the Eternal City. The numbers of its people decreased from one million to less

than fifty thousand! A few plague-stricken and impoverished citizens wandered amidst its vast and still splendid ruins; the elegant and licentious priest, the high-born women, the men of letters, the luxurious nobles, and the factious people had been carried away into slavery, or had died of plague or famine; and the Christian fathers, when they would convey to their auditors a clear conception of the Judgment-day, the final dissolution of all things earthly, would compare it to the fate of Rome.

The bishops of Rome, during this eventful period, became the protectors and preservers of the city. Their sacred office was still respected by the Arian Goths and Vandals; the large revenues of the Church were applied to providing food for the starving people; and it is possible that suffering and humiliation had once more awakened something of the purity of early Christianity in the minds of both priest and laity. The bishops, too, were sometimes the victims of wars or civil convulsions. Pope John, imprisoned as a traitor by the Ostrogothic King Theodoric, languished and died in confinement. Silverius was deposed, exiled, and perhaps murdered, by that meekest of heroes, Belisarius, to gratify his imperious wife, Antonina. The successor of St. Peter was rudely summoned to the Pincian Palace, the military quarters of Belisarius. In the chamber of the conqueror sat Antonina on the bed, with her patient husband at her feet. "What have we done to you, Pope Silverius," exclaimed the imperious woman, "that you should betray us to the Goths?" In an instant the pall was rent from the shoulders of the unhappy Pope, he was hurried into another room, stripped of his dress and clothed in the garb of a simple monk, and his deposition was proclaimed to the clergy of Rome. He was afterward given up to the power of his rival and successor, Vigilius, who banished him to the island of Pandataria, and is supposed to have finally procured his death.

Stained with crime, a false witness and a murderer, Vigilius had obtained his holy office through the power of two profligate women who now ruled the Roman world. Theodora, the dissolute wife of Justinian, and Antonina, her de-

voted servant, assumed to determine the faith and the destinies of the Christian Church. Vigilius failed to satisfy the exacting demands of his casuistical mistresses; he even ventured to differ from them upon some obscure points of doctrine. His punishment soon followed, and the Bishop of Rome is said to have been dragged through the streets of Constantinople with a rope around his neck, to have been imprisoned in a common dungeon, and fed on bread and water. The papal chair, filled by such unworthy occupants, must have sunk low in the popular esteem, had not Gregory the Great, toward the close of the sixth century, revived the dignity of the office.

Gregory was a Roman, of a wealthy and illustrious family, the grandson of Pope Felix II. Learned, accomplished, a fine speaker, a sincere Christian, in his youth he eclipsed all his contemporaries, was distinguished in the debates of the Senate, and finally became the governor of Rome.⁽¹⁾ The emperor, when he visited Constantinople, treated him with marked confidence, and honors and emoluments seemed to have been showered upon the young Roman with no stinted hand. He was equally the favorite of the court and of the people, and all that the world could give lay at his command. But suddenly a startling change came over his active intellect; the world grew cold and repulsive; he stopped in his career of success and became a monk. He expended his wealth in founding monasteries; he sold his gold and jewels, his silken robes and tasteful furniture, and lavished the proceeds upon the poor. He resigned his high offices, and having entered a monastery which he had founded at Rome, performed the menial duties for his fellow-monks. His body was emaciated by terrible fastings and vigils, his health gave way, and his life hung by a single thread. The prayers of a pious companion alone snatched him from an early grave.

From this severe discipline Gregory rose up a half-mad-

(1) Gregory's numerous letters may be found in Migne's collection. See vol. lxxviii., p. 140, etc. His letter to Bertha of England recommends Augustin and Laurentius to her care.

dened enthusiast. Angels seemed to float around him wherever he moved; demons fled at his approach. His monastery of St. Andrew, over which he became the abbot, was the scene of perpetual miracles. He cast out devils, and angels clustered around his holy seat. One of the monks who had passed his whole time in singing psalms, when he died was covered with white flowers by invisible hands; and the fragrance of flowers for many years afterward arose from his tomb. Yet, like many enthusiasts, Gregory was capable of acts of excessive cruelty, and his convent was ruled with unsparing severity. Justus, the monk, who was also a physician, had watched over Gregory during a long sickness with affectionate tenderness. He was himself seized with a mortal illness, and when he was dying confessed with bitter contrition that, contrary to the rules of the monastery, he had hoarded up three pieces of gold. The money was found, and the guilty monk was punished with singular cruelty. Gregory would suffer no one to approach the bed of the dying man; no sacred rites, no holy consolation, soothed the accursed spirit as it passed away. The body was cast out upon a dunghill, together with the three pieces of gold, while all the monks who had assembled around it cried out, "Thy money perish with thee!" After Justus had lain in torment for thirty days, Gregory relented; a mass was said for the afflicted soul, which returned to the earth to inform its companions that it had escaped from its fearful tortures. Such were the fancies of this superstitious age.

Gregory was chosen Pope (590) by the united voice of the clergy, the senate, and the people of Rome, and the Emperor Maurice confirmed the election. But Gregory shrunk from assuming the holy office with real alarm. He even fled in disguise into the forest, but a pillar of fire hovering over his head betrayed him. He was seized and carried by force to the Church of St. Peter, and was there consecrated Supreme Pontiff.

He might well have trembled at the thought of being intrusted with the destiny of Christianity in those dark and hopeless days; he might well have believed, as he ever did,

that the end of all things was at hand. The world was full of anarchy and desolation, and a universal horror rested upon the minds of men. From his insecure eminence at Rome, Gregory saw everywhere around him the wreck of nations and the misery of the human race. Germany was overrun by hordes of savages; France, half-barbarian, groaned beneath the Merovingian rule; Britain had relapsed into paganism under the Saxons; Spain was held by the Arian Visigoths; Africa was fast becoming a desert; while the feeble emperor at Constantinople was scarcely known or heard of in the dominions over which he held a nominal rule. Italy had become the prey of the fierce Lombards, and these ruthless savages plundered and desolated the peninsula from the Po to the Straits of Sicily. They massacred or sold into slavery the whole population of great cities, and made them so desolate that hermits chose their ruins as a fitting abode; they destroyed convents, monasteries, churches, and spared neither monks nor nuns; the very air was tainted with carnage, and the Lombards seemed never sated with bloodshed. At length, in the earlier period of Gregory's pontificate, the Lombard hordes approached to destroy Rome. In the midst of one of his most effective sermons, the Pope was startled by the news that the enemy were at the gates. He broke off suddenly, exclaiming, "I am weary of life;" but he at once gave himself to the defense of the city. The gates were closed, the crumbling walls were manned by trembling citizens, and the savage assailants retreated before the apparent vigor of the monk. Yet the environs and suburbs of the Holy City were involved in a general desolation. The people were swept away into captivity, the villas, the monasteries, and the churches sunk into smoldering ruins, and Gregory wept in vain over the woes of his unhappy people.

From his ruined city Gregory began now to spread his intellectual influence over Europe. Never was there a more busy mind. He was the finest preacher of his age; and his sermons, tinged with the fierce gloom of a monastic spirit, awoke the zeal of prelates and monks. His numerous letters, which still exist, show with what keen attention he watched

and guided the conduct of his contemporaries. He wrote in tones of persuasive gentleness to Bertha, the fair Saxon Queen of Kent; of bold expostulation to his nominal master, the Emperor Maurice of Constantinople. He corresponded with the bishops and kings of France and the Visigothic rulers of Spain; he addressed his laborious but fanciful "Dialogues" to Theodelinda, Queen of the Lombards; he watched over the decaying churches of Africa and the feeble bishoprics of Greece; he urged forward the conversion of England, and drove the timid Augustin to his missionary labors among the savage Saxons; and his wonderful mental activity was finally rewarded by the complete triumph of the Romish Church. Spain, England, France, and even the wild Lombards and Arian Goths, yielded to his vigorous assertion of the authority of the see of St. Peter.

Gregory laid the foundation of that splendid ritual which to-day governs the services of Romish chapels and cathedrals from Vienna to Mexico, from Dublin to St. Louis. He knew the advantages of order, and his "*Ordo Romanus*," his minute array of rites and ceremonies, drew together the Franks and Goths in a unison of religious observances. The world was to Gregory a vast monastery, in which perfect discipline was to be observed, and he everywhere enforced a strict unity of forms and conduct throughout all his great army of presbyters and monks.

But it was chiefly upon the power of music that Gregory relied for softening the cruel natures of Goth and Hun.⁽¹⁾ His whole ritual was one of song and melody. He was born a musician, and he impressed upon the services of the Roman Church that high excellence in musical intonation which has ever been its distinguishing trait. His own choristers were renowned for their sweet voices and artistic skill, and tradition represents the austere Pope, the master intellect of his age, as sitting among his singing-boys with a rod in his hand,

(1) Burney, *Hist. Music*, ii., p. 16: "Augustin, at his first interview with the Saxon king, approached him singing a litany and a Gregorian chant. The French valued themselves upon their chanting, but the flexible voices of the Roman singers surpassed all others in the year 600."

chastising the careless and encouraging the gifted musician. The Gregorian chants indeed proved to have a singular charm for the savage races of the North.⁽¹⁾ A band of trained singers accompanied St. Augustin in his missionary labors in England, and sometimes, it is related, proved more attractive than the most eloquent divines; the Roman singing-masters, carefully instructed in Gregory's antiphonal, became the teachers of Europe; Charlemagne, at a later period, founded singing-schools in Germany upon the Gregorian system, and was himself fond of chanting matins in his husky voice—for nature, so liberal to him in all other respects, had never designed him for a singer; and thus music became everywhere the handmaid of religion, and a powerful agent in advancing the Church of Rome.

A faint trace of modesty and humility still characterized the Roman bishops, and they expressly disclaimed any right to the supremacy of the Christian world. The Patriarch of Constantinople, who seems to have looked with a polished contempt upon his Western brother, the tenant of fallen Rome and the bishop of the barbarians, now declared himself the Universal Bishop and the head of the subject Church. But Gregory repelled his usurpation with vigor.⁽²⁾ "Whoever calls himself Universal Bishop is Antichrist," he exclaimed; and he compares the patriarch to Satan, who in his pride had aspired to be higher than the angels. Yet, reasonable as Gregory was upon many points, his boundless superstition filled the age with terrible fancies. On every side he saw countless demons threatening destruction to the elect. Hell was let loose, and the earth swarmed with its treacherous occupants. But fort-

(1) Gregory probably imitated and revived the musical services of the pagan temples. See Migne, lxxviii., p. 865, and the *Ordo Romanus*.

(2) Gregory I., who must have known his crimes, salutes the savage Phocas with devout joy. To Maurice he wrote indignantly against the usurper or rival, John, who claimed the universal bishopric.—*Migne*, lxxv., p. 345, *et seq.* Migne's editor thinks the Constantinopolitan prelates "*universalem præfecturam forsitan in totum orbem Christianum et in ipsam Romanam Ecclesiam sibi vindicaturi, nisi eorum superbiæ quæ semper ascendebat Romani pontifices obstitissent*" (p. 347).

unately for the Church, it possessed a spiritual armory which no demon could resist. The relics of the saints and the bones of the martyrs were talismans insuring the perfect safety of their possessor; and one of St. Peter's hairs, or a filing from the chains of St. Paul, was thought a gift worthy of kings and queens. Gregory, too, had conversed with persons who had visited the realm of spirits and had been permitted to return to the earth. A soldier described such an adventure in language almost Virgilian. He passed by a bridge over a dark and noisome river, and came to an Elysian plain, filled with happy spirits clothed in white, and dwelling in radiant mansions. Above all a golden palace towered to the skies. Upon the bridge the visitor recognized one of his friends who had lately died, and who, as he attempted to pass, slipped, and was immediately seized by frightful demons, who strove to drag him beneath the stream; but at the same moment angelic beings caught him in their arms, and a struggle began for the possession of the trembling soul. The result was never told.

Gregory the Great died in 604, having established the power of the Roman bishopric, and his successors assumed the title of pope.⁽¹⁾ Under Gregory the Roman See became the acknowledged head of the Western Church. The next important period in its history is the acquisition of its temporal dominions by an unscrupulous intrigue with the usurping kings of France. Various circumstances had concurred to produce this change. The Roman Church had become the representative and the chief defense of all the corruptions of the ancient faith. It adopted the worship of the Virgin and the invocation of saints, the doctrine of purgatory, and the wild-est legends and traditions of the monkish writers; it advo-

(¹) Gregory I. rejected the title of Universal Bishop as blasphemous. "*Sed absit a cordibus Christianis nomen istud blasphemiam, in quo omnium sacerdotum honor adimitur cum ab uno sibi dementer arrogatur*" (lxxvii., p. 746). With what horror would the timid Pope have heard the title "*Vicar of God*," or the idea of infallibility, applied to himself. So to John he writes: "*Quid ergo, frater carissime, in illo terribili examine venientis judicii dieturus es, qui non solum pater, sed etiam generalis pater, in mundo vocari appetis?*" (lxxvii., p. 742).

cated the celibacy of the clergy; its churches were filled with images and relics, and its superstitious laity surpassed in blind idolatry the follies of their heathen ancestors. In the mean time the followers of Mohammed, issuing from their deserts, had conquered the East, Africa, and Spain, threatened Italy itself with subjugation, and preached everywhere a single deity and an iconoclastic creed. While Christendom was filled with idolatry, the cultivated Arabs aspired to the purest conception of the Divine nature. The contrast became so startling as to awaken a sense of shame in the breast of Leo, the Isaurian, Emperor of the East. He began in 727-'30 the famous iconoclastic reform; he ordered the images to be broken to pieces, the walls of the churches to be whitewashed, and prosecuted with honest but imprudent vigor his design of extirpating idolatry. But a fierce dissension at once raged throughout all Christendom, the monks and the people rose in defense of their images and pictures, and the emperor, even in his own capital, was denounced as a heretic and a tyrant. There was an image of the Saviour, renowned for its miraculous powers, over the gate of the imperial palace, called the Brazen Gate, from the rich tiles of gilt bronze that covered its magnificent vestibule. The emperor ordered the sacred figure to be taken down and broken to pieces. But the people from all parts of the city flew to the defense of their favorite idol, fell upon the officers, and put many of them to death. The women were even more violent than the men; like furies they rushed to the spot, and, finding one of the soldiers engaged in his unhallowed labor at the top of a ladder, they pulled it down and tore him to pieces as he lay bruised upon the ground. "Thus," exclaims the pious annalist, "did the minister of the emperor's injustice fall at once from the top of a ladder to the bottom of hell." The women next flew to the great church, and finding the iconoclastic patriarch officiating at the altar, overwhelmed him with a shower of stones and a thousand opprobrious names. He escaped, bruised and fainting, from the building. The guards were now called out, and the female insurrection suppressed, but not until several of the women had perished in the fray.

The Pope, Gregory II., assumed the defense of image-worship. The Italian provinces of the Greek emperor, known as the Exarchate, threw off the imperial authority rather than part with their images; and it was these provinces that finally became the patrimony of St. Peter, and formed the chief part of the papal domain. A long struggle, however, arose for the possessions of the Greeks. The Lombard kings, always hostile to the Popes, sought to appropriate the Exarchate, and the acute Popes appealed for aid to the rising power of France. But it was not to the feeble Merovingian kings that they addressed themselves, but to Charles Martel and his ambitious descendants. To gratify their own craving for temporal power, the Popes founded the new dynasty of the Carolingians. By the sanction and perhaps the suggestion of Pope Zacharias, the last of the phantom kings ceased to reign in France, and Pepin, the founder of the Carolingians, ascended the throne of Clovis. The powerful Franks now became the protectors of the papacy. Pepin, liberal to his spiritual benefactor, gave to the Popes the Exarchate and protected them from the Lombards; and thus France, always Catholic and always orthodox, founded the temporal power of Rome. The Lombards, however, did not yield without a struggle. On one occasion they threatened Rome itself with destruction; and the Pope, Stephen III., in an agony of terror, wrote two letters to Pepin claiming his protection. When the Frank neglected his appeals, the Pope ventured upon the most remarkable and the most successful of all the pious frauds. Pepin received a third letter, addressed to him by the Apostle Peter himself, in his own handwriting. St. Peter and the Holy Virgin, in this curious epistle, adjure the Frankish king to save their beloved city from the impious Lombards, and paradise and perpetual victory and prosperity are promised him as his rewards. Pepin obeyed the divine summons, entered Italy as the champion of St. Peter, and in 755 bestowed upon the bishops of Rome the authority and the dominions of a temporal prince. The gift was afterward enlarged and confirmed by Charlemagne. This eminent man, who ruled over France, Germany, Italy, and a part of Spain,

altogether destroyed the Lombard kingdom, and placed Leo III. securely on the papal throne. In return the grateful Pope crowned the half-barbarous Karl, Augustus and Emperor of the West.⁽¹⁾ It was on Christmas of the last year of the eighth century. Charles and his magnificent court were assembled at the celebration of the Nativity at Rome; the Roman nobles and clergy looked on in a splendid throng; the Pope himself chanted mass. At its close he advanced to Charles, placed a golden crown upon his head, and saluted him as Cæsar Augustus. The assembly broke into loud acclamations, and Charles, with feigned or real reluctance, consented to be anointed by the hands of the Pope.

From this time the Roman bishops began to take part in the politics of Europe. They made war or peace, formed leagues and unholy alliances, intrigued, plotted, plundered their neighbors, oppressed their subjects, and filled Italy and Europe with bloodshed and crime. The possession of temporal power, that "fatal gift," denounced by Dante and Milton, his translator, corrupted the sources of Western Christianity until it became the chief aim of the later Popes to enlarge their possessions by force or fraud, and add to those rich territories which they had won from the superstition of Pepin and the policy of Charlemagne.

The great emperor died; Europe fell into the anarchy of feudalism, and the bishops of Rome rose into new grandeur and importance. As the successors of St. Peter, they asserted their supremacy over kings and emperors, and claimed the right of disposing of crowns and kingdoms at will. St. Pe-

(1) *Annales Veteres Francorum*. Migne, second series, xeviii., pp. 1410-1430: "Leo papa cum consilio omnium episcoporum sive sacerdotum seu Senatu Francorum, necnon et Romanorum, coronam auream capiti ejus imposuit, adjuncto etiam populo, acclamant, Carolo Augusto a Deo coronato magno et pacifico imperator Romanorum vita et victoria." His title was Emperor of the Romans. So Odilbert addresses him, "Carolus Sere-nissimus Augustus a Deo coronatus pacificus imperator Romanorum gubernans imperium."—*Migne*, xeviii., p. 919. And Bryce, *Holy German Empire*, p. 205: "Germany had adopted even the name of the Empire." It was Charlemagne's aim to assume the place of Constantine and Trajan.

ter no longer wrote humble letters asking aid from the barbarous Frank; he thundered from dismantled Rome in the menacing tone of command. The representative Pope of this new era was the illustrious, or the infamous, Hildebrand, the Cæsar of the papacy. Hildebrand was the son of a carpenter, but he was destined to rule over kings and nobles. His youth was marked by intense austerity, and he was a monk from his boyhood. He early entered upon the monastic life, but his leisure hours were passed in acquiring knowledge, and his bold and vigorous intellect was soon filled with schemes for advancing the power and grandeur of the Church. Small, delicate, and unimposing in appearance, his wonderful eyes often terrified the beholder. He came up to Rome, became the real master of the Church, and was long content to rule in a subordinate position. Pope after Pope died, but Hildebrand still remained immovable, the guide and oracle of Rome. He revolved in secret his favorite principles, the celibacy of the clergy, the supremacy of the Popes, the purification of the Church. At length, in 1073, on the death of Alexander II., the clergy with one voice named Hildebrand the successor of St. Peter. He was at once arrayed in the scarlet robe, the tiara placed upon his head, and Gregory VII. was enthroned, weeping and reluctant, in the papal chair.

His elevation was the signal for the most wonderful change in the character and purposes of the Church. The Pope aspired to rule mankind. He claimed an absolute power over the conduct of kings, priests, and nations, and he enforced his decrees by the terrible weapons of anathema and excommunication. He denounced the marriages of the clergy as impious, and at once there arose all over Europe a fearful struggle between the ties of natural affection and the iron will of Gregory. Heretofore the secular priests and bishops had married, raised families, and lived blamelessly as husbands or fathers, in the enjoyment of marital and filial love. But suddenly all this was changed. The married priests were declared polluted and degraded, and were branded with ignominy and shame. Wives were torn from their devoted husbands, children were declared bastards, and the ruthless monk, in the face

of the fiercest opposition, made celibacy the rule of the Church. The most painful consequences followed. The wretched women, thus degraded and accursed, were often driven to suicide in their despair. Some threw themselves into the flames; others were found dead in their beds, the victims of grief or of their own resolution not to survive their shame, while the monkish chroniclers exult over their misfortunes, and triumphantly consign them to eternal woe.⁽¹⁾

Thus the clergy under Gregory's guidance became a monastic order, wholly separated from all temporal interests, and bound in a perfect obedience to the Church. He next forbade all lay investitures or appointments to bishoprics or other clerical offices, and declared himself the supreme ruler of the ecclesiastical affairs of nations. No temporal sovereign could fill the great European sees, or claim any dominion over the extensive territories held by eminent churchmen in right of their spiritual power. It was against this claim that the Emperor of Germany, Henry IV., rebelled. The great bishoprics of his empire, Cologne, Bremen, Treves, and many others, were his most important feudatories; and should he suffer the imperious Pope to govern them at will, his own dominion would be reduced to a shadow. And now began the famous contest between Hildebrand and Henry—between the carpenter's son and the successor of Charlemagne, between the Emperor of Germany and the Head of the Church. It opened with an adventure that marks well the wild and lawless nature of the time. On Christmas-eve, 1075, the rain poured down in torrents at Rome, confining the people to their houses, while the Pope, with a few ecclesiastics, was keeping a holy vigil in the distant Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. The wild night and the favorable opportunity were seized upon by Cencius, a Roman baron, to wreak his vengeance upon Gregory for some former offense. His soldiers broke into the church while the Pope was celebrating mass, rushed

(¹) Migne, *Greg. Pap. VII. Vita*, vol. cxlviii., p. 153. Migne's editor insists that Gregory was of noble origin—"nobile genere ortus"—but adds, "*Sunt qui dicunt eum infimo ac penes sordido loco natum,*" etc. But see Voigt, *Papst Gregor VII.*; Delecluze, etc.

to the altar, and seized the sacred person of the pontiff. He was even wounded in the forehead; and, being stripped of his holy vestments, was dragged away bleeding and faint, but patient and unresisting, and was imprisoned in a strong tower. Two of the worshipers, a noble matron and a faithful friend, followed him to his prison. The man covered him with furs, and warmed his chilled feet in his own bosom; the woman stanchd the blood, bound up the wound, and sat weeping at his side. But the city was now aroused; the bells tolled, the trumpets pealed, and the clergy who were officiating in the different churches broke off from their services, and summoned the people to the rescue of the Pope. As the morning dawned a great throng of his deliverers assembled around the place of Gregory's imprisonment, uncertain whether he were alive or dead. Engines were brought and planted against the tower; its walls began to tremble; and the fierce Cencius, now terrified and despairing, threw himself at the Pope's feet, begging his forgiveness. The patient Pope consented, and only imposed upon Cencius the penance of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In the mean time the people broke into the tower, and carried Gregory in triumph to the church from whence he had been taken, where he finished the sacred rites which had been so rudely interrupted. The assassin Cencius and his kindred were driven from the city, and their houses and strong towers were razed to the ground.

It was plain to all that no physical danger could shake the iron resolution of Gregory: he next determined to humble the self-willed emperor. Henry, flushed with victory, surrounded by faithful bishops and nobles, attended by mighty armies, had refused, with petulant contempt, to obey the decrees of Rome. Hildebrand summoned him to appear before his tribunal, and, if he should refuse to come, appointed the day on which sentence of excommunication should be pronounced against him. The emperor replied by assembling a council of his German nobles and priests, who proclaimed the deposition of the Pope. All Christendom seemed united to crush the Bishop of Rome; the married clergy, the Simonists, and all who had received their investiture from temporal

sovereigns, joined in a fierce denunciation of his usurpation. But Gregory called together a third council in the Lateran, and a miracle or an omen inspired the superstitious assembly. An egg was produced with much awe and solemnity, on which a serpent was traced in bold relief, recoiling in mortal agony from a shield against which it had vainly struck its fangs. The bishops gazed upon the prodigy with consternation, but Gregory interpreted it with the skill of a Roman augur. The serpent was the dragon of the Apocalypse; its mortal agony foretold the triumph of the Church. A wild enthusiasm filled the assembly, the anathema of Rome was hurled against Henry, his subjects were absolved from their allegiance, and the king was declared excommunicated. The effect of this spiritual weapon was wonderful: the power of the great emperor melted away like mist before the wind. His priests shrunk from him as a lost soul, his nobles abandoned him, his people looked upon him with abhorrence, and Henry was left with a few armed followers and a few faithful bishops in a lonely castle on the Rhine.

Henry, with abject submission, now resolved to seek the forgiveness of the Pope in Rome. In mid-winter, accompanied by his wife, his infant son, and one faithful attendant, having scarcely sufficient money to pay the expenses of his travel, he set out to cross the Alps and throw himself at Gregory's feet.⁽¹⁾ Never was there a more miserable journey. The winter was unusually severe, and great quantities of snow filled up the Alpine passes. The slippery surface was not hard enough to bear the weight of the travelers, and even the most experienced mountaineers trembled at the dangers of the passage. Yet the imperial party pressed on; the king must reach Italy, or his crown was lost forever. When, after much toil and suffering, they reached the summit of the pass, the danger was increased. A vast precipice of ice spread before them so slippery and smooth that he who entered upon it could scarce-

(1) Voigt, p. 467: "Es war furchtbare Winter Kälte, so dass alle Flüsse, selbst der Rhein, stark gefroren waren. Der Schnee im October des vorigen Jahres gefallen bedeckte das Land bis zu Ende des März." Bert. Constantin, an. 1077.

ly avoid being hurled into the depths below. Yet there was no leisure for hesitation. The queen and her infant son were wrapped in the skins of oxen and drawn down as if in a sled; the king, creeping on his hands and knees, clung to the shoulders of the guides, and thus, half sliding, and sometimes rolling down the steeper declivities, they reached the plain unharmed.⁽¹⁾

Gregory, meanwhile, doubtful at first of Henry's real design, had taken refuge in the Castle of Canossa, the mountain stronghold of his unchanging friend and ally, the great Countess Matilda. The praises of this eminent woman have been sung by poets and repeated by historians, but the crowning trait of her singular life was her untiring devotion to Gregory. For him she labored and lived; on him her treasures were lavished; her mountain castles were his refuge in moments of danger; her armies fought in his defense; she was never satisfied unless the Pope was at her side; and she made a will by which at her death all her rich possessions should revert to Gregory and the Church. Matilda was the daughter of Boniface, Margrave of Tuscany, and his only heir. A celibate although wedded, she had been married against her will to the Duke of Lorraine, and had parted forever from her unwelcome husband on her wedding-day. Hildebrand alone, the low-born and unattractive monk, had won the affections of the high-bred and self-willed woman; they were inseparable companions in adversity or success, and the Pope owed his life, his safety, and his most important achievements to a member of that sex which he had so bitterly persecuted and contemned.

To Canossa came Henry, the fallen emperor, seeking permission to cast himself at his enemy's feet.⁽²⁾ On a bitter winter morning, when the ground was covered deep with

(1) Voigt, p. 468: "Der König langte zu Canossa an, nachdem er voraus selbst noch Italien betreten hatte, mehrere Gesandte an den Papst gesendet" (p. 417).

(2) Vita Mathildis, Migne, cxlviii.: "Cumque dies starent per tres pro pace loquentes et pax non esset, rex atque recedere vellet," etc. Said Prince Bismarck, in 1873, "We will not go to Canossa;" and Germany still remembers its humiliation.

snow, he approached the castle gate, and was admitted within the first of the three walls that sheltered Gregory and Matilda. Clothed in a thin white linen dress, the garb of a penitent, his feet bare, his head uncovered, the king awaited all day, in the outer court, the opening of the gate which should admit him to the presence of Gregory. But the relentless Pope left him to shiver in the cold. A second and a third day Henry stood as a suppliant before the castle gate, and, hungry, chilled, disheartened, besought admission, but in vain. The spectators who witnessed his humiliation were touched with compassion, and every heart but that of Gregory softened toward the penitent king. At length Henry was admitted to the presence of the compassionate Matilda, fell on his knees before her, and besought her merciful interference. Gregory yielded to her prayers, and the Pope and his rightful lord, whom he had subjugated, met at a remarkable interview. Tall, majestic in figure, his feet bare and still clad in a penitential garb, the haughty Henry bowed in terror and contrition before the small and feeble gray-haired old man who had made kings the servants of the Church.

Henry subscribed to every condition the Pope imposed; obedience to ecclesiastical law, perfect submission to the Pope, even the abandonment of his kingdom, should such be Gregory's will. On these terms he was absolved, and with downcast eyes and broken spirit returned to meet the almost contemptuous glances of his German or Lombard chiefs. Yet no man at that moment was so bitterly hated by hosts of foes as the triumphant Gregory. Christendom, which had yielded to his severe reforms, abhorred the reformer; Italy shrunk from his monastic rigor; even Rome was unquiet, and Hildebrand's only friends were his faithful Countess and the Norman conquerors of Naples.

No sooner had Henry left Canossa than he seemed suddenly to recover from that strange moral and mental prostration into which his adversary's spiritual arts had thrown him. He was once more a king. He inveighed in bitter terms against the harshness and pride of Gregory; his Lombard chiefs gathered around him and stimulated him to vengeance, while

Matilda hurried the Pope back again, fearful for his life, to the impregnable walls of Canossa. But the dangerous condition of his German dominions for a while delayed his plans of vengeance. The German and Saxon princes and bishops who had abandoned him in his moment of humiliation, now fearful of his power, met in a solemn diet at Forchheim, deposed Henry, and elected Rudolph of Swabia in his place. A terrible civil war, nourished by the arts of Gregory, desolated all Germany. The Pope once more excommunicated Henry, and declared his rival king; and he even ventured to prophesy that, unless Henry made his submission by the 29th of June, the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, he would either be deposed or dead. The fierce priest, assuming to speak by inspiration, was willing to be judged by the failure or the success of his vaticination. But the result was far different from his hopes. Henry met his adversary, Rudolph, on the field of Elster; the Saxons conquered, but Rudolph was slain. His death allowed Henry to turn his arms against his spiritual foe at Rome. He crossed the Alps into Italy, but not as he had crossed them four years before, a heart-broken and trembling suppliant weighed down by superstitious dread. Excommunication had lost its terrors; Gregory had been proved a false prophet and a deceiver, and Matilda's forces, defeated and disheartened, had fled to their strongholds in the Apennines. Henry advanced, unchecked, to the walls of Rome, and laid siege to the Holy City.⁽¹⁾ Gregory, whom no dangers could move, firm in his spiritual superiority, made a bold defense; his people were united in his cause, the countess supplied him with considerable sums of money, and for three years the massive walls repelled the invader, and the Italian saw with natural exultation the host of abhorred Germans and Lombards decimated by malarias, disease, and perpetual fevers. At length, however, the city fell, Gregory retreated

(1) Matilda was to Hildebrand another Martha. "*Cui servat ut altera Martha.*" In his distress, "*Arma, voluptatem, famulos, gazam, propriamque excitat, expendit.*" Migne, cxlvi.iii., p. 1003. Says Voigt: "*Matilda zeigte schon in diesen Zeiten*" (in early youth) "*unbegrenzte Anhänglichkeit an den römischen Stuhl.*"

into the Castle of St. Angelo—a temporary refuge from the vengeance he had invoked—and Henry caused a rival Pope, under the name of Clement III., to be consecrated in St. Peter's, and received from his hands the imperial crown.

Gregory's end seemed now drawing near. Famine and the sword must soon drive him from his retreat, and he well knew that he would receive short shrift from his enraged German lord. But at this moment news came that Robert Guiscard, at the head of a powerful force, was advancing from Southern Italy to his rescue. Henry retreated, and the Norman soon became master of Rome. Gregory was released, and respectfully conducted to the Lateran Palace; but a fatal event made his return to power the source of incalculable woes to his faithful people. The army that had conquered Rome was composed of half-savage Normans and infidel Saracens—the peculiar objects of hatred to the Roman populace—and they had marked their entry into the city by a general pillage and license. The Romans resolved upon revenge. While the Normans were feasting in riotous security, they rose in revolt, and began a terrible carnage of their conquerors. The Normans, surprised, but well disciplined, soon swept the streets with their cavalry, while the citizens fought boldly from their houses, and seemed for a moment to gain the superiority. Guiscard then gave orders to set fire to the houses. The city was soon in flames; convents, churches, palaces, and private dwellings fed the conflagration; the people rushed wildly through the streets, no longer thinking of defense, but only of the safety of their wives and children; while the fierce Normans and Saracens, maddened by their treachery, perpetrated all those horrible deeds that mark the sack of cities. Rome suffered more in this terrible moment than in all the invasions of the Goths and Vandals. Thousands of its citizens were sold into slavery or carried prisoners to Calabria, and its miserable ruin was only repaired when a new city was gradually built in a different site on the ancient Campus Martius.⁽¹⁾

(1) Voigt, p. 613: "In Robert's Schaaren war eine bedeutende Zahl Saracenen, die weder Mass noch Ziel kannten." The horrors of the sack sur-

Gregory, it is said, looked calmly on the sack of his faithful city. For its destroyers he had no word of reproof. The ferocious Guiscard was still his ally and his protector. He retired, however, to Salerno, being afraid to trust himself in Rome, and from thence issued anew an excommunication against Henry and the usurping pontiff, Clement III. As death approached, no consciousness of the great woes he had occasioned, of the fierce wars he had stirred up, of the ruin he had brought upon Germany, of the desolation he had spread over Italy, of the miserable fate of Rome, seems to have disturbed his sublime serenity. At one moment he had believed himself a prophet, at another an infallible guide; he was always the vicegerent of Heaven; and just before his death he gave a general absolution to the human race, excepting only Henry and his rival Pope. He died May 25th, 1085, having bequeathed to his successors the principle that the Bishop of Rome was the supreme power of the earth. This was the conception which Gregory plainly represents.

The idea was never lost to his successors. It animated the Popes of the eleventh century in their long struggle against the Emperors of Germany; it stimulated the ardor of the Guelphic faction, whose vigor gave liberty to Italy; but its full development is chiefly to be traced in the character of Innocent III.⁽¹⁾ Of all the Bishops of Rome, Innocent approached nearest to the completion of Gregory's grand idea. He was the true Universal Bishop, deposing kings, trampling upon nations, crushing out heresy with fire and the sword, relentless to his enemies, terrible to his friends—the incarnation of spiritual despotism and pride. In the year 1198, at the age of thirty-seven, in the full strength of manhood, Innocent ascended the papal throne. His learning was profound, his morals pure; he was descended from a noble Italian family; he had

passed all the earlier woes of Rome. So Voigt, p. 613. Says Delecluze, Grégoire VII. (1844): "*La plume se refuse à tracer les horreurs sanglantes qui eurent lieu,*" etc.

(¹) *Gesta Innocentii* PP. III., ab auctore anonymo. Migne, vol. cexiv. His numerous letters show his imperious disposition, his wide ambition, and his active mind.

already written a work on "Contempt of the World, and the Misery of Human Life," and his haughty and self-reliant intellect was well fitted to subdue that miserable world which he so pitied and contemned. Yet his ruthless policy filled Europe with bloodshed and woe. He interfered in the affairs of Germany, and for ten years, with but short intervals of truce, that unhappy land was rent with civil discord. He deposed his enemy, the Emperor Otho, and placed Frederick II., half infidel, half Saracen, the last of the Hohenstaufens, on the German throne. He ruled over Rome and Italy with an iron hand. But it was in France and England that the despotic power of the Church was felt in its utmost rigor, and both those mighty kingdoms were reduced to abject submission to the will of the astute Italian. France, in the year 1200, was ruled by the firm hand of the licentious, self-willed, but vigorous Philip Augustus. Philip, after the death of his first wife, Isabella of Hainault, had resolved upon a second marriage. He had heard of the rare beauty, the long bright hair, the gentle manners of Ingeburga, sister to the King of Denmark, and he sent to demand her hand. The Dane consented, and the fair princess set sail for France, unconscious of the long succession of sorrows that awaited her in that southern land. The nuptials were celebrated, the queen was crowned; but from that moment Philip shrunk from his bride with shuddering horror. No one could tell the cause, nor did the king ever reveal it. Some said that he was under the influence of a demon, some that he was bewitched. Yet certain it is that he turned pale and shuddered at the very sight of the gentle and beautiful Ingeburga, that he hated her with intense vigor, and that he sacrificed the peace of his kingdom, the welfare of his people, and very nearly his crown itself, rather than acknowledge as his wife one who was to him all gentleness and love. At all hazards, he resolved to obtain a divorce, and the obsequious clergy of France soon gratified his wishes in this respect, upon the pretense that the ill-assorted pair were within the degree of consanguinity limited by the Church. The marriage was declared dissolved. When the news of her humiliation was brought to the unhappy stranger-queen, she

cried out, in her broken language, "Wicked, wicked France! Rome, Rome!"⁽¹⁾ She refused to return to Denmark to betray her disgrace to her countrymen, but shut herself up in a convent, where her gentleness and her piety won the sympathy of the nation.

Philip, having thus relieved himself forever, as he no doubt supposed, of his Danish wife, began to look round for her successor. Three noble ladies of France, however, refused his offers, distrustful of his fickle affections; a fourth, Agnes, daughter of the Duke of Meran, was more courageous, and was rewarded by a most unusual constancy. To the fair Agnes, Philip gave his heart, his hand, his kingdom. His love for her rose almost to madness. For her he bore the anathemas of the Church, the hatred of his people, the murmurs of his nobles, the triumph of his foes. Beautiful, young, intelligent, graceful, Agnes seems to have well deserved the devotion of the king. Her gentle manners and various accomplishments won the hearts of the gallant chivalry of France, and even touched and softened her enemies—the austere clergy. She bore the king three children, and his affection for her never ceased but with her death. Miserable, however, was the fate of the rival queen. Ingeburga, in her distress, had appealed to Rome; her brother, the King of Denmark, pressed her claims upon the Pope; while Philip, enraged at her obstinacy, treated her with singular cruelty. She was dragged from convent to convent, from castle to castle, to induce her to abandon her appeal; her prayers and her entreaties were received with cold neglect, and she who was entitled to be Queen of France was the most ill-used woman in the land.

She was now at last to find a champion and a protector. Innocent, soon after his accession, resolved to interfere in the affair, and to build up the grandeur of his see upon the misfortunes of two unhappy wives and the violent king. Ingeburga, however gentle and resigned, had never ceased to assert open-

⁽¹⁾ Gesta, p. 95: "Flens et ejulans exclamavit, *Mala Francia, mala Francia!* et adjecerat, *Roma, Roma!*"

ly her marital claims ; she pursued her recreant husband with a persistency only equaled by his own obstinate aversion to her person, and she now joined with Innocent in a last effort to reclaim him.⁽¹⁾ The Pope sent a legate into France with a command to Philip to put away the beautiful Agnes, and receive back the hated Dane. If he did not comply with the orders of his spiritual father within thirty days, France was to be laid under an interdict, and the sin of the sovereign was to be visited upon his unoffending people. Philip, enraged rather than intimidated, treated Innocent's message with contempt ; the thirty days expired, and the fatal sentence was pronounced. For the first time in the annals of Rome it ventured to inflict a spiritual censure upon a whole nation ; for the effect of an interdict was to close the gates of heaven to mankind. All over gay and prosperous France rested a sudden gloom.⁽²⁾ The churches were closed, and the worshipers driven from their doors ; the rites of religion ceased ; marriages were celebrated in the church-yards ; the bodies of the dead were refused burial in consecrated ground, and flung out to perish in the corrupted air ; baptism and the last unction were the only services allowed ; the voice of prayer and praise ceased throughout the land ; and the French with astonishment found themselves condemned to eternal woe for the sin of Philip and fair Agnes of Meran.

The punishment seemed no doubt irrational and extravagant even to the clouded intellect of that half-savage age ; but it was no less effectual. Philip sought to prevent the enforcement of the interdict by punishing the clergy who obeyed it ; and he swore that he would lose half his kingdom rather than part with Agnes. But Innocent enforced the obedience of the priests, France grew mutinous under its spiritual sufferings, and the king was forced to submit. "I will turn Mohammed-

(1) Innocent's letter to Philip is excellent, yet he was willing to sacrifice all France to an imperious church. See Migne, vol. ii. Innocent III., p. 87 : "Sane nec timor Domini nec reverentia sedis apostolicæ matris tuæ," etc.

(2) Gesta, p. 99 : "Sicque tota terra regis Francorum arctissimo est interdicto conclusa."

an," he cried, in his rage. "Happy Saladin, who has no Pope above him!" Agnes, too, wrote a touching letter to the Pope, in which she said "she cared not for the crown; it was on the husband that she had set her love. Part me not from him." But Innocent never relented. Agnes was torn from her husband and her love, and was confined in a lonely castle in Normandy, where she was seen at times wandering upon the battlements with wild gestures and disheveled hair, her face wan and pale, her eyes streaming with tears, and then was seen no more. Nor was Ingeburga more happy. She was conducted, indeed, by a train of Italian priests to the arms of her loathing husband, and, whether witch or woman, Philip was forced to receive her publicly as his wife. France rejoiced, for the interdiction was removed; a clang of bells announced the return of spiritual peace; the curtains were withdrawn from crucifixes and images; the doors of churches flew open; and a glad throng of worshipers poured into the holy buildings, from which for seven months they had been rigidly excluded. Yet the change brought little joy to the Queen of France. For the remainder of her life her husband treated her sometimes with harshness, always with neglect and contempt, and her plaintive appeals against his cruelty sometimes reached the ears of Innocent at Rome, who would then remonstrate with Philip upon his unworthy conduct toward the daughter, the sister, and the wife of a king.

The Pope next turned his spiritual arms against England, and soon reduced that powerful and independent kingdom to the condition of a vassal of the Roman See. John, the wickedest and the basest of English kings, now sat on the throne. His life had been stained by almost every form of licentiousness and crime; he had murdered his nephew, Arthur, and usurped his crown; he had shrunk from no enormity, and his subjects looked upon him with horror and disgust; Philip had torn from him all his continental possessions; and his cowardice had been as conspicuous as his vices. Yet John had ever remained the favorite son of the Church, and Innocent would still have continued his ally and his friend had not a sudden quarrel made them, for the moment, the bitterest of foes. It

would be impossible for us to review the full particulars of this memorable affair. It is sufficient to say that Innocent claimed the right of controlling the election of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that John resisted his pretension. The Pope employed the instrument which had been so effective against France; in 1208 England was laid under an interdict, and for four years beheld its churches closed, its dead cast out into unconsecrated ground, and its whole religious life crushed beneath a fatal malediction. Yet John resisted the clerical assailant with more pertinacity than Philip, and even endured the final penalty of excommunication, and it was not until Innocent had bestowed England upon Philip, and that king had prepared a considerable army to invade his new dominions, that John's courage sunk. Full of hatred for the Pope and for religion, it is said that he had resolved to become a Mohammedan, and sent ambassadors to the Caliph of Spain and Africa offering to embrace the faith of the Koran in return for material aid; and it is further related that the cultivated Mohammedan rejected with contempt the advances of the Christian renegade. So low, indeed, was sunk the moral dignity of Christianity under the papal rule, so oppressive was that power, that of the three great potentates of Christendom at this period, Frederick II. was suspected of preferring the Koran to the Bible, and both Philip Augustus and John are believed to have entertained the desire of adopting the tenets of the Arabian impostor; and all three were no doubt objects of polished scorn to the cultivated Arabs of Bagdad and Cordova.

John was soon reduced to submission, and his conduct was so base and dastardly as to awaken the scorn of his own subjects and of Europe.⁽¹⁾ He gave up his independent kingdom to be held as a fief of the Roman See, took the oath of fealty to Innocent, and bound himself and his successors to become the vassals of an Italian lord. But his shame was probably lightened by a sense of the bitter disappointment which he

(1) Innocent to John. Migne, vol. iii., p. 925, Epist. : "Quod tu, fili charissime, prudenter attendens," etc. The Pope accepts the gift of England, and confers it as a fief upon John and his heirs.

was thus enabled to inflict upon his enemy, Philip Augustus. The Pope, with his usual indifference to the claims of honor and of faith, now prohibited the King of France from prosecuting his designs against England; and Philip, who at a great expense had assembled all the chivalry of his kingdom, was forced to obey. The barons of England soon after wrested from their dastard king the Magna Charta, and Innocent in vain endeavored to weaken the force of that instrument which laid the foundation of the liberties of England and of America.

But it is chiefly as the first of the great persecutors that Innocent III. has deserved the execration of posterity. He was the destroyer of the Albigenses and the troubadours, and the first buds and flowers of European literature were crushed by the ruthless hand of the impassive Bishop of Rome. Languedoc and Provence, the southern provinces of modern France, were at this period the most civilized and cultivated portions of Europe. Amidst their graceful scenery, their rich fields, and magnificent cities, the troubadours had first sung to the lute those plaintive love-songs, borrowed from the intellectual Arabs, which seemed to the rude but impassioned barons of the South almost inspired. The Gay Science found its fitting birthplace along the soft shores of the Mediterranean Sea, the Courts of Love were held oftenest at Montpellier, Toulouse, or Marseilles. The princes and nobles of that southern clime were allowed to be the models of their age in chivalry, good-breeding, and a taste for poetry and song; and the people of Languedoc and Provence lived in a luxurious ease, rich, happy, and secure. Upon this Eden Innocent chanced to turn his eyes and discover that it was infested by a most fatal form of heresy. The troubadours—gay, witty, and indiscreet—had long been accustomed to aim sharp satires at the vices or the superstitions of monks and bishops; the people had learned to look with pity and contempt upon the ignorance of their spiritual guides; the authority of the Church was shaken; the priest was despised, and the Waldensian and Albigensian doctrines made rapid progress and found an almost universal acceptance in the sunny lands of the South of France. Ray-

mond VI., Count of Toulouse, now reigned with an easy sway over this delightful territory. He was believed to be a heretic, yet he was evidently no Puritan. Gay, licentious, generous, affable, the count had three wives living at the same time, and might well have merited, by his easy morals, the confidence of the Church of Rome. But, unhappily for Raymond, his humanity surpassed his faith, and drove him to his ruin. Innocent was resolved to extirpate heresy by fire and sword, and Raymond was required to execute the papal commands upon his own people. He was to bring desolation to the fair fields of Languedoc, to banish or destroy the heretics, to lay waste his own happy dominions, depopulate his cities, cut off the wisest and best of his subjects, for the sake of a corrupt and cruel Church, which he must now more than ever have abhorred. Life meanwhile had flowed on for the happy people of Languedoc in mirth and perpetual joy. They sung, they danced; the mistress was more honored than the saint, and churches and cathedrals were abandoned for the Courts of Love. In the fair city of Toulouse a perfect tolerance prevailed.⁽¹⁾ The "good men" of Lyons, the Cathari or Puritans, made converts undisturbed, and even the despised and rejected Jews were received with signal favor by the good-humored Provençals. Nothing was hated but the bigotry and pride of priestcraft; and when Arnold, Abbot of Citeaux, a severe and stern missionary of Rome, came to preach against heresy and reclaim the erring to the orthodox faith, his most vigorous sermons were received with shouts of ridicule. "The more he preached," says the Provençal chronicler, "the more the people laughed and held him for a fool." But a terrible doom was now impending over the merry land of song, for Innocent had resolved to call in the aid of the temporal power, and involve both Raymond and his subjects in a common ruin. A fatal event urged him to immediate action. The papal legate was assassinated as he was crossing the Rhone, and the Pope charged the crime upon Raymond, who, however, was wholly guiltless. The blood of the martyr called for instant venge-

(1) See Fauriel, Provençals, and the Provençal accounts.

ance, and Innocent summoned the king, the nobles, and the bishops of France to a crusade against the devoted land. "Up, most Christian king," he wrote to Philip Augustus; "up, and aid us in our work of vengeance!" His vengeful cries were answered by a general uprising of the chivalry and the bishops of the North of France, who, led by Simon de Montfort, hastened to the plunder of their brethren of the South. An immense army suddenly invaded Languedoc; the war was carried on with a barbarity unfamiliar even to that cruel age; and the Albigenses and the troubadours were almost blotted from existence. No quarter was given, no mercy shown, and the battle-cry of the invading army was, "Slay all. God will know his own." At the capture of Beziers it is estimated that fifty thousand persons perished in the massacre. Harmless men, wailing women, and even babes at the breast fell equally before the monkish rage of Innocent, and the beautiful city was left a smoldering ruin. At the fall of Minerve, a stronghold in the Cévennes, one hundred and forty women, rather than change their faith, leaped into a blazing pyre and were consumed. When Lavaur, a noted seat of heresy, was taken, a general massacre was allowed; and men, women, and children were cut to pieces, until there was nothing left to kill, except four hundred of the garrison, who were burned in a single pile, which, to the great joy of the victorious Catholics, made a wonderful blaze. After a long and brave resistance, the Albigensian armies were destroyed, and the desolate land, once so beautiful, fell wholly into the power of the Catholics. The song of the troubadour was hushed forever, the gay people sunk into melancholy under the monkish rule, their very language was proscribed, and a terrible inquisition was established to crush more perfectly the lingering seeds of heresy. Every priest and every lord was appointed an inquisitor, and whoever harbored a heretic was made a slave. Even the house in which a heretic was found was to be razed to the ground; no layman was permitted to possess a Bible; a reward of a mark was set for the head of a heretic; and all caves and hiding-places where the Albigenses might take refuge were to be carefully closed up by the lord of the estate.

Two agents of rare vigor had suddenly appeared to aid Innocent in his conquest of mankind ; two men of singular moral and mental strength placed themselves at his command.⁽¹⁾ St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi founded, under his supervision, the two great orders of mendicant monks. Dominic was a Spaniard of high birth, fierce, dark, gloomy, unsparing, the author of the Inquisition. His history is lost in a cloud of miracles, in which it has been enveloped by his devout disciples ; he cast out Satan, who ran from him in the form of a great black cat with glittering eyes ; he raised the dead, healed the sick, and more than equaled the miracles of the Gospel. Yet the real achievements of Dominic are sufficiently wonderful. He founded the order of preaching friars, who, living upon alms and bound to a perfect self-denial, knew no master but Dominic and the Pope, and before he died he saw a countless host of his disciples spread over every part of Europe. Dominic is chiefly known as the persecutor of the heretics. He infused into the Roman Church that fierce thirst for blood which was exemplified in Philip II. and Alva ; he hovered around the armies that blasted and desolated Languedoc, and his miraculous eloquence was aimed with fatal effect against the polished freethinkers of that unhappy land. His admirers unite in ascribing to him the founding of the Inquisition. "What glory, splendor, and dignity," exclaims one of them, "belong to the Order of Preachers words can not express ! for the Holy Inquisition owes its origin to St. Dominic, and was propagated by his faithful followers."

St. Francis of Assisi, a gentler madman, was equally successful with Dominic in founding a new order of ascetics. Born of a wealthy parentage, Francis passed his youth in song and revel until a violent fever won him from the world. His mild and generous nature now turned to universal benevolence ; he threw aside his rich dress and joined a troop of beggars ; he clothed himself in rags and gave all that he had to the poor. His bride, he declared, was Poverty, and he would only live by mendicancy ; he resolved to abase himself below

(1) Milman, *Lat. Christ.* ; Gieseler, *Eccl. Hist.*

the meanest of his species, and he devoted himself to the care of lepers—the outcasts of mankind; he tended them with affectionate assiduity, washed their feet, and sometimes healed them miraculously with a kiss. This strange and fervent piety, joined to his touching eloquence and poetic fancy, soon won for St. Francis a throng of followers, who imitated his humility and took the vow of perpetual poverty. He now resolved to convert the world; but he must first gain the sanction of the Pope. Innocent III. was walking on the terrace of the splendid Lateran when a mendicant of mean appearance presented himself, and proposed to convert mankind through poverty and humility. It was St. Francis. The Pope at first dismissed him with contempt; but a vision warned him not to neglect the pious appeal. The Order of St. Francis was founded, and countless hosts soon took the vow of chastity, poverty, and obedience. The Franciscans were the gentlest of mankind: they lived on alms. If stricken on one cheek, they offered the other; if robbed of a part of their dress, they gave the whole. Love was to be the binding element of the brotherhood; and the sweet effluence of universal charity, the poetic dream of the gentle Francis, was to be spread over all mankind.

How rapidly the Franciscans and Dominicans declined from the rigid purity of their founders need scarcely be told. In a few years their monasteries grew splendid, their possessions were vast, their vows of poverty and purity were neglected or forgotten, and the two orders, filled with emulation and spiritual pride, contended with each other for the control of Christendom. Innocent, meantime, died in 1216, in the full strength of manhood, yet having accomplished every object for which his towering spirit had labored so unceasingly. He had crushed and mortified the pride of every European monarch, had exalted the Church upon the wreck of nations, had seemingly extirpated heresy, and was become that Universal Bishop which, to the modest Gregory the Great, had seemed the symbol of Antichrist and the invention of Satanic pride.

The next phase in which the papacy exhibits itself is the natural result of the possession of absolute temporal and spir-

itual power; the next representative Pope is a Borgia. In no other place than Rome could a Borgia have arisen; in no other position than that of Pope could so frightful a monster have maintained his power. Alexander VI., or Roderic Borgia, a Spaniard of noble family and nephew to Pope Calixtus III., was early brought to Rome by his uncle, and made a cardinal in spite of his vices and his love of ease. He became Pope in 1492 by the grossest simony. Alexander's only object was the gratification of his own desires and the exaltation of his natural children. Of these, whom he called his nephews, there were five—one son being Cæsar Borgia, and one daughter the infamous Lucrezia.⁽¹⁾ Alexander is represented to have been a poisoner, a robber, a hypocrite, a treacherous friend. His children in all these traits of wickedness surpassed their father. Cæsar Borgia, beautiful in person, and so strong that in a bull-fight he struck off the head of the animal at a single blow—a majestic monster ruled by unbridled passions and stained with blood—now governed Rome and his father by the terror of his crimes. Every night, in the streets of the city, were found the corpses of persons whom he had murdered either for their money or for revenge; yet no one dared to name the assassin. Those whom he could not reach by violence he took off by poison. His first victim was his own elder brother, Francis, Duke of Gandia, whom Alexander loved most of all his children, and whose rapid rise in wealth and station excited the hatred of the fearful Cæsar. Francis had just been appointed Duke of Benevento; and before he set out for Naples there was a family party of the Borgias one evening at the papal palace, where no doubt a strange kind of mirth and hilarity prevailed. The two brothers left together, and parted with a pleasant farewell, Cæsar having meantime provided four assassins to waylay his victim that very night. The next morning the duke was missing; sev-

⁽¹⁾ Ranke, *Popes*, p. 30, describes the horrible family. Gregorovius (*Lucrezia Borgia*), in his recent work, would soften the terrible lineaments of Lucrezia's historical renown. But even at Ferrara Mr. Symonds (*Renaissance*) indicates that she must have lived in an atmosphere of fearful deeds.

eral days passed, but he did not return. It was believed that he was murdered; and Alexander, full of grief, ordered the Tiber to be dragged for the body of his favorite child. An enemy, he thought, had made away with him. He little suspected who that enemy was. At length a Slavonian waterman came to the palace with a startling story. He said that on the night when the prince disappeared, while he was watching some timber on the river, he saw two men approach the bank, and look cautiously around to see if they were observed. Seeing no one, they made a signal to two others, one of whom was on horseback, and who carried a dead body swung carelessly across his horse. He advanced to the river, flung the corpse far into the water, and then rode away. Upon being asked why he had not mentioned this before, the waterman replied that it was a common occurrence, and that he had seen more than a hundred bodies thrown into the Tiber in a similar manner. The search was now renewed, and the body of the ill-fated Francis was found pierced by nine mortal wounds. Alexander buried his son with great pomp, and offered large rewards for the discovery of his murderers. At last the terrible secret was revealed to him; he hid himself in his palace, refused food, and abandoned himself to grief. Here he was visited by the mother of his children, who still lived at Rome. What passed at their interview was never known; but all inquiry into the murder ceased, and Alexander was soon again immersed in his pleasures and his ambitious designs.

Cæsar Borgia now ruled unrestrained, and preyed upon the Romans like some fabulous monster of Greek mythology. He would suffer no rival to live, and he made no secret of his murderous designs. His brother-in-law was stabbed by his orders on the steps of the palace. The wounded man was nursed by his wife and his sister, the latter preparing his food lest he might be carried off by poison, while the Pope set a guard around the house to protect his son-in-law from his son. Cæsar laughed at these precautions. "What can not be done in the noonday," he said, "may be brought about in the evening." He broke into the chamber of his brother-in-law, drove out the wife and sister, and had him strangled by the common

executioner. He stabbed his father's favorite, Perotto, while he clung to his patron for protection, and the blood of the victim flowed over the face and robes of the Pope. Lucrezia Borgia rivaled, or surpassed, the crimes of her brother; while Alexander himself performed the holy rites of the Church with singular exactness, and in his leisure moments poisoned wealthy cardinals and seized upon their estates. He is said to have been singularly engaging in his manners, and most agreeable in the society of those whom he had resolved to destroy. At length, Alexander perished by his own arts. He gave a grand entertainment, at which one or more wealthy cardinals were invited for the purpose of being poisoned, and Cæsar Borgia was to provide the means. He sent several flasks of poisoned wine to the table, with strict orders not to use them except by his directions. Alexander came early to the banquet, heated with exercise, and called for some refreshment; the servants brought him the poisoned wine, supposing it to be of rare excellence; he drank of it freely, and was soon in the pangs of death. His blackened body was buried with all the pomp of the Roman ritual.

Scarcely is the story of the Borgias to be believed: such a father, such children, have never been known before or since. Yet the accurate historians of Italy, and the careful Ranke, unite in the general outline of their crimes. On no other throne than the temporal empire of Rome has sat such a criminal as Alexander; in no other city than Rome could a Cæsar Borgia have pursued his horrible career; in none other was a Lucrezia Borgia ever known. The Pope was the absolute master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects; he was also the absolute master of their souls; and the union of these two despotisms produced at Rome a form of human wickedness which romance has never imagined, and which history shudders to describe.

We may pause at this era in our review of the representative bishops of Rome, since the Reformation was soon to throw a softening and refining light upon the progress of the papacy. There were to be no more Borgias, no second Innocent; the fresh blasts from the North were to purify in some

measure the malarious atmosphere of the Holy City.⁽¹⁾ Yet I trust this brief series of pictures of the early bishops will not have been without interest to the candid reader, and he will observe that it was only as the Roman Church abandoned the primeval laws of gentleness, humility, and humanity that it ceased to be the benefactor of the barbarous races it had subdued. As the splendid panorama passes before us, and we survey the meek and holy Stephen perishing a sainted martyr in the Catacombs; the modest Gregory, the first singing-master of Europe, soothing the savage world to obedience and order by the sweet influence of his holy songs; the cunning Zacharias winning a temporal crown from the grateful Frank; Hildebrand rising in haughty intellectual pre-eminence above kings and princes; Innocent III. trampling upon the rights of nations, and lifting over Europe his persecuting arm, red with the guiltless blood of the troubadours and the Albigenses; or a Borgia, the incarnation of sin—we shall have little difficulty in discovering why it is that the bishops of Rome have faded into a magnificent pageant before the rise of a purer knowledge, and why it is that the Pope of to-day, surrounded by the most splendid of earthly rituals, and pronouncing from the Vatican the anathemas of the Middle Ages, is heard with mingled pity and derision by the vigorous intellect of the nations over which his predecessors once held an undisputed sway.

(¹) Yet the inventors of the Roman Inquisition may possibly not deserve even this doubtful praise. From 1540 to 1700, the popes were possibly more dangerous to mankind than many Borgias.

LEO AND LUTHER.

THERE was joy at Rome in the year 1513, for Pope Julius II. was dead. It was no unusual thing, indeed, for the Romans to rejoice at the death of a Pope. If there was any one the people of the Holy City contemned and hated more than all other men, it was usually their spiritual father, whose blessings they so devoutly received; and next to him his countless officials, who preyed upon their fellow-citizens as tax-gatherers, notaries, and a long gradation of dignities. But upon Julius, the withered and palsied old man, the rage of the people had turned with unprecedented vigor.⁽¹⁾ He had been a fighting Pope. His feeble frame had been torn by unsated and insatiable passions that would have become a Cæsar or an Alexander, but which seemed almost demoniac in this terrible old man. His ambition had been the curse of Rome, of Italy, of Europe; he had set nations at enmity in the hope of enlarging his temporal power; he had made insincere leagues and treaties in order to escape the punishment of his crimes; his plighted faith was held a mockery in all the European courts; his fits of rage and impotent malice made him the laughing-stock of kings and princes; and the cost of his feeble wars and faithless alliances had left Rome the pauper city of Europe.

And now Julius was dead. The certainty that his fierce spirit was fled forever had been tested by all the suspicious forms of the Roman Church. The Cardinal Camerlengo stood before the door of the Pope's chamber, struck it with a gilt mallet, and called Julius by name. Receiving no answer,

(¹) He was in the habit of using his pastoral staff to punish dull bishops --probably its original design. De La Châtre, *Hist. des Papes*: "Dèsque Jules II. eut terminé son exécrable vie." Roscoe and Ranke are more favorable to Julius.

he entered the room, tapped the corpse on the head with a mallet of silver, and then, falling upon his knees before the lifeless body, proclaimed the death of the Pope.⁽¹⁾ Next the tolling of the great bell in the Capitol, which was sounded upon these solemn occasions alone, announced to Rome and to the Church that the Holy Father was no more. Its heavy note was the signal for a reign of universal license and misrule. Ten days are always allowed to pass between the death of a Pope and the meeting of the conclave of cardinals for the election of his successor; and during that period it was long an established custom that Rome should be abandoned to riot, bloodshed, pillage, and every species of crime. The very chamber of the dead Pope was entered and sacked. The city wore the appearance of a civil war. The papal soldiery, ill paid and half fed, roamed through the streets robbing, murdering, and committing a thousand outrages unrestrained. Palaces were plundered, houses sacked, quiet citizens were robbed, murdered, and their bodies left in the streets or thrown into the Tiber. "Not a day passed," wrote Gigli, an observer of one of these dreadful saturnalia, "without brawls, murders, and waylayings." At length the nobles fortified and garrisoned their palaces, barricades were drawn across the principal streets, and only the miserable shop-keepers and tradesmen were left exposed to the outrages of the papal banditti.⁽²⁾

Meantime the holy conclave of cardinals was summoned to meet for the election of a successor to St. Peter. The whole of the first-floor of the Vatican, an immense range of apartments, now no longer used for electoral purposes, was prepared for the important occasion. Within its ample limits a booth or cell was provided for each cardinal, where he lived during the sitting of the assembly separate from his fellows. The booths were distributed by a raffle. A certain number of attendants, called conclavists, were allowed to the cardi-

⁽¹⁾ I have assumed that all the usual ceremonies were employed at the death of Julius.

⁽²⁾ Cermenin, *Hist. Popes, Leo X.* See *North British Review*, December, 1866, art. Conclaves.

nals, who remained shut up with them during the election, and whose privilege it was to plunder the cell of the newly chosen Pope the moment the choice was announced.⁽¹⁾

Before the final closing of the assembly to the world the Vatican presented a gay and splendid scene. All the great and noble of Rome came to visit the cardinals in their cells. Princes and magnates, foreign ambassadors and political envoys from the various Catholic powers, aspiring confessors and diplomatic priests, hurried from cell to cell on that important afternoon, whispering bribes, flatteries, or threats into each sacred ear; electioneering with all the ardor of a village politician for their favorite candidate, or the choice of their mighty courts at home; or indicating in distinct menace those persons whom Austria, France, and Spain would never suffer to wear the triple crown. At three hours after sunset a bell was heard ringing loudly, and the master of ceremonies coming forward called out, *Extra omnes*. The vast and busy throng was slowly and reluctantly dispersed. The last persuasion was offered, the last bribe promised, the last threat of haughty Bourbons or Hapsburgs whispered, and the gorgeous assembly of electioneering princes and ambassadors melted away along the dusky streets of Rome.

The cardinals were now shut up in close confinement.⁽²⁾ All the windows and doors of the lower floors of the Vatican had been walled up except the door at the head of the principal staircase, which was secured by bolts and bars. By the side of this entrance were placed turning-boxes like those used in convents or nunneries, through which alone the imprisoned cardinals were allowed to hold any intercourse with the outer world; while whatever passed through these was carefully inspected by officers both within and without. Guards of soldiers were posted around the palace to insure the isolation of the holy prisoners, and the anathema of the Church was denounced against any cardinal or conclavist who should reveal the secrets of the inspired assembly. To insure a speedy de-

(¹) The physician of the Cardinal de' Medici was admitted to attend him.

(²) Mosheim, ii, p. 347.

cision, however, a somewhat carnal device had been lighted upon. It was ordered that if after three days the cardinals should have made no choice, they should each be confined to a single dish at every meal; if they remained obstinate for five days longer, they must be restricted in their diet to bread, wine, and water alone as long as the session continued.

All the cumbrous forms employed at a papal election have been gradually introduced by the Popes themselves, and were designed to strengthen and complete the supremacy of the Chief Pontiff.⁽¹⁾ In the early ages of the Church, the Popes were elected by the assembled clergy and people of Rome, and the sacred privilege was cherished by the turbulent Romans as their most valued possession. But the pontiffs, as they advanced in earthly power and grandeur, began to disdain or dread the tumultuous throng from whence they derived their holy office; and Nicholas II., in 1059, under the guidance of the haughty Hildebrand, snatched the election of the Popes from the people, and placed it in the hands of the cardinals alone. None but the college of cardinals from that time have had any vote in the choice. But France, Austria, and Spain are each allowed to veto the election of some single cardinal. Custom, too, has sanctioned that none but a cardinal shall be chosen, and the bull of Nicholas II. promises or suggests that the successful candidate shall come from the bosom of the Roman prelacy.⁽²⁾ Pope Alexander III. added the provision that a vote of two-thirds of the college should be necessary to a choice; while Gregory X., elected in 1271, called together a General Council at Lyons (1274), where many abuses of the past were reformed, and the ceremonial of election arranged nearly in the form in which it now exists. Each cardinal has a single vote, and his right of suffrage can scarcely be taken from him even by the Pope himself. It is looked upon as a privilege almost immutable. Cardinals covered with crimes and shut up in St. Angelo have been taken

(1) See Stendhal, *Promenades dans Rome*, for a late conclave, pp. 176, 177.

(2) Baronius, *Ann. Ecc.*, ii., p. 314: "De ipsius Ecclesiæ gremio." The language is very cautious.

from their prison to the sacred college, and then, when they had voted, were sent back to their dungeon. Cardinals convicted of poisoning or attempts to murder have regained, on the death of a Pope, their official privilege of aiding in the election of a successor to St. Peter. But Cardinal Rohan was degraded from all his offices for his share in the affair of the Diamond Necklace; and during the French Revolution two cardinals renounced their sacred dignity, and were held to have lost even their right of voting. Yet the cardinals, the princes of the Roman Church, form an immutable hierarchy, independent, in some respects, of the Chief Pontiff himself. From their body the new Pope must be chosen; to them, on the death of a Pope, falls the selection of his successor; and their elevated position as the creators of the vicegerent of Heaven would seem naturally to require that they should display in the highest degree the purest traits of Christian virtue.

In the sacred college that assembled on the death of Julius II. were gathered a band of men corrupted by power, avaricious, venal, unscrupulous, and capable of every crime. One had been engaged in the plot for the assassination of Lorenzo de' Medici. One was a poisoner and a murderer of old standing. Most of them had been educated in the horrible school of the Borgias.⁽¹⁾ Scarcely one that was not a shame and horror to the eyes of pious men; scarcely one that was not ready with the dagger and the bowl. Ambitious of power, eager for the plunder of the Church, the conclave resolved to choose a Pope who would give them little trouble, whom they could mold and intimidate, and from whom they could extract at will the largest revenues and the richest benefices.⁽²⁾ Such a man seemed the Cardinal de' Medici, the second son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, of Florence. He was the most polished and elegant prelate of his time. His disposition was mild and even, his person graceful and imposing, his generosity unbounded, and his love for letters and his familiarity with

⁽¹⁾ Most of them were afterward engaged in a plot to poison Leo. X.

⁽²⁾ It was said in the conclave that the Cardinal de' Medici could not live a month.

literary men had thrown around him an intellectual charm which was felt even by the coarsest of his contemporaries. But, above all, it was believed in the sacred college that his nature was so soft and complying that he would readily yield up the government of the Church to the bolder spirits around him. Yet the contest within the walls of the Vatican lasted for seven days,⁽¹⁾ during all which time the bland Cardinal de' Medici, with the usual policy of his race, was engaged in secretly or openly promoting his own election. He softened and subdued his enemies by flatteries and promises; he was seen talking in a friendly and confidential way with Cardinal San Giorgio, the assassin of his uncle; he won Soderini, the persecutor of his race, by ample expectations; all the cardinals connected with royal families were especially favorable to the descendant of a line of princely money-lenders; the holy college yielded to the claim of the graceful Medici, and a majority of ballots inscribed with his name were found in the sacred chalice. Then a window in the Vatican was broken open, and Leo X. proclaimed Pope to the assembled people of Rome. He was placed in the pontifical chair and borne to St. Peter's, followed by the rejoicing populace, the excited clergy, the holy conclave; and as the procession passed on its way cannon were discharged, the populace applauded, and the long train of ecclesiastics, transported by a sudden fervor, broke out into a solemn strain of praise and glory to the Most High.

Giovanni de' Medici was the descendant of that great mercantile family at Florence which had astonished Europe by its commercial grandeur and elegant taste, and whose founders had learned complaisance and democracy in the tranquil pursuits of trade.⁽²⁾ Their fortunes had been built upon industry, probity, politeness, and a careful attention to business. They had long practiced the virtues of honor and good faith when their feudal neighbors had been distinguished only by utter insincerity. The Medici had increased their wealth from father to son until they became the richest bankers in

⁽¹⁾ The votes were taken twice a day, and the ballots burned. Stendhal, p. 177.

⁽²⁾ Vita Leonis Decimi, a Paulo Jovio, i. Roscoe, Leo X.

Europe, and saw the mightiest kings, and a throng of princes, priests, and warriors, suppliants at their counters for loans and benefits, which sometimes they never intended to repay. At length Lorenzo, the father of Leo X., retired from business to give himself to schemes of ambition, and to guide the affairs of Italy. His immense wealth, pleasing manners, prudence, and good sense made him the most eminent of all the Italians: unhappily Lorenzo sunk from the dignity of an honest trader to share in the ambitious diplomacy of his age, and lost his virtue in his effort to become great. Giovanni was his favorite son—the only one that had any ability; and Lorenzo had resolved, almost from his birth, that he should wear the triple crown.

At seven years of age Giovanni was made an abbot. His childish head was shaven with the monkish tonsure. He was addressed as Messire, was saluted with reverence as one of the eminent dignitaries of the Church, and was supposed to control the spiritual concerns of various rich benefices. The child-abbot soon showed an excellent intellect, and, under the care of Politian, became learned in the rising literature of the day. All that the immense wealth and influence of his father could give him lay at his command. He was educated in the magnificent palace of the Medici which Cosmo had complained was too large for so small a family, shared in those lavish entertainments of which Lorenzo was so fond, was familiar with the wits, the poets, the painters of that gifted age, and learned the graceful skepticism that was fashionable at his father's court. When Giovanni was thirteen,⁽¹⁾ Lorenzo resolved to raise him to the highest dignity in the Church below that of the Supreme Pontiff. He begged the Pope, with prayers that seem now strangely humiliating, to make his son a cardinal. He enlisted in his favor all whom he could influence at the papal court. "It will raise me from death to life," he cried, when the Pope seemed to hesitate. The boon was at last obtained, and the boy of fourteen, the child of wealth and luxurious ease, with no effort of his own, became one of

(1) "*Vix tum tertiumdecimum excedentem annum.*" P. Jovius, p. 15.

the chief priests of Christendom. The Pope, however, with some show of propriety, required that the investiture should not take place in three years, during which time the young Medici was to give his attention to study. Politian still directed his studies. Giovanni was grave, graceful, formal, ambitious; and at seventeen, in the year 1492, so fatal to the glory of his family, he took his place in the sacred college at Rome, and was received in the Holy City with a general respect that seemed not unworthy of its future master.

Meanwhile, far away in a little hamlet of Germany, a beggar-child was singing mendicant songs from door to door, and living upon the insufficient alms which he won from the compassion of the charitable. It was a delicate and feeble boy, to whom childhood offered no joys, whose youth was a perpetual woe. Luther was a peasant's son, and all his ancestors had been peasants.⁽¹⁾ His father was a miner in the heart of the Thuringian forest. The manners of the peasants were harsh and cruel: Luther's parents drove him out to beg; his mother sometimes scourged him till the blood came for a trivial offense; his father punished him so severely and so often that the child fled from his presence in terror; and his little voice, as he chanted his mendicant hymns, must often have been drowned in tears. Yet so sweet and tender was the heart of the great reformer that he ever retained the most sincere love and reverence for the parents whom poverty and their own sufferings had made so severe. He was ever a fond and dutiful son. He wept bitterly, like Mohammed, over his mother's grave. He was proud to relate that his father won a hard and scanty living in the mines of Mansfeld, and that his mother carried wood from the forest on her back to their peasant home; and when he came to stand before Europe the adversary of the elegant Leo, and the companion of kings and princes, he was never weary of modestly boasting that he was a peasant's son.⁽²⁾

(1) Tischreden, p. 581. Ranke, *Reformation in Germany*, i., p. 136.

(2) Michelet, *Mémoires de Luther*, i. The best account of Luther is that of Walch, *Nachricht von D. Martin Luther*, vol. xxiv., *Sämmtliche Werke*.

Luther was eight years younger than the Cardinal de' Medici. He begged his education at Eisenach, a small German town, until he was thirteen, and was then maintained by a charitable relative. Afterward his father, who had thriven by industry and toil, was enabled to send his son to the university at Erfurth, and hoped to make him a lawyer.⁽¹⁾ But now that mighty intellect, which was destined to spread its banyan-like branches over Europe and mankind, began to flourish with native vigor. Luther's rare versatility embraced every form of mental accomplishment. He loved music with intense devotion; his sensitive frame responded to the slightest touch of instrumental sounds; he believed that demons fled at the sound of his flute; and when he had fallen into one of his peculiar trances in his cell, his fellow-monks knew that music was the surest medicament to bring him back to consciousness and activity.⁽²⁾ He was a poet, and his religious impulses often expressed themselves in sacred songs—rude, bold, and powerful—that have formed the germ and model of those of many lands. His love for pure literature was in no degree inferior to that of his elegant rival, Leo X.; he studied day and night the few works of classic or mediæval writers that were then accessible to the humble scholar or the penniless monk; and his craving mind was never sated in its ceaseless appetite for knowledge. Yet his disposition was never saturnine or desponding; as a student he was often gay, joyous, and fond of cheerful company; his tuneful voice was no doubt often heard at convivial meetings at Erfurth; his broad and ready wit must have kept many a table in a roar; and his loving heart seems to have gathered around him many friends. So varied were his tastes, so vigorous his powers, that, in whatever path his intellect had been directed, he must have risen high above his fellow-men. He might have shone as a lawyer and a famous statesman; he might have been the Homer of Germany, or the author of a new Nibelungenlied; his classic taste might easily have been

⁽¹⁾ Andin, *Histoire de Martin Luther*, i. Ranke, *Reformation*, i., p. 318.

⁽²⁾ Ranke, i., p. 321.

turned to the revival of letters; his musical powers have produced an earlier Mozart; or his rare and boundless originality have been expended in satiric or tragic pictures of that world around him of whose folly and dullness he had so clear a conception.

One day Luther was walking through the fields with one of his young companions from his father's home in the forest to Erfurth.⁽¹⁾ It was July, and suddenly a fierce storm gathered over the bright sky; the mountains around were hidden in gloom; the lightning leaped from cloud to cloud; all nature trembled; when a sharp bolt from heaven struck Luther's companion dead at his side, and left him for a time senseless beside him. He wandered home on his solitary way, oppressed with an intolerable dread; he believed that he had heard the voice of Heaven calling him to repent; he vowed that he would give his whole future life to asceticism and monastic gloom. The next evening, with the impulsive inconstancy of youth, he passed with his young companions in the pleasures of music, wine, and song, anxious perhaps to try if he could drown in the joys of the world the pains of a wounded spirit. But the next day he hastened to the convent of the Augustines at Erfurth, and took the irrevocable vow.⁽²⁾ He resolved by the practice of the severest austerity to escape the pains of purgatory. He was the most faithful of ascetics. All his great powers, all the joyousness of his youthful spirit, all the abundant growth of his fertile intellect, were shut up in a narrow cell and wasted in the closest observance of monkish rites. And the result was sufficiently appalling. He was weighed down by an ever-increasing consciousness of sin. Despair and death seemed his only portion. His life was agony, and sometimes he would sink down in his cell in a deep swoon, from which he could only be aroused by the gentle touch of a stringed instrument.⁽³⁾

(¹) Ranke, i., p. 318, somewhat varies the common story. See Michelet, i., p. 5.

(²) Ranke, i., p. 319. Walch, xxiv., p. 76, gives the various accounts of Luther's conversion.

(³) Ranke, i., p. 321. Michelet, i., p. 10.

While Luther was thus passing through the rude ordeal of his painful youth, his companion spirit, the elegant Cardinal de' Medici, had glided gracefully onward in a career of unsullied prosperity.⁽¹⁾ His sins had never given him any trouble. His conscience was soothed and satisfied by the united applause of all his associates. The learned Politian, a polished pagan, wrote in the most graceful periods of his piety and decorum. His father, Lorenzo, had never been weary of spreading the report of his early fitness for the highest station in the Church. He was looked upon as an especial ornament to the sacred college of cardinals; and the cardinal himself seems never to have doubted his own piety, or to have shrunk from the responsibility of holding in his well-trained hands the destiny of the Christian world. For him purgatory had no terrors; the future world was a fair and faint mirage over which he aspired to spread his sceptre in order to rebuild St. Peter's or to immortalize his reign; but beyond that he seems scarcely to have looked within its veil. That future upon which Luther gazed with wild, inquiring eyes, for Leo seemed scarcely to exist. He was more anxious to know, with Cicero, what men would be saying of him six hundred years from now; or more engaged in speculating upon his own prospect of filling with grace and dignity the chair of St. Peter.

At eighteen the young cardinal seems almost to have attained the maturity of his physical and mental powers. He was tall, handsome, graceful, intellectual. His complexion was fair and florid, his countenance cheerful and benignant. He was famed for the magnificence of his entertainments, his love of display, his unbounded extravagance, his open generosity. He wasted his father's wealth, as afterward his own, in feasts, processions, and deeds of real benevolence. He was the spendthrift son of an opulent parent; he became the wasteful master of the resources of the Church. Like Luther, he was passionately fond of music. He played and sung himself; he studied his art with care; and his leisure hours were seldom without musical employment. Like Luther, too, he

(1) P. Jovius, p. 15.

loved letters with a strange and surpassing regard. Reading was his chief pleasure, and he seldom sat down to table without having some poem or history before him, or without lengthening his repast by reading aloud fine passages to his literary friends. He had some imperfect sense of the real power of the intellect, and the man of letters was always to Leo a kind of deity whom he was glad to worship or to approach. But his own productions are never above mediocrity, and the real genius that glowed in the breast of Luther was an inscrutable mystery to the ambitious Pope.

Calamity in a magnificent form at length came even to the prosperous cardinal. In 1492 his father Lorenzo died, and two years afterward the Medici were driven out of Florence. Savonarola,⁽¹⁾ the Luther of Italy, the gifted monk whose fierce eloquence had transformed the skeptical Florentines from pagan indifference to puritanic austerity,⁽²⁾ who had preached freedom and democracy, who had inveighed against the vices of the clergy and the despotism of Rome, and whose fatal and unmerited doom must have been ever before the mind of his German successor, became for a time the master of his country. Florence was once more a republic, the centre of religious reform. The theatres were closed, the spectacles deserted, and the churches were filled with immense throngs of citizens who were never weary of listening to the stern rebukes of the inspired monk. But in 1494 Savonarola fell before the intrigues of his enemy, Alexander VI., the Borgia; he was hanged, his body burned, and his ashes cast into the Arno.⁽³⁾ The Church triumphed in the destruction of its saintly victim; but the Medici were exiles from their native city for eighteen years, and were only restored in 1512, by the favor of Julius II. and the arms of the Spaniards. During this long period of disaster the cardinal lived in great magnificence, and wasted much of his fortune. Poverty even threatened him who had never known any thing but

(1) Jovius admits the eloquence of Savonarola.

(2) "Ut nihil sine ejus viri consilio recte geri posse videretur." P. Jovius, p. 21.

(3) "In area curiæ fœdissimo supplicio concrematus." P. Jovius, p. 24.

boundless wealth. In the fearful reign at Rome of Alexander VI. and Cæsar Borgia, he wandered over Europe, visited Maximilian in Germany, and his son Philip in the Low Countries; passed over France, paused a while at Marseilles, and then returned to Italy.⁽¹⁾ Here, at the town of Savona, met at table three exiles, each of whom was destined to wear the papal crown; Rovere, afterward Julius II.; the Cardinal de' Medici, Leo X.; and Giuliano de' Medici, afterward Clement VII. When Julius was made Pope, the Cardinal de' Medici returned to Rome, and became the chosen adviser of that pontiff. He shared in the various unsuccessful attempts of his family to regain their control over Florence, was often in command of the papal armies, and shone in the camp as well as the court; saw in 1512 the restoration of the Medici to Florence; and the next year, on the death of his friend Julius II., was enthroned as Pope at Rome—the magnificent Leo X.

In the close of the reign of Julius, Luther visited Rome. The poor monk, worn with penances and mental toil, was sent upon some business connected with his convent to the papal court.⁽²⁾ He crossed the Alps full of faith and stirred by a strong excitement. He was about to enter that classic land with whose poets and historians he had long been familiar: he was to tread the sacred soil of Virgil, Cicero, and Livy. But, more than this, he saw before him, rising in dim majesty, the Holy City of that Church from whose faith he had never yet ventured to depart, whose supreme head was still to him almost the representative of Deity, and whose princes and dignitaries he had ever invested with an apostolic purity and grace. Rome, hallowed by the sufferings of the martyrs, filled with relics, and redolent with the piety of ages, the untutored monk still supposed a scene of heavenly rest. "Hail, holy Rome!" he exclaimed, as its distant towers first met his eyes. His poetic dream was soon dispelled. Scarcely had he entered Italy when he was shocked and terrified by the luxury and license of the convents, and the open depravity of the

(1) P. Jovius, p. 27.

(2) Walch, xxiv., p. 102 *et seq.*

priesthood. He fell sick with sorrow and shame. He complained that the very air of Italy seemed deadly and pestilential. But he wandered on, feeble and sad, until he reached the Holy City, and there, amidst the mockery of his fellow-monks and the blasphemies of the impious clergy, performed with honest superstition the minute ceremonial of the Church. Of all the pilgrims to that desecrated shrine none was so devout as Luther. He was determined, he said, to escape the pains of purgatory, and win a plenary indulgence: he dragged his frail form on his knees up the painful ascent of the Holy Stairs, while ever in his ears resounded the cry, "The just shall live by faith." He heard with horror that the head of the Church was a monster stained with vice; that the cardinals were worse than their master; the priests, mocking unbelievers; and fled, heart-broken, back to his German cell.

On the 11th of April, 1513, Leo X. opened his splendid reign by the usual procession to the Lateran, but the magnificence of his pageant was such as had never been seen at Rome since the fall of the Western Empire. It was the most imposing and the last of the triumphs of the undivided Church. The Supreme Pontiff, clothed in rich robes glittering with rubies and diamonds, crowned with a tiara of precious stones of priceless value, and dazzling all eyes by the lustre of his decorations, rode on an Arab steed at the head of an assembled throng of cardinals, ambassadors, and princes. The clergy, the people of Rome, and a long array of soldiers in shining armor, followed in his train. Before him, far away, the streets were spread with rich tapestry, spanned by numerous triumphal arches of rare beauty, and adorned on every side by countless statues and works of art. Young girls and children, clothed in white, cast flowers or palms before him as he passed. A general joy seemed to fill the Holy City; the sacred rites were performed at the Lateran with a just decorum; and in the evening of the auspicious day Leo entertained his friends at a banquet in the Vatican, whose luxury and extravagance are said to have rivaled the pagan splendors of Apicius or Lucullus.

And now began the Golden Age of Leo X.⁽¹⁾ The descendant of the Medici ruled over an undivided Christendom. But lately his spiritual empire had been enlarged by the discoveries of Columbus and Gama, and the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese. India and America lay at the feet of the new Pope. In Europe his authority was greater than that of any of his predecessors. The Emperor of Germany, the kings of England, France, and Portugal, became at length his obedient vassals. Henry, Charles, and Francis looked to the accomplished Leo for counsel and example, and paid sincere deference to the court of Rome. He was the master spirit of the politics of his age; and the three brilliant young monarchs, whose talents seemed only directed to the ruin of Europe and of mankind, were held in check by the careful policy of the acute Italian. With the clergy Leo was still more successful. He was the idol of the priests and bishops of the Continent and of England. In Germany, his name stood high as a man of probity and dignity; Luther avowed his respect for the pontiff's character; in England, Wolsey led the Church to his support. A common delusion seems to have prevailed that Leo was either sincerely pious or singularly discreet. The people, too, so far as they were familiar with the pontiff's name, repeated it with respect. Compared with the passionate, licentious Julius, or the monster Alexander, he seemed of saintly purity; while the scholars of every land united in spreading the fame of that benevolent potentate whose bounty had been felt by the humblest of their order, as well as the most renowned.

The age of Leo X. was golden with the glories of art.⁽²⁾ He was the most bountiful and unwearied friend of intellect the world has ever seen. His most sincere impulse was the homage he paid to every form of genius. Ambitious students and impoverished scholars hastened to Rome with their imperfect poems and half-finished treatises, submitted them to the kindly critic, were received with praise and just congratu-

⁽¹⁾ Jovius: "*Auream ætatem post multa sæcula condidisse.*"

⁽²⁾ Jovius, p. 109.

lation, and never failed to win a rich benefice or a high position at the papal court. Leo read with fond and friendly attention the first volume of Jovius's history, pronounced him a new Livy, and covered him with honors and emoluments. He made the elegant style of Bembo the source of his wealth and greatness. He made the learned Sadoletto a bishop; he cultivated the genius of the graceful Vida. For Greek and Latin scholars his kindness was unwearied; he aided Aldus by a liberal patent, and sought eagerly for rare manuscripts of the Greek and Latin classics. His hours of leisure were often passed in hearing some new poem or correcting some unpublished manuscript; his happiest days were those he was sometimes enabled to spend amidst a throng of his friendly authors. For science he was no less zealous, and mathematicians, astronomers, geographers, and discoverers were all equally sure of a favorable reception at Rome. Leo was always eager to hear of the strange adventures of the Spanish and Portuguese in the unknown lands, to converse with the brave Tristan Cunha, or to listen to Pigafetta's unpolished narrative of Magellan's wonderful voyage.

Thus for eight years Rome echoed to the strains of countless rival or friendly bards who sung to the ever-kindly ear of the attentive pontiff; and a vast number of poems in Latin or Italian rose to renown, were quoted, admired, praised as not unworthy of Virgil or Catullus, and then sunk forever into neglect. Of all the poets of this fertile age, scarcely one survives.⁽¹⁾ The historians have been more fortunate. Machiavelli, Guicciardini, perhaps Jovius, are still remembered among the masters of the art. Castiglione is yet spoken of as a purer Chesterfield; the chaste and gifted Vittoria Colonna still lives as one of the jewels of her sex. But it is to its painters rather than its poets that this illustrious epoch owes its immortality. It is to Raffaello that Leo X. is indebted for many a lovely reminiscence that aids in rescuing his glory from oblivion. The traveler who wanders to Rome is chiefly reminded of Leo by the graceful flattery with which the first

(1) Roscoe, Leo X.

of painters has interwoven the life of his friend and master with his own finest works. He sees the portrait and exact features of Leo X. in the famous picture of Attila; discovers an allusion to his life in the Liberation of St. Peter; or remembers that it was to the taste and profuse liberality of the pontiff that we owe most of those rare frescoes in the Vatican with which Raffaello crowned his art.

All through the brief period of scarcely seven years, so wonderful and varied were the labors of Raffaello, so constant the demands of the friendly but injudicious Pope, that we might well suppose the two friends to have been incessantly occupied in their effort to revive and recreate the ancient glory of Rome. To Raffaello these years were spent in fatal toil. His fancy, his genius, were never suffered to rest.⁽¹⁾ Gentle, loving, easily touched, and fired by artistic ambition, soft and luxurious in his manners, unrestrained by moral laws, the great painter yielded to every wish of the eager Pope with an almost affectionate confidence, reflected all Leo's high ambition and longing after fame, toiled to complete St. Peter's, to adorn the Vatican, to perfect tapestries, paint portraits, to discover and protect the ancient works of art, to rebuild Rome; until at last, in the spring of 1520, his genius faded away, leaving its immortal fruits behind it. Other painters of unusual excellence took his place, but an illimitable distance separates them all from Raffaello.

Two great names are wanting to the splendid circle of Leo's court, and neither Ariosto nor Michael Angelo can be said to have belonged to his Golden Age. They seem to have shrunk from him almost with aversion. Ariosto was the only true genius among the poets of his time.⁽²⁾ His varied fancy, his brilliant colors, are the traits of the true artist. He had early been the friend of Leo before he became Pope; he went up to Rome to congratulate the pontiff on his accession; but some sudden coldness sprung up between the poet and the Pope which led to their complete estrangement. Ariosto was never seen at the banquets and splendid pageants of the Holy City;

(1) Roscoe, Leo X., ii., p. 110.

(2) *Id.*, p. 122.

his claims were neglected, his genius overlooked; and the author of "*Orlando Furioso*" lived and died in poverty, while Accolti and Aretino glittered in the prosperity of the papal court. Michael Angelo, too, stood aloof from the pontiff. His clear eye saw through the jewels and gold with which Leo had decked himself to the corruption of his inner life. Luxurious, licentious Raffaello might consent to obey the imperious will of the graceful actor, but his rival and master lived in a stern isolation. He preferred the conversation and the correspondence of the dignified Vittoria Colonna to the luxurious revelry of Leo and his satyr train.

But Leo cared little for the absence of those whose deeper sensibilities might have disturbed the progress of his splendid visions. It was enough for him that he was the Sovereign Pontiff; that he wore the tiara to which he had been destined from his birth. His life was to himself a complete success. It was passed in revelries and pageants, in the society of the rarest wits and the greatest of painters, in the government of nations and the defense of Italy. He was almost always cheerful, hopeful, busy, full of expedients. He lived seemingly unconcerned amidst a band of poisoners who were always plotting his death, and a circle of subject princes who might at any moment overthrow his power. He smiled while the glittering sword hung over his head, and snatched the pleasures of life on the brink of a fearful abyss. To carry out his favorite plan, the elevation of his family to the regal rank, he had done many evil deeds. He robbed a Duke of Urbino of his patrimony through war and bloodshed; had driven the Petrucci from Siena; was the relentless despoiler of the small states around him. Italy mourned that the Medici might become great. Yet so shrunken in numbers was the famous mercantile family, that of the direct legitimate descendants of Cosmo, Leo and his worthless nephew Lorenzo were all that were left. Lorenzo, a drunkard and a monster of vice, was the ruler of Florence, and for him Léo despoiled the Duke of Urbino; to advance Lorenzo was the chief aim of his politics. He married him, at length, to Madeline of Tours; he incurred a vast expense to make him great; but,

happily for Florence, Lorenzo not long after died, leaving a daughter, the infamous Catherine de' Medici, the persecutor and the murderess; and thus a descendant of Cosmo de' Medici became the mother of three kings of France.

In the eyes of Europe, Leo seemed the most fortunate of men, the most accomplished of rulers, a model Pope. The manners and the gayeties of Rome and Florence were imitated in the less civilized courts of England, France, and Germany. The respect which Leo ever paid to artists, scholars, and men of letters led Francis, Charles, and Henry VIII. to become their patrons and their friends. Literature became the fashion. The polished student Erasmus wandered from court to court, and was everywhere received as the companion of kings and princes. Henry VIII. aspired to the fame of authorship, and wrote bad Latin. Francis cherished poets and painters. Even the cold Charles V. caught the literary flame. Yet the manners of the court of Rome can scarcely be called refined. Leo was fond of coarse buffoonery and rude practical jokes. He invited notorious gluttons to his table, and was amused at the eagerness with which they devoured the costly viands, the peacock sausages, or the rare confections.⁽¹⁾ He was highly entertained by the sad drollery of idiots and dwarfs. A story is told of Baraballo, a silly old man of a noble family, who wrote bad verses and thought himself another Petrarch. Leo resolved to have him crowned like Petrarch in the Capitol. A day was appointed for the spectacle, costly preparations were made, and the silly Baraballo, decked with purple and gold, and mounted upon an elephant, the present of the King of Portugal, was led in triumph through the streets of Rome, amidst the shouts of the populace and the clamor of drums and trumpets.⁽²⁾ At the Bridge of St. Angelo, the elephant, more sensible than his rider, refused to go any farther; Baraballo was forced to dismount; all Rome was filled with laughter; and Leo commemorated his unfeeling joke by a piece of sculpture in wood, which is said to be still in existence. Leo was also passion-

⁽¹⁾ Jovius, p. 99.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*, p. 97.

ately fond of hunting. No calls of business, no inclemency of the weather, could keep him from his favorite sport. He was never so happy as when shooting partridges and pheasants in the forests of Viterbo, or chasing wild boars on the Tuscan plains. To the fine ceremonial of his Church he is said to have been unusually attentive. He fasted often, intoned with grace, and his love for music led him to gather from all parts of Europe the sweetest singers and the most skillful instrumental performers to adorn the Roman churches.

Thus Leo glided gracefully onward, an accomplished actor, always conscious that the eye of Europe was upon him, and always elegant, polite, composed. Yet there must often have been moments when his gracious smile covered an inward agony or a secret terror. His handsome, stately form was always internally diseased; he suffered fierce pangs of pain which he told to few; and often, as he presided at the gay banquet or some stormy meeting of his holy college, he must have mastered with iron energy the terrible agony inflicted by a hidden disease. But far worse even than actual suffering was the constant dread in which he must have always lived. He was surrounded by poisoners who sought his life. His daily associates were those most likely to present to him the deadly draught. It was the holy college that had resolved upon his destruction.

The cardinals formed a plot to poison the Pope.⁽¹⁾ He had disappointed them in living when they had looked for his speedy death, and he had never been able to gratify the boundless claims they had made upon the sacred treasury. They were the most resolute and unwearied of beggars. "You had better at once take my tiara," said the weary pontiff when he was once surrounded by the holy mendicants; and he ever after was hated by most of his cardinals. Among them, too, were several who had some private reason for seeking Leo's death. The author of the plot, Alfonso Petrucci, had lost his revenues at Siena by the fall of his family in that city, and had vowed revenge. He was a young man, fierce, dissolute,

(1) Jovius, pp. 88, 89.

gay, feeble. He was accustomed to proclaim openly among his wild companions his hatred for Leo and his plans of vengeance. Often he came to the meetings of the sacred college with a dagger hidden in his breast, and was only withheld from plunging it in Leo's heart by the fear of seizure. At length he concerted with a famous physician the plan of poison. The most eminent man in the college of cardinals was Riario, Cardinal San Giorgio. He was the wealthiest of his order. He had been a cardinal for forty years. In his youth he had shared in the plot to murder Lorenzo de' Medici, and now in his old age he aided Petrucci in his design against Leo. He hoped, on the Pope's death, to become his successor. Another conspirator was the Cardinal de' Sauli, who had furnished Petrucci with money. Another, Soderinus, the enemy of the Medici, from Florence. The last was the silly Adrian of Corneto. This foolish old man had been assured by a female prophet that the successor to Leo would be named Adrian, and felt sure that no one but himself could be meant. It was observed that the soothsayer spoke truly, and that the next Pope was Adrian; but not the poisoner. How many others of the college were engaged in the plot is not told. Happily Leo had been watching Petrucci for some time, and intercepted a letter that revealed the whole design. Petrucci was absent from Rome, and Leo, in order to get him into his power, sent him a safe-conduct, and even assured the Spanish ambassador that he would observe it. The conspirator came laughing boastfully to the city. He was at once seized and shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo with his friend De' Sauli; and Leo excused his own bad faith by alleging the enormity of the crime.

Pale, agitated, trembling, the Pope now met his cardinals in the consistory. There was scarcely one to whom he could trust his life. He was surrounded by secret or open assassins, and he might well fear lest a dagger was hidden beneath each sacred robe.⁽¹⁾ He addressed them, however, with his usual dignity; he complained that he, who had always been so kind

(1) Jovius, p. 89. Guicciard., xiii.

and liberal to them, should thus be threatened by their conspiracies. Riario, the head of the college, was already under arrest; Petrucci and De' Sauli were confined in horrible dungeons. The Cardinal Soderini fell down at Leo's feet, confessing his guilt, and the foolish Adrian was equally penitent. In his punishment of the offenders Leo showed all the severity of his nature. Petrucci was strangled in prison, De' Sauli was released on paying a heavy fine, but died the next year, it was believed of poison. Riario, the venerable assassin, was also fined heavily and forgiven. Poor Adrian fled from Rome, with the loss of his estate, and was never heard of more. Thus Leo broke forever the power of his enemies, the sacred college, and at the same time replenished his treasury by the confiscation of their estates. Soon after, by a vigorous stroke of policy, he created thirty-one new cardinals. In many cases the office was sold to the highest bidder, and thus Leo was once more rich and happy.⁽¹⁾ He was now (1517) at the height of his power. The Church was omnipotent, and Leo was the Church. His cardinals never afterward gave him any trouble; every heretic had been suppressed or burned; the city of Rome was the centre of civilization as well as of religion; money flowed in upon it from all the world; and the lavish pontiff wasted the treasures of the Church in every kind of magnificent extravagance.

It was because Leo was a splendid spendthrift that we have the Reformation through Luther. The Pope was soon again impoverished and in debt. He never thought of the cost of any thing; he was lavish without reflection. His wars, intrigues, his artists and architects, his friends, but above all the miserable Lorenzo, exhausted his fine revenues; and his treasury must again be supplied. When he was in want, Leo was never scrupulous as to the means by which he retrieved his affairs; he robbed, he defrauded, he begged; he drew contributions from all Europe for a Turkish war, which all Europe knew had been spent upon Lorenzo; he collected large sums for rebuilding St. Peter's, which were all expended in the same

(¹) Jovius, p. 90.

way; in fine, Leo early exhausted all his spiritual arts as well as his treasury.⁽¹⁾

Suddenly there opened before his hopeless mind an El Dorado richer than ever Spanish adventurer had discovered, more limitless than the treasures of the East and West. It was purgatory. Over that shadowy realm the Pope held undisputed sway. The severest casuist of the age would admit that the spiritual power of the Church was in that direction limitless. It was nearly a hundred years since Tauler, the German reformer, had suffered martyrdom for denying that the Pope could condemn an innocent man to eternal woe or raise the guiltiest to the habitations of the blest; and from that hour the authority of the pontiff had been constantly increasing, until now he was looked upon as nothing less than Deity upon earth. He held in his polluted hands the key of immortality. But even had a doubt arisen as to the efficacy of the keys, the pious Aquinas had shown by the clearest argument that the Church possessed a boundless supply of the merits of the saints, and even of its Divine Head, which might be applied to the succor of any soul that seemed to require external aid. Leo seized upon the notion of the schoolmen, and extended it to an extreme which they perhaps had never anticipated. He pressed the sale of his indulgences. He offered full absolution to every criminal who would pay him a certain sum of money, joined with contrition; without contrition, and for a similar payment, he offered to diminish the term for which any person was condemned to purgatory, or to set free from the pains of purgatory the departed spirit whose friends would pay a proper remuneration.⁽²⁾ Over the shadowy land in whose existence he can scarcely have believed, the pontiff presumed to extend his earthly sceptre—to divide it into periods of years, to map it out in distinct gradations, and to sell to the highest bidder the longest exemption or a swift release. It was a dreadful impiety, a horrible mockery; it was selling immortal bliss for money.

(1) Jovius, p. 92-96.

(2) Ranke, *Ref.*, i., p. 335. Robertson, *Charles V.*, book ii.

The indulgence was first used by Urban II., in the period of the first crusade, to reward those who took up arms for the relief of the Holy Land. It was then granted to any one who hired soldiers for the war; and was next extended to those who gave money to the Pope for some pious purpose. Julius II. had employed it to raise money to rebuild St. Peter's, and Leo X. sold his indulgences upon the same pretext.⁽¹⁾ But Leo's indulgence, as set forth by his agents in Germany, far excelled those of his predecessors in its daring assumption. It pardoned all sins however gross, restored its purchaser to that state of innocence which he had possessed at baptism, and at his death opened at once to him the gates of paradise. From the moment that he had obtained this valuable paper he became one of the elect. He could never fall.⁽²⁾ Whatever his future crimes, his salvation was assured. The honor of the Pope and the Church was pledged to secure him against any punishment he might merit in a future world, and to raise him at last to the society of the blessed. But probably the most attractive and merchantable part of the indulgence was that which set free departed spirits from purgatorial pains. This ingenious device played upon the tenderest and most powerful instincts of nature. What parent could refuse to purchase the salvation of a dead child? What son but would sell his all to redeem parents and relatives from purgatory? It was upon such themes that the strolling vendors of indulgences constantly enlarged. They gathered around them a gaping throng of wondering rustics; they stood by the village church-yard and pointed to the humble graves. "Will you allow your father to suffer," Tetzels cried out to a credulous son, "when twelve pence will redeem him from torment? If you had but one coat, you should strip it off, sell it, and purchase my wares." "Hear you not," he would say to another, "the groans of your lost child in yonder church-yard? Come and buy his immediate salvation. No sooner shall your money tinkle in my box than his soul will ascend to

(1) Sarpi, *Con. Tri.*, p. 4 *et seq.* Palavicini, *Hist. Con. Trident.*

(2) Seckendorf, *Com.*, i., p. 14.

heaven." Thus Leo made a traffic of immortal bliss. There is something almost sublime in his presumption. From his gorgeous throne in the Eternal City he stood before mankind claiming a divine authority over the world and all that it contained. Kings, emperors, princes, were his inferiors and his spiritual serfs. He divided the globe between the Spaniards and Portuguese. His simple legate was to take the precedence of princes. It was the fashion of the churchmen of the day to magnify their office, to claim for it an immutable superiority, as if the office sanctified the possessor.⁽¹⁾ Conscious of their own impurity and hypocrisy, they sought, as is so often the case with immoral priests, to raise themselves above public scrutiny, and to create for themselves a position amidst the clouds of imputed sanctity, where, like their prototypes, the heathen gods, they might sin unchallenged. They looked down with contempt upon the too curious worshiper, who was unfit to touch their garments; they veiled themselves in the dignity of the office they degraded. But the earthly state assumed by the haughty priests was as nothing compared to their spiritual claims. The Popes professed to concentrate in themselves all the power and virtue of the Church. They were its despots.⁽²⁾ The evil Alexander and the fierce Julius had condemned to eternal woe whoever should appeal to a council. Leo spoke to the world as its divine ruler. He was the possessor of all the merits of the saints and martyrs, and of the boundless sufficiency of Calvary. He ruled over the future world as well as the present;⁽³⁾ he could unfold the gates of paradise, and snatch the guilty from the jaws of hell; his power extended over countless subjects in the shadowy world, whose destiny depended on his pleasure, and who were the slaves of his caprice.

The indulgences at first sold well. But their sale was chiefly confined to Germany.⁽⁴⁾ Spain, under the control of

(1) See Eccius, *De Primatu Petri*, 1520.

(2) Eccius argues that the Church must be a monarchy, ii., p. 81.

(3) The control of demons is still asserted. See *Propagation de la Foi*, 1867, pp. 39, 439. At least Chinese demons.

(4) Ranke, *Ref.*, i., p. 332-335.

Ximenes, had long before refused to permit its wealth to be drained into the treasury of Rome. France was hostile to the Pope. England yielded only a small return. But over the dull peasants of Germany the acute Italians had succeeded in weaving their glittering web of superstition, until that unhappy land had become the El Dorado of the Church. Every year immense sums of money had flowed from Germany to Rome for annats, palliums, and various other ecclesiastical devices; and now the whole country was divided into three great departments under the care of three commissions for the sale of indulgences.⁽¹⁾ Itinerant traders in the sacred commodity passed from town to town and fair to fair, extolling the value of their letters of absolution and pressing them upon the popular attention. They were followed wherever they went by great throngs of people; and their loud voices, coarse jokes, and shameless eloquence seem to have been attended with extraordinary success. They are represented as having been usually persons of worthless characters and licentious morals, who passed their nights in drinking and revelry at taverns, and their days in making a mockery of religion; who proved the value of the plenary indulgence by the daring immorality of their lives. They were secure in the shelter of Rome, and had a safe-conduct to celestial bliss.

The Elector Frederick of Saxony was now the most powerful of the German princes. His dominions were extensive and wealthy; he was sagacious, firm, and honest; and he had always opposed with success the various efforts of the Popes to draw contributions from his priest-ridden subjects.⁽²⁾ Frederick was already irritated against the Elector of Mentz, who had in charge the sale of indulgences; and he openly declared that Albert should not pay his private debts "out of the pockets of the Saxons." He saw with indignation that his people were beginning to resort in great numbers to the sellers of the pious frauds. But the resistance of Frederick to the religious excitement of the day would have proved ineffectual had he not been aided by an humble instrument whose future omnip-

⁽¹⁾ Ranke, *Ref.*, i., p. 333.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*, p. 341.

otence he could scarcely have foreseen. It was to a poor monk that Saxony and Germany were to owe their deliverance from Italian priestcraft. Five years had passed since Martin Luther had returned from his pilgrimage to Rome, with his honest conscience stricken and horrified by the pagan atmosphere of the Holy City. During that period the poor scholar had risen to eminence and renown.⁽¹⁾ He had become professor in the university at Wittenberg, which the Elector Frederick had founded; his eloquence and learning, his purity and his vigor, had given him a strong control over the students and the people of the small scholastic city. Already he had wrought a lesser reformation in the manners and the lives of the throngs who listened to his animated preaching; already he had even planned a general reform of the German Church. But as yet Luther had entertained no doubts of the papal supremacy. He still practiced all the austerity of penance, and still clung to all the formulas of his faith. The Pope was still to him a deity upon earth; Rome, the city of St. Peter and the martyrs; the Fathers, an indisputable authority; and although he had learned to study the Scriptures with earnest attention, he yet interpreted them by the light of other consciences than his own. His honest intellect still slumbered under that terrible weight of superstition beneath which the cunning Italians had imprisoned the mind of the Middle Ages.

A shock aroused Luther from his slumber; a shock startled all Germany into revolt. The loud voice of the shameless Tetzl was heard in Saxony extolling his impious wares, and claiming to be the dispenser of immortal bliss. His life had been one of gross immorality; he was an ignorant and coarse Dominican; his rude jokes and brutal demeanor, his revelries and his licentious tongue, filled pious men with affright. He ventured to approach Wittenberg, and some of Luther's parishioners wandered away to the neighboring towns of Jüterbock to join with the multitude who were buying absolution

⁽¹⁾ Luther's *Briefwechsel*, by Burkhardt, 1866. He soon begins to correspond with the highest officials.

from the dissolute friar.⁽¹⁾ It was the decisive moment of modern history. The mightiest intellect of the age was roused into sudden action; the intellect whose giant strength was to shiver to atoms the magnificent fabric of papal superstition, and give freedom to thought and liberty to man. Luther rose up inspired. He wrote out in fair characters his ninety-five propositions on the doctrine of indulgences, and nailed them (1517) to the gates of his parochial church at Wittenberg. He proclaimed to mankind that the Pope had no power to forgive sin; that the just must live by faith. Swift as the electric flash which had won him from the world his bold thoughts rushed over Germany, and startled the corrupt atmosphere of Rome. It is related that just after his daring act the Elector Frederick, as he slept in his castle of Schweinitz, on the night of All-Saints, dreamed that he saw the monk writing on the chapel at Wittenberg in characters so large that they could be read at Schweinitz; longer and longer grew Luther's pen, till at last it reached Rome, struck the Pope's triple crown, and made it tremble on his head. Frederick stretched forth his arm to catch the tiara as it fell, but just then awoke. All Germany dreamed a similar dream; it awoke to find it a reality.⁽²⁾

Germany was then no safe place for reformers or heretics. It was in a state of miserable anarchy and barbarism. The great cities, grown rich by commerce and honest industry, were engaged in constant hostilities with the robber knights whose powerful castles studded the romantic banks of the Rhine and filled the fastnesses of the interior.⁽³⁾ Often the long trains of wealthy traders on their way to Nuremberg or the fair at Leipsic were set upon by the lordly robbers, who sprung upon them from some castled crag, their rare goods were ravished away, their hard-earned gains torn from them, and the prisoners condemned to torture and dismal dungeons until they had paid an excessive ransom. Often rich burghers came back to their native cities from some unfortunate trading expedition impoverished, with one hand lopped off,

(1) Ranke, *Ref.*, i., p. 343.

(2) *Id.*, i., p. 343.

(3) *Id.*, i., p. 223.

and showing their bleeding arms to their enraged fellow-citizens. Even poor scholars were often seized, tortured, and the miserable sums they had won by begging torn from them by the brutal nobles. The knights, like Götz von Berlichingen, boasted that they were the wolves, and the rich traders the sheep upon whom they preyed. But terrible was the revenge which the citizens were accustomed to take upon their despoilers. When their mounted train-bands issued forth from the gates of Nuremberg the tenants of every castle trembled and grew pale. The brave Nurembergers swept the country far and wide. They scaled the lofty crags, swarmed over the tottering walls, and burned or massacred the robbers in their dens. Noble birth was then of no avail; knightly prowess awoke no pity; the castle was made the smoldering grave of its owners. Yet the knights would soon again renew their strongholds, and once more revive this perpetual civil war. Every part of Germany was desolated by the ruthless strife.

Above the knights were the princes and electors, who preyed upon the people by taxes and heavy contributions. At the head of all stood the Emperor Maximilian, who seized upon whatever he could get by force or fraud. Yet the influence most fatal to the prosperity of Germany was that of the Italian Church. Rome ruled over Germany with a remorseless sway. Heresy was punished by the fierce Dominicans with torture and the stake. The Church, it is estimated, held nearly one-half of all the land, and would pay no taxes. Every church was an asylum in which murderers and malefactors found a safe refuge, and the Church establishments in the rich cities were looked upon by the prosperous citizens as fatal to the public peace. They were dens of thieves and assassins. The characters of the German priests and monks, too, were often vile beyond description, and the classic satire of Erasmus and the skillful pencil of Holbein have portrayed only an outline of their crimes.

In such a land Luther must have felt that he could scarcely hope for safety. He must have foreseen, as he took his irrevocable step, that he exposed himself to the Inquisition and the stake. He was at once encountered by a host of enemies.

Tetzel declaimed against him in coarse invectives as a heretic worthy of death.⁽¹⁾ Priests and professors, the universities and the pulpit, united in his condemnation. He was already marked out by his enemies as the victim whose blood was to seal the supremacy of the Pope. Yet his wonderful intellect in this moment of danger began now to display its rare fertility. He wrote incessantly in defense of his opinions; his treatises spread over Germany; and very soon the reform tracts, multiplied by the printing-press, were sold and distributed in great numbers through all the fairs and cities of the land. The German intellect awoke with the controversy, and all true Germans began to look with admiration and sympathy upon the brave monk who had ventured to defy the power of the papal court. At Rome, meantime, nothing was less thought of than a schism in the Church. Leo was at the height of his prosperity. He had just dissolved the Lateran Council, which had yielded him a ready obedience; his cardinals were submissive; he was the most powerful and fortunate of Popes. From dull and priest-ridden Germany he looked for no trouble, and when he first heard of the controversy between Luther and the Dominicans he spoke of it as a wrangle of barbarous monks. The fierce storm that was gathering in the North was scarcely noticed amidst the gay banquets and tasteful revelries of Rome. But this could not continue long. It was soon seen by the papal courtiers that if Luther was permitted to write and live, a large part of their revenues would be cut off; and Leo himself felt that if he allowed his dominion over purgatory to be called in question, he must soon cease to adorn the Vatican or subsidize Lorenzo. If he lost his shadowy El Dorado, where could he turn for money? The remedy was easy; he must silence or destroy the monk. He issued a summons (July, 1518) for Luther to appear at Rome within sixty days, to answer for his heresies before his Inquisitor-General. Soon after, as he learned the extent of his danger, he sent orders to his legate in Germany to have the monk seized and brought to the Holy City.

(1) Ranke, *Ref.*, i., p. 347.

If this arrogant decree had been executed, there can be little doubt as to what must have been Luther's fate. He must have pined away in some Roman dungeon, have perished under torture, or have sunk, like the offending cardinals, beneath the slow effect of secret poison. The insignificant monk would have proved an easy victim to the experts of Rome. But, fortunately for the reformer, all Germany was now become his friend. In a few brief months he had become a hero. Never was there so sudden a rise to influence and renown. His name was already famous from the Baltic to the Alps; scholars and princes wrote to him words of encouragement; the common people followed him as their leader; and the great Elector of Saxony, the most potent of the German princes, was the open patron of the eloquent monk. Germany was resolved that its honest thinker should not be exposed to the evil arts of Rome; and Leo, obliged to employ milder expedients to enforce his authority, consented that his chief adversary should be permitted to defend his opinions before Cardinal Cajetan at Augsburg. It was Luther's first great victory.

Still, however, he was in imminent danger. If Germany was on his side, yet all the Italian Germans were more than ever eager for his destruction. The corrupt priests, the dissolute monks, the fierce Dominicans, the Pope, the Church, even the Emperor Maximilian, were arrayed against the true-hearted monk. He lived in the constant presence of death. Yet his spiritual agonies were, no doubt, to Luther more intolerable than any physical danger; for he was still only a searcher after truth. His nights and days were passed in an eager study of the Scriptures; he moved slowly onward through an infinite course of mental improvement; he was forced to snatch the jewels of faith from the dim caverns of superstition; he groped his way painfully toward the light. Yet so admirable was the disposition of this renowned reformer that through all his dangers he was always hopeful, often joyous and gay. Sickness, pain, mental or physical terrors, could never deprive his gallant nature of its hidden stores of joy and peace. His clear voice often rose high in song or hymn; he

was the gay and cheerful companion, always the tender friend; his lute often sounded cheerfully in still nights at Wittenberg or Wartburg; and his love for poetry and letters soothed many an hour he was enabled to win from his weary labors. Compared with his persecutor, Leo, Luther's was by far the happier life. His joys were pure, his impulses noble, his conscience stainless; while Leo strove to find his joy in coarse buffoonery and guilty revels, in outward magnificence and idle glitter.

There now began a series of wonderful intellectual tournaments, the successors of the brutal encounters of chivalry and the Middle Ages, in which the true knight, Luther, beat down his pagan assailants with the iron mace of truth.⁽¹⁾ It had become the custom in Germany for scholars to dispute before splendid audiences abstruse questions of philosophy and learning; but the questions which Luther discussed were such as had never been ventured upon before. Was the Pope infallible? Could he save a guilty soul? Could not even councils err? Was not Huss a true martyr? Knights, princes, emperors, gathered round the pale, sad monk as he discussed these daring themes, heard with a strange awe his eloquent argument which they scarcely understood, and were still in doubt whether to accept him as a leader or to bind him to the stake. The first of these noted encounters occurred (1518) at Augsburg, where the graceful Cardinal Cajetan, fresh from the Attic atmosphere of Rome, came to subdue the barbarous German by force or fraud. Luther came to the hostile city full of fears of the subtlety of his polished opponent.⁽²⁾ He felt that it was by no means incredible that the cardinal was commissioned to seize him and carry him to a Roman prison; he knew that Maximilian, who was still Emperor of Germany, was not unwilling to gratify the Pope by his surrender. Yet so poor and humble was this object of the enmity of prelates and rulers that Luther was obliged to beg his way to Augsburg. Sick, faint, dressed in a borrowed cowl, his frame gaunt and thin, his wild eyes glittering with supernatural

⁽¹⁾ Walch, xxiv., p. 434.

⁽²⁾ Ranke, *Ref.*, i., p. 427.

fire, the monk entered the city. The people crowded to see him pass; he was protected by a safe-conduct from Maximilian and the patronage of Elector Frederick; and he met the cardinal boldly. Yet it was hardly an equal encounter; for Luther was sick, faint, poor, and in peril of his life, while Cajetan, in the glow of wealth and power, was the legate and representative of infallible Rome. At first, in several interviews, the cardinal consented to argue, but when Luther completely confused and overthrew him, the enraged combatant, with a false and meaning smile, commanded the monk to submit to the judgment of the Church. Luther soon after fled from Augsburg, conscious that he was no longer safe in the hands of his enemies. Leo, in November, issued his bull declaring his right to grant indulgences, and the monk replied, with bold menaces, by an appeal from the Pope to the decision of a council of the Church.

Maximilian died, and an interregnum followed, during which the Elector of Saxony became the ruler of Germany. Safe in his protection, the monk continued to write, to preach, to advance in religious knowledge; and a wild excitement arose throughout the land. Melancthon joined Luther at Wittenberg, a young man of twenty, the best Greek scholar of his time, and the two friends pursued their studies and their war against the Pope together. But a second grand intellectual tournament soon summoned the knight-errant of religious liberty to buckle on his armor. It was at Leipsic, a city devoted to the papacy, that Luther was to defend the Reformation.⁽¹⁾ His chief opponent was Eck or Eccius, a German priest, learned, eloquent, ambitious, corrupt, and eager to win the favor of his master at Rome. He had assailed the opinions of Carlstadt, one of Luther's associates at Wittenberg, and now the reformer was to appear in defense of his friend. The Leipsic university was bitterly hostile to Wittenberg and reform, and Eck rejoiced to have an opportunity to display his eloquence and learning in the midst of the most Catholic city of Germany. It was whispered that Eck was

(1) *Walch*, xxiv., p. 434.

too fond of Bavarian beer, and that his morals were far from purity; yet he was welcomed by the students and professors of Leipsic with joy and proud congratulations as the invincible champion of the Church.

Soon the Wittenbergers appeared, riding in low, open wagons, to the hostile city, in the pleasant month of June. Carlstadt came first, then Luther and Melancthon, then the young Duke of Pomerania, a student and rector of Wittenberg, and then a throng of other students, most of them on foot and armed with halberds, battle-axes, and spears, to defend themselves or their professors in case of attack; and it was noticed as a mark of unusual discourtesy that none of the Leipsic collegians or teachers came out to meet their literary rivals. Yet every necessary preparation had been made by the good-natured Duke George for the mental combat. A spacious hall in the castle, hung with tapestry and provided with two pulpits for the speakers and seats for a large audience, was arranged for the occasion; and the proceedings opened with a solemn mass. A noble and splendid audience filled the room.⁽¹⁾ The interest was intense; the champions, the most renowned theologians in Germany; their subject, the origin and authority of the papal power at Rome.⁽²⁾ Carlstadt commenced the argument, but in a few days he was completely discomfited by his practiced opponent. The Wittenbergers were covered with confusion. Eck's loud voice, tall, muscular figure, violent gestures, quick retort, and ready learning seemed to carry him over the field invincible. But on the 4th of July, a day memorable for another reform, the interest was redoubled as Martin Luther rose. He was of middle size, and so thin as to seem almost fleshless. His voice was weak compared to that of his opponent; his bearing mild and modest. But he was now in his thirty-sixth year; his intellect, worn by many toils and ceaseless labor, was in its full vigor; and his eager search after truth had given him a strength and novelty of thought that no scholar of the age could equal. He ascended the platform with joy, and it was noticed that the fond

(¹) Walch, xxiv., p. 434-437.

(²) It led to this.

lover of nature carried a nosegay in his hand. Luther, at once neglecting all minor topics, assailed the authority of the Pope. With perfect self-command he ruled his audience at will, and princes and professors listened with awe and almost terror as they heard the daring novelty of his argument. From denying the authority of the Pope he advanced to the denial of the supremacy of a council; he unfolded with eloquent candor the long train of progressive thought through which his own mind had just passed; to the horror of all true Catholics, he suggested that Huss might have been a martyr. The audience was appalled; Duke George, startled, uttered a loud imprecation. The discomfited Eccius exclaimed, "Then, reverend father, you are to me as a heathen and a publican."

The Wittenbergers returned in safety and triumph to their college. But the corrupt nature of Eck, exasperated by Luther's bold defiance, led him to resolve on the destruction of his opponent. Nothing would satisfy him but that the brave monk should meet the fate of John Huss or Jerome of Prague. Eck, like Luther, was a German peasant's son; (¹) his persistent malignity now decided the destiny of the Church. He hastened to Rome, and aroused the passions of Leo by his fierce declamations against Luther; the prudent pontiff seems to have been forced into extreme measures by the violence of the corrupt German; and Eck returned to Germany armed with a papal bull condemning Luther's writings to the flames, (²) and commanding him to recant his heresies within sixty days, or to be expelled from the Church. But Luther had already resolved to abandon the Church of Rome forever. He proclaimed his decision by a remarkable act. On the 10th. of December, 1520, in the presence of an immense throng of students, magistrates, and persons of every rank, the bold monk cast into a blazing fire, without the walls of Wittenberg, the Pope's bull and a copy of the papal decrees. From their smoldering ashes sprung up the Church of the Reformation.

Leo, enraged beyond endurance, now issued the bull of excommunication, the most terrible of the anathemas of the

(¹) Ranke, *Ref.*, i., p. 444.

(²) Dated June 15th, 1520.

Church. Luther was declared accursed of God and man. There had been a time when such a sentence would have appalled the greatest monarch in Christendom; when the ex-communicate had been looked upon by all men with horror and dread; when he was cut off from the society of his fellows, and was held as an outlaw deserving of instant death. But to Luther no such fatal consequences followed. His friends gathered around him more firmly than ever; men of intellect in every land acknowledged his greatness, and Germany rejoiced in the fame of its hero. Yet nothing is more remarkable in the history of this wonderful man than that he escaped death by poison or assassination; that in the midst of a land of anarchy and crime, surrounded by powerful enemies, cut off from the Church, accursed by the Pope, he should yet have been permitted to pursue, unmolested, his career of reform, to succeed in all his designs, to baffle all his foes, and finally to die in peace, surrounded by his loving family, in the very town where he was born. Another mighty foe had now suddenly started up as if to complete Luther's ruin. Charles V. had become Emperor of Germany. He was a young man of twenty, cold, grave, sickly, unscrupulous; he had been educated in the remorseless school of the Dominicans, and was the most devoted servant of the Church. To Charles Leo now appealed for aid against the arch-heretic, and the young monarch summoned Luther before him at the famous Diet of Worms."⁽¹⁾

Far and wide over Germany spread the news that the reformer had been cited to appear before the Emperor, and all men believed that the crisis of his fate was at hand. Every eye was turned upon the humble monk. The peasant's son was about to stand before princes, and every true German heart warmed with love and pity for him, who seemed certain to fall before his mighty foes. Luther's friends strove to prevent him from venturing within the hostile city. "You will be another Huss!" they exclaimed.⁽¹⁾ They suggested

⁽¹⁾ Walch, xxiv., p. 459. Audin, ii., p. 101, and Michelet, chiefly follow Walch.

the subtle cruelty of the Italians and the implacable enmity of the priests. But Luther seemed urged on by an irresistible impulse to go to Worms and plead his cause before the emperor, the princes, Europe, and all coming ages. "I would go," he cried, "though my enemies had raised a wall of fire between Eisenach and Worms reaching to the skies!" "I will be there," he said again, "though as many demons surround me as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses!" In his rapt, half-inspired state he believed that Satan and his angels had encompassed him on every side, and that their chief object was to prevent his reaching the city. It is certain that all the evil passions, every corrupt desire, every immoral impulse of the age, hung like raging demons over the path of the reformer.⁽¹⁾

Never was there a more memorable journey than that of Luther over the heart of Germany, from Wittenberg to Worms. It was Daniel going to the lions' den; it was a hero traveling to his doom; it was the successful champion of many an intellectual tournament couching his gallant lance against the citadel of his foes. It was spring, and the early leaves and flowers were clustering around the pleasant paths of Germany. Sturm, the emperor's herald, appeared at Wittenberg, and said, "Master Luther, are you ready?" The monk assented cheerfully, and at once set out. He traveled in a very different way from that in which he had entered Augsburg two years before, begging his subsistence from town to town. Now he was the renowned champion of a new Germany; the harbinger of a brighter era. The herald, clothed in gay attire, rode before him. Luther followed in a low wagon or chariot, accompanied by several friends. By his side was the learned doctor of laws, Schurf, his legal adviser, and several theologians. As he passed the population of the cities came out to meet him; princes and nobles greeted him on every hand, and pressed money upon him to

(1) Walch, xxiv., p. 460: "Seine gute Freunde riethen ihm von der Erscheinung ab und stellen ihm Hussens Exempel vor."

(2) Walch, xxiv., p. 462.

pay his extraordinary expenses; even hostile Leipsic offered him as a pledge of hospitality a draught of rare wine; at Weimar the good duke forced gold upon him; at various places he was forced to preach before immense congregations. Yet in every city he saw posted in the public streets the bull condemning his writings to the flames. He paused a while at Erfurth, and wept as he revisited his little cell, with its solitary table and small garden, and remembered the wild July morning when the angry lightning-flash had won him from the world.⁽¹⁾ He passed through Eisenach, was taken very ill there, and had nearly died in the town where, a beggar-child, thirty years before, he sung his mournful melodies from door to door. He saw his relatives from Mansfeld, his peasant family, and parted in tears from the well-known scenes. And thus, as if to prepare him for his doom, or to arm him for the fight, in this memorable journey, Luther's vivid mind must have pictured to itself a perfect outline of his by-gone life.

On the 16th of April Luther saw in the distance the towers of Worms. The fiery furnace lay before him.⁽²⁾ He firmly believed that he was going to his death, but his only fear was that his cause might perish with him. Tradition relates that, as he saw the city afar off, Luther rose up in his chariot and sung, in a resonant voice, a noble hymn which he had composed on the way, "God, our strong tower and defense, our help in every need." It is a poetical thought; it stirs the fancy as we narrate it. The venerable city of Worms was now thronged with all the great and powerful of Germany: the emperor, the bishops, the papal legate, the princes, and a host of armed men, citizens, and priests. As the monk approached in his wagon, he was met by a wild enthusiasm greater than ever princes or bishops had awakened. He was surrounded by throngs of people; the roofs of the houses were covered with eager spectators; his pale, worn countenance must have been brightened by a sentiment of gratitude

(¹) Audin, ii., p. 101-105. He "railed at monks and priests on his way," says Audin.

(²) Walch, xxiv., p. 463.

and triumph as he felt that the people were his friends.⁽¹⁾ He was taken to the lodgings prepared for him by the careful Elector Frederick; but even there he could have found little repose from the constant throng of visitors of high rank who pressed in to see him and cheer him with encouraging words.

The next day, toward evening, the setting sun flashed his last rays through the great hall at Worms over an assemblage of the Emperor and princes of Germany. On a throne of state, clothed in regal robes, a collar of pearls around his neck, the insignia of the Golden Fleece glittering on his breast, sat the youthful and impassive Charles. Every eye in the splendid assembly had been turned with eager interest to his grave, young face, for to his narrow intellect was committed the decision of a cause that involved the destiny of ages. On his right sat a dignified array of the electoral bishops of the empire.⁽²⁾ Each was a lesser pope, a spiritual and temporal lord, the firm opponent of heresy, the persecutor of the just. The bishops in gorgeous attire, their red and blue robes bordered with ermine, with all the imposing decorations of their order, assumed the highest places next to their imperial lord. On the left hand of the emperor the temporal electors, mighty warriors, and imperious rulers had their seat. They, too, wore robes bordered with ermine, and glittered with diamonds and rubies; but the lustre of their almost regal power and ancient state was more imposing than any external pomp. Among them was seen the calm, firm countenance of Frederick, Elector of Saxony. On lower seats were gathered six hundred princes, lords, and prelates. There were fierce Dominicans from Spain, with dark, menacing eyes, the sworn extirpators of heresy.⁽³⁾ There were brave German knights, renowned for valiant or cruel deeds, seamed with the scars of battle. There were jurisconsults in black; monks with cowl and

⁽¹⁾ Walch, xxiv., p. 463; xv., p. 2192. Luther's own account of his journey.

⁽²⁾ See list of persons at the Diet. Walch, xv., p. 2227.

⁽³⁾ The Spaniards always boasted that there was no heretic in all Spain. See *Muerte de Diaz*, *Reformistas Antiq. Esp.*, vol. xx. When Alfonso Diaz assassinated his heretic brother, his countrymen approved the act.

shaven heads; abbots, orators, and priests. There a vast assembly of all whom Germany had been accustomed to fear and to obey awaited in stern expectation the approach of an excommunicated monk. But the spectacle without was far more imposing; it was a triumph of the mind. Every roof, tower, or convenient place was covered with people waiting to see Luther pass. A great multitude had gathered to devour with eager eyes the form and features of one whose humble brow and shaven head were made illustrious by the coronal of genius.

So dense was the throng that Luther was obliged to go through gardens and private ways in order to reach the Diet. As he entered the magnificent assembly, he heard friendly voices on all sides bidding him godspeed. He pressed through the crowd; he stood in the presence of the emperor. Every eye was turned away from Charles and fixed upon the humble monk; he seemed confused by the scrutiny of the princely multitude, and his voice, when the proceedings began, was faint and low. Little was done at the first meeting; Luther was required to admit that he was the author of the writings published under his name, and to recant his heresies. By the advice of his counsel, Schurf, he asked for time to reply to the demand. The assembly broke up, to meet again the next day; and the emperor, deceived by Luther's modest bearing, said to his attendants, "That man will never make me a heretic." In his old age, Charles V. was suspected of having adopted the opinions of the reformer whom in his youth he had despised. That evening Luther's room was again filled with princes and nobles, who came to press his hand and congratulate him upon his courageous bearing. He passed the night in prayer, and sometimes was heard playing upon a lute. But the next afternoon, about six o'clock, when torches had been lighted in the great hall and flashed upon the glittering jewels and stern countenances of the assembled diet, Luther arose, in the conscious pride of commanding eloquence and a just cause, to defend the Reformation. He was assailed and interrupted by the constant assaults of his opponent; he replied to every charge with vigor and acuteness; he spoke with a full flow of language, whether in German or Lat-

in.⁽¹⁾ "Martin Luther," said the imperial counselor, "yesterday you acknowledged the authorship of these books. Do you now retract or disown them?" Luther fixed his inspired eyes upon the emperor and the long array of dignitaries around him, and replied :⁽²⁾ "Most serene emperor, illustrious princes, most element lords, I claim your benevolence. If in my reply I do not use the just ceremonial of a court, pardon me, for I am not familiar with its usages. I am but a poor monk, a child of the cell, and I have labored only for the glory of God." For two hours he spoke upon conscience and its privileges, of its superiority to the claims of popes or councils, of the right of private judgment, of the supremacy of the Scriptures. The assembly listened with eager interest to his wonderful voice as it rose and fell in natural cadences, reflecting the varied novelty of his thoughts. The honest German princes heard with pride and joy an eloquence which they could scarcely understand. Erick of Brunswick sent him a tankard of wine through the press of the crowd.⁽³⁾ "How well did our Doctor Luther speak to-day !" said the calm Elector Frederick, in a moment of unusual enthusiasm. But to the emperor and his papal followers Luther had spoken in vain. They said the monk was imbecile ; they did not know what he meant when he appealed to conscience and the right of private judgment. Meantime the torches were burning low in the great hall, and night gathered around the assembly. Luther's enemies pressed upon him with new violence ; they commanded him to retract his heresies in the name of the Pope and the Church ; they threatened him with the punishment of the heretic. Then the reformer, once more confronting the hostile emperor, the persecuting bishops, the frowning Spaniards, and the papal priests, said, in a bold and resonant voice : "Unless, your majesty, I am convinced by the plain words of the Scriptures, I can retract nothing. God be my help. Here I take my stand."⁽⁴⁾

⁽¹⁾ Walch, xv., p. 2231.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*

⁽³⁾ Audin, ii., p. 129. Ranke, Ref., i., p. 538.

⁽⁴⁾ Ranke, Ref., i., p. 536. I translate the meaning rather than the exact words.

It was the voice of awakening reason; the bugle-note of modern reform. Never since the days of the martyrs and the apostles had that noble sound been heard. Never had the right of private judgment been so generously asserted; never had the apostolic doctrine of conscience been so distinctly proclaimed. Luther's bold words have since that time been ever on the lips of good, great men. Latimer and Cranmer repeated them in the midst of the flames. Hampden and Sidney followed in his path. The freemen of Holland and America caught the brave idea. The countless victims of the Inquisition, the martyred foes of tyranny, the men who died for human liberty at Gettysburg or Bunker Hill, a Warren or a Lincoln, have said in their hearts as they resolved on their path of duty, "God be my help. Here I take my stand."

Luther left the assembly, resolved never to enter it again. He was now in great danger of his life. The Spaniards had hissed him as he left the diet; he heard that the papal agents were urging the emperor to violate his safe-conduct and try him for his heresy. Nor would Charles have hesitated a moment to destroy the reformer and gratify the Pope, had he not been held in check by the menacing array of German princes and knights. They, at least, felt that it was Germany, not Luther, that had been on trial at the Diet of Worms. They declared that if the reformer were burned, all the German princes must be burned with him.⁽¹⁾ The knights and the peasants formed a secret league to defend Luther; and the emperor and his courtiers trembled in the midst of the excited throng. He was suffered to leave the city unharmed. A sentence of condemnation, however, was forced through the assembly; he was placed under the ban of the empire, together with all his friends and adherents; his works ordered to be burned; and a severe censorship of the press was established, to prevent the publication in future of any heretical writings. But Luther was now hidden in his Patmos, concealed from friends and foes.⁽²⁾ As he was traveling cheer-

(¹) Ranke, *Ref.*, i., p. 538.

(²) Walch, xv., p. 2327.

fully toward Wittenberg, defiant of both emperor and Pope, in a thick wood near Eisenach, he was set upon by a band of armed men with visors down, who carried him away to the grim castle of Wartburg, where he remained in a friendly imprisonment until the danger was over. It was a prudent device of the sagacious Elector Frederick.

Once more, in December, 1521, Rome rejoiced over the death of a Pope; once more the Cardinal Camerlengo had risen from his bended knees to proclaim the certainty of the event. Again the great bell on the Capitol tolled heavily, and riot and disorder reigned in the sacred city. Leo was dead. An inscrutable mystery hangs over the last days of his life, and it is still in doubt whether the poisonous draught which his cardinals had prepared for him in the opening of his reign did not finally reach his lips. His people, impoverished by his excesses, exulted in his death. "Oh, Leo," they cried, "you came in like a fox; you ruled like a lion; you died like a dog!" Posterity has been more favorable to his memory, and men of intellect have ever looked with sympathy upon that graceful pontiff who was the friend of Erasmus and Raffaello, and who, if he had lived in a less corrupt atmosphere, might have yielded to the reforms of Luther. But the Golden Age of Leo X. is chiefly memorable as the period when the magnificent Church of the Middle Ages began swiftly to wane before the rising vigor of the Church of the Reformation.

LOYOLA AND THE JESUITS.

A SPANISH cavalier, who was gallantly defending Pampeluna against the French, fell wounded in both legs by a cannon-shot. In one he was struck by the ball, in the other by a splinter of stone, and his agonizing wounds were destined to be felt, in their consequences, like the concussions of an earthquake shock, in every part of the earth.⁽¹⁾ They were the cause of many an *auto-da-fé* in Italy, and of a persecution worse than that of Diocletian in Spain. They aided in rousing the Netherlands to revolt, and in awakening the patient Hollanders to heroic deeds. They made Holland free. They created the wonderful Dutch navy that swept the Spaniards from the seas, and made the East India trade retreat from Lisbon to Amsterdam. They led to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the death of Mary Queen of Scots, the Spanish Armada, the Gunpowder Plot. They disturbed the New World, gave rise to many deeds of self-denial and piety, and many horrible crimes and woes. They were felt in distant Russia. They aroused the Poles against the Russians, and excited a fierce war in which Poland inflicted injuries upon its feeble neighbors that have scarcely yet been expiated in seas of blood. They spread their fatal influence over China, and stirred that vast empire with a violent impulse. They were felt in Ethiopia and Hindostan, in Canada and Brazil; they gave rise, in fact, to the company of the Jesuits.

The wounded cavalier was Ignatius Loyola. He was a brave Spanish nobleman, descended from a house of the highest rank, and his youth had been passed at the court of Ferdinand the Catholic, in the society of the proudest grandees of

⁽¹⁾ Maffæus, *Ignati Vita*, i., p. 2. Ranke, *Hist. Popes*, i., p. 56. Crétineau-Joly, *Hist. Comp. de Jésus*, i., p. 14.

Spain.⁽¹⁾ His literary education seems to have been neglected. At thirty-three he could do little more than read and write. But he was no doubt familiar with all courtly exercises. He was a graceful page, a gallant cavalier. His dress was splendid, his armor rich with gems and gold; and although he was the youngest of thirteen children, he seems to have possessed sufficient wealth to live in elegance and ease. At his ancestral castle of Loyola, not far from the Pyrenees, or at the court of the Catholic King, the young noble had been trained in the school of St. Dominic, and in the most rigid rules of loyalty and faith. He had a becoming horror of heresy and freedom. He seems, however, to have been a dutiful son, an affectionate brother; and although his youth may have been marked by some trace of the gay license of the age, yet he lived in comparative purity. As became a grandee of Spain, he was a soldier. He entered the army of Charles V. and fought bravely in defense of his native land, and the uncultivated but ardent noble was always in the front of danger.

If the literary element was wanting to his nature, Loyola still possessed a vigorous and fertile fancy. He was never weary of reading "*Amadis de Gaul*," or the massive romances that fed the imagination of his chivalrous age. His mind was full of the impossible feats of knighthood, of conquests in pagan lands, and the triumphs of the crusaders and of the Cross. His strong ambition had been fired by the fabled deeds of chivalry; he longed, no doubt, to become as famous as *Amadis*, and to crush the hated infidel like the paladins of Charlemagne. He had already chosen as his mistress a fair princess, whose colors, with true chivalric devotion, he was pledged to uphold in tilt or tournament; and although his suit does not seem to have prospered, for he was a bachelor of thirty-one, yet he was full of love as well as of ambition. In person he was of middle stature, strong, and well-formed; his complexion was a deep olive; his nose aquiline, his eyes dark and flashing;⁽²⁾ and his imperious will had been

(¹) Maffæus, i., p. 1. Daurignac, i., p. 40, who abridges Crétineau-Joly.

(²) Maffæus, iii., p. 14: "*Statura fuit modica.*" He was born 1491.

fostered in the labors of a military life. He was no doubt a strict disciplinarian, and had learned to drill his native soldiery with the same precision with which he afterward organized his priestly legions. And thus, glowing with those chivalric fancies which Cervantes was not long after to dissipate with inextinguishable ridicule, the brave soldier threw himself into Pampeluna (1521), and made a hopeless resistance to the French invaders. The fortress fell, the wounded Loyola was taken prisoner; but his conqueror, André de Foix, treated him with almost fraternal care, set him free, and had him carried tenderly to his home, which was not far from Pampeluna.

Here, surrounded by his family and attended by skillful surgeons, he slowly recovered from his wounds. Yet his sufferings must have been terrible. He underwent a severe surgical operation with singular resolution. A piece of bone projecting from his knee was sawed off without calling forth a groan. He became almost a cripple; he saw, perhaps with a mental agony deeper than the physical, that he could no longer hope to shine in the tournament or the courtly revel, or awaken by his grace and dexterity the admiration of his beloved princess. As he grew better, his love for romances returned. He asked his brothers to bring him some of his favorite authors. They brought him instead, as more appropriate, perhaps, to his condition, a "Life of Christ," and some lives of the saints. Pain, suffering, and disappointment had subdued Loyola's proud spirit; the world had grown cold and dark; but his ardent fancy now found a new field of enjoyment and consolation. The tales of religious heroism, of boundless humility, of divine labor in the cause of faith, led him away from the dreams of chivalry to an object still nobler and more entrancing. Always an ardent enthusiast, eager to emulate the examples of eminent men, a fond follower of renown, he now began to believe himself destined to a life of holy warfare. "Why can not I do what St. Dominic did?" he exclaimed. "Why can not I be as St. Francis was?"⁽¹⁾ The uncultivated but chivalrous soldier, shut up in his sick-

⁽¹⁾ Maffæus, i., p. 2.

room, or slowly creeping along the sunny paths of Biscay, meditated with characteristic ardor on his project of a spiritual life. He would abandon the world and all its allurements, would fly from riches, power, and pride; instead of his fair princess, he would have for his mistress a heavenly queen; instead of an earthly tournament, he would shine in a spiritual warfare.⁽¹⁾ His bride, like that of St. Francis, should be poverty. His enemies, like those of St. Dominic, heretics and devils. He would become a beggar and an outcast, the companion of lepers; he would clothe himself in rags, and go forth, like St. Francis and St. Dominic, to do battle for the Queen of Heaven.

It had ever been the custom for the true knight-errant, as we read in "*Don Quixote*" and the books of chivalry, to devote himself by a solemn vigil before some holy shrine to his appointed work. In May, 1522, a richly dressed cavalier, clad in shining armor, appeared before the Benedictine monastery of Mont Serrat in Catalonia, and asked hospitality from the holy monks.⁽²⁾ He was taken to a cell, and when they inquired his name, said he would be called "*The Unknown Pilgrim*." Three days he passed in making a general confession of all his sins. Thus purified, he left the monastery unobserved; and having called to him a beggar from the highway, gave him his rich dress, and in exchange clothed himself in the beggar's rags.⁽³⁾ He then gave away all his money to the poor. He put on a long, gray robe, bound by a thick cord around the waist, to which he attached his glittering sword and jeweled dagger, and thus attired fell down before the altar of the Holy Virgin, to keep his solemn vigil. He left his sword and poniard suspended at the shrine, and vowed thenceforth to wear alone the spiritual arms of poverty and devotion. Thus did the fanciful, impassioned Loyola fulfill the rites of chivalry and faith.

He was next seen wandering through the streets of Manreza, a little village near Mont Serrat, so sordid in his dress,

⁽¹⁾ Ranke, *Hist. Popes*, i., p. 67.

⁽²⁾ Maffæus, i., pp. 3, 4.

⁽³⁾ *Pannoso cuidam ex infima plebe.*

so wild and haggard in appearance, that children mocked him, and men shrunk from him as from a madman. His companions were beggars and outcasts. He wasted his manly strength in fearful penances and fasting, that brought him near to death. He courted contumely and shame. His chief employment was waiting upon the diseased poor, and performing for them the most repulsive offices. Like St. Francis, whom he evidently followed as a guide, he sought to abase himself to the lowest pitch of human degradation.⁽¹⁾ He lived upon alms; he sold all his possessions, and made himself a penniless beggar. His home was a dark and noisome cave; and here he composed his "Spiritual Exercises," which are related to have had a wonderful effect in converting his disciples and founding his order. His mind was now oppressed with terrible fancies; he believed himself forever doomed;⁽²⁾ he was surrounded by demons who meditated his eternal ruin; and often the half-maddened spirit longed for death, and was eager to find rest in suicide. Yet this fearful penance and this condition of wild hallucination have had their place in false religions as well as the true. The self-inflicted tortures of Ignatius and Francis of Assisi have often been far outdone by the Brahman fanatics or Mohammedan dervishes. The Brahman impales himself on sharp iron hooks or flings himself beneath the car of Juggernaut to expiate imaginary guilt; the dervish often lives in squalid poverty, more hideous than that of Ignatius, throughout a whole life-time; and the followers of Boodh have invented penances that excel the wildest extravagances of the modern saint. As he advanced in knowledge, Loyola probably grew ashamed of his early excesses, and discovered that squalor, filth, and endless fasting were no true badges of a religious life. He learned that religion was designed to refine and purify rather than to debase human nature.

In his cave at Manreza it is said that Loyola first conceived

⁽¹⁾ Maffæus, i., p. 5.

⁽²⁾ Maffæus, i., p. 6. His hair he left "*impexum et squalidum*;" his nails grew long; he was filthy. Satan came and tempted him.

the design of founding his spiritual army. He saw in the heavens a vision of Babylon fighting against Jerusalem, of the demons of pride, wealth, and worldly corruption marshaling their hosts to assail the sacred city of humility; and he resolved to place himself at the head of a saintly brotherhood and fly to the relief of the Cross. At this period his ideas were few, his knowledge limited. His education had been wholly military, and it is curious to observe how the tactics of the camp and the siege blended almost of necessity with the speculations of the uncultivated visionary.⁽¹⁾ St. Francis and St. Dominic, who had been bred in civil life, were content with repeating in their institutions the monastic rules of Benedict and the East. They strove to reform mankind by silent asceticism, physical tortures, or touching appeals; by the eloquence of the pulpit or of a meek and holy carriage. But Loyola, who was a soldier, accustomed to command, and conscious of the necessity of subordination, introduced into his society the strict discipline of the camp. As his plans were finally unfolded, the Jesuits became a company; their chief was called their general; a perfect military obedience was enforced; the inferior was held to be a mere instrument in the hands of his superior; the common soldier of the great spiritual army had no will, hardly a conscience, but that of his general at Rome. And thus, when the dim vision of the cave of Manreza was presented to the world, its chief novelty was the military rule of obedience. All other virtues were held to be without value unless joined to perfect submission to the will of another. Like a well-trained soldier, the Jesuit must first learn to obey. If he failed in this quality, the novice was rejected, the professed degraded, the lesser offenders scourged, sometimes to death.

Thus, of the few ideas that Loyola possessed at Manreza he made practical use chiefly of those that were military; he at least taught his followers obedience.⁽²⁾ And from this princi-

⁽¹⁾ *Constitutiones Societatis Jesu*, p. 53.

⁽²⁾ See Ravignan, *De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jesuites*, i., p. 91. The defense is feeble, but honest.

ple have sprung the power and the weakness, the mingled good and evil, of the order of the Jesuits. In obedience to the orders of an irresponsible head, the devoted and often sincerely pious priests have flung themselves boldly into savage lands; have endured pain, misery, and want with heroic zeal; have died in hosts in the jungles of India and hostile Ethiopian wilds; have won the hearts of the savages of Brazil by their tender patience, and died with songs of holy joy amidst horrible torments in China and Japan. Yet, if we compare all the heroic sufferings of the Jesuits in the cause of obedience with those of the countless martyrs who have died for religious liberty in the dungeons of the Holy Office, on the battle-fields of Holland, or in the endless cruelties of Romish intolerance, they seem faint and insignificant; and where obedience has produced one martyr, a thousand have fallen to attest their belief in Christianity. But if we turn to the dangerous side of obedience to an irresponsible and often corrupt head, we see how fatal was that weapon which the imprudent Loyola placed in the hands of unscrupulous churchmen. The unhappy Jesuits, bound by their oath of obedience, were soon made the instruments of enormous crimes. Their activity and blind devotion, their intelligence and secrecy, were qualities that peculiarly fitted them to become the emissaries and executioners of kings like Philip II. or popes like Caraffa. It is believed that the Jesuits were chiefly instrumental in producing the worst persecutions in the Netherlands. A Jesuit plotted with Mary of Scotland the assassination of Elizabeth. Another strove to blow up James I. and the English Parliament with gunpowder. The Jesuits were charged with being constantly on the watch to assassinate William of Orange and Henry of Navarre. Anthony Possevin, a Jesuit, is stated by Mouravieff, the Church historian of Russia, to have taught the Polish Catholics to persecute the Greek Christians, and to have plunged Russia and Poland in an inexpiable war.⁽¹⁾ Jesuits were constantly gliding over Europe from court to court, engaged in performing the mandates of popes and kings; and, if we may

(1) Mouravieff, *Hist. Russian Church*, p. 122, trans.

trust the records of history, the fatal vow of obedience was often employed by their superiors to crush the instincts of humanity and the voice of conscience.

From his cave at Manreza Loyola now set out to assail heresy and corruption. He was sincere, ardent, and resolute; but the champion of the mediæval faith soon found that he wanted an important part of his mental armor. Amidst his visions and his spiritual exercises he had already discovered, in a moment of natural good sense, that he could do nothing without knowledge. The age was learned and progressive. The reformers of Germany and Switzerland were men of profound acquirements and intense application, while their Spanish opponent had heretofore done little more than dream. We next, therefore, find Loyola at Barcelona, when he was about thirty-three years of age, painfully endeavoring to acquire the elements of knowledge, in order to fit himself for the priesthood. He was forced to enter the lower classes of the college, and was condemned by his superiors to at least four years of patient study. But he was already widely known as a saint and an enthusiast. He had already wandered to Rome and to Jerusalem. The stately Spanish clergy, the Dominican or Franciscan, looked with suspicion and dislike upon the wild and haggard visionary who consorted only with the miserable poor, and whose intense penances and self-chosen penury seemed a reproach to their own luxury and indifference. Loyola fell under the suspicion of the Inquisition, and was even accused of heresy; he was persecuted and derided; and, almost alone, a faithful and tender-hearted woman, Isabella Rosello, watched over his necessities and saved him from starving. She seems to have been his earliest disciple. She, at least, believed him inspired from above, and saw, in moments of enthusiasm, rays of celestial glory playing around his wan brow.⁽¹⁾ And long afterward, when Loyola guided the affairs of the Roman Church, he was embarrassed and somewhat annoyed by the persistent devotion of Isabella, who wished to found a company of female Jesuits under the supervision of the great chief himself.

(1) Maffæus, ii., p. 17.

Luther and Loyola were contemporaries, and the latter the younger by eight years. Both were enthusiastic, ardent men, resolute and severe. Both had gone through religious experiences not altogether dissimilar; had struggled with doubt and terror, with remorse and shame. In their religious trials they fancied that they saw demons and spirits, and had held frequent contests with their great adversary. Both had labored for purity of life, and had attained it. Both lived as far as possible above the allurements of the present. But their differences were still more striking than their resemblances. Luther was learned, accomplished, creative, poetical. He had been a profound student of the Scriptures; he had marked every line, interpreted every thought; he labored night and day to free his mind from the vain shadows of tradition, and to hear and attend alone to the voice of inspiration. For the teaching of man he cared nothing; he heard only the apostles and the Divine Preceptor; and hence Luther had imbibed much of the benevolence and charity of the earlier Church. But Loyola was ever wrapped up in visions of the Middle Ages. Unlearned and dogmatic, he saw only the towering grandeur of Rome. He preferred tradition to the Scriptures, the teaching of the Pope to that of the Bible. One article of faith seemed to him alone important—the primacy of St. Peter. One text alone seemed to him the key of revelation; one doubtful passage the only source of Christian life. To the primacy, therefore, Loyola vowed obedience rather than to the Scriptures; to the enemies of the papacy he could assign only endless destruction. Hence, while Luther's doctrines tended to benevolence and humanity, those of his assailant must lead to persecution and war: the one was the herald of a gentler era, the other strove to recall the harsh traits of the days of Innocent and Hildebrand.

Driven from his native land by the persecutions of the rival clergy, Loyola, in the year 1528, fled to Paris, and entered its famous university. His enthusiasm was somewhat sobered by time or knowledge; but he still lived upon alms and with strict austerity. He was probably a diligent if not a very successful student. He was never learned, and his reading was

not of a kind likely to improve or enlarge his faculties. Compared with his eminent Protestant opponents, his knowledge was narrow, his mental powers obtuse, and the chief source of his final success was his skill in organizing his followers and the controlling influence of his imperious will. But at Paris he no doubt became more than ever convinced of the power of knowledge. Thrown amidst a busy throng of students, priests, professors, many of whom were Lutherans, or who shared in the advancing spirit of the age, he must have seen that learning was chiefly on the side of the new opinions, and that many of the disasters of the papal hierarchy were due to their own ignorance or indolence. He resolved, with his usual vigor, to create a new race of scholars, whose minds should be filled with the rarest stores of classic letters, but whose faith should be as firm and unswerving as his own. The dull soldier⁽¹⁾ was to give rise to an infinite number of schools, colleges, and literary institutions whose teachers were to shine among the literary glories of the time, but who in matters of faith were to be chained and imprisoned by the fatal vow of obedience. His free schools were to be the chief agent in reviving the decaying vigor of the papacy. The children of every land who could be allured to the Jesuit schools were to be molded into active soldiers in his spiritual army. Every Jesuit was to obtain freely that education which Loyola so prized. By the free school he would defeat and beat back Protestantism.

In Paris Loyola grew more rational. His spiritual agonies departed forever. Satan, he believed, was conquered, and he no longer meditated suicide. He was strong in the faith and in the certainty of success.⁽²⁾ His penances were still excessive, and he was surrounded by visions and prodigies, but they were all of a more hopeful aspect. But what was equally encouraging, he now began to gather around him converts who were to form the germ of his spiritual army. His strong will and ardent convictions linked to him like a fascinating spell a

(1) Crétineau-Joly, i., p. 18, thinks he read men better than books.

(2) Maffæus, i., p. 21. He already persecuted Lutherans.

band of gifted young men who acknowledged him as their master. The first was Peter Lefèvre, the son of a Savoyard goat-herd, intelligent and confiding. With him came finally his friend, Francis Xavier, a brilliant scholar, who at first had shrunk almost with aversion from the squalid Loyola, but who became at length the most devoted of his followers. Xavier was rich,⁽¹⁾ nobly born, famous, a favorite at the French court, learned, and full of worldly ambition; but after three years of sturdy resistance he fell captive to the eloquent example of the bold enthusiast. Several Spaniards, also, joined Loyola—James Laynez, Bobadilla, Rodriguez, and others; and at last, in August, 1534, the young men met together in a subterranean chapel in Paris, and with solemn rites and holy vows pledged themselves to a religious life. Their design was to go to Jerusalem, and there devote themselves to the spiritual welfare of Christian pilgrims. Loyola's vision of Jerusalem, a reminiscence of chivalry, seems not yet to have faded from his mind, and his fancy still brooded over the woes of the Holy City.

But the young band of enthusiasts were never destined to reach that goal. We next find them stopped at Venice, and here their missionary work began. The gay, rich city, luxurious, licentious, and half heretic, was suddenly startled by the appearance of a wild and haggard band of reformers, emaciated with penances, ragged, and consorting with the wretched poor, who preached in the highways to wondering throngs, and whose imperfect pronunciation and broken language were often met with shouts of derision. Yet the Spanish missionaries soon won attention by their fierce sincerity.⁽²⁾ They taught perfect obedience to Rome, and astonished the half-heretic Italians by the ardor of their faith. They proclaimed themselves the soldiers of a new army that was rising to destroy the enemies of the Church. They declared perpetual war against Lutheranism and every form of doubt: Catholic Spain was once more in arms to save the mediæval Church. In 1538, Loyola, with Laynez and Lefèvre, went on foot to

⁽¹⁾ Maffæus, i., p. 22. ⁽²⁾ *Id.* Palmamque martyrii studiose captarent.

Rome to procure the assent of the Pope to his new order. On his way he entered a chapel near the Holy City and saw a vision. He was alone. His followers stood without. The Saviour descended; the Holy Virgin came to smile upon the impassioned Loyola; a glory rested upon him; and when he came from the little chapel his followers knew by his shining countenance that Heaven had chosen him as its champion.

There are moments in the history of mankind when all seems doubt and indecision; when men stand around amazed and not knowing what to do; when the decision of a single powerful will affects the destiny of ages. Such a moment was the present. Paul III. sat upon the papal throne. He was a man of mild disposition, elegant, refined. He had been in his youth the friend of Leo X., and had imbibed the graceful tastes, the genial culture, of his accomplished predecessor. His manners were pleasing, his life somewhat licentious, but thus far cruelty and austerity had formed no part of his religious policy. Under his pacific sway reform had made rapid progress, and already Italy and Rome itself were swiftly yielding to the purer teachings of the Protestant divines.⁽¹⁾ Augustinian monks preached in the very heart of the papal dominions doctrines that differed little from those of Luther and Zuñglius. In Parma or Faenza the reformers taught as openly and as successfully as in Wittenberg or in London. Italy was filled with heretics to the papal rule; the splendid city of Venice was very nearly won over to the new principles; persecution for opinion's sake was scarcely known, and a happy tranquillity prevailed throughout the peninsula that gave liberty to thought and the promise of unexampled progress.⁽²⁾ Paul III. was addicted to astrology, and believed more firmly in the decisions of the stars than in those of the Church. Gentle and not naturally cruel, had he possessed prudent counselors he might now have placed himself at the head of the reformers of Christendom, or at least have merited their

(1) Father Paul, *Con. Trent*, i., p. 101; *Crétineau-Joly*, i., p. 31.

(2) *Crétineau-Joly*, i., p. 35: "*La crise du Protestantisme était,*" etc. "It was," he thinks, "the most dangerous period."

forbearance. He seems not to have been without a conscience, and was at least sensible of his own imperfections, as well as of the corrupt condition of his Church. He even resolved to reform his own life. He made some advances toward a reconciliation with Luther, which the reformer repelled as insincere; and Paul now looked with helpless indifference upon the spread of Protestant opinions in Italy, and was perhaps not altogether certain of his own infallibility.

But the moment was one that seemed to demand immediate action. Paul stood amidst the ruins of the mediæval Church. More than half its ancient domain was in open revolt. England had thrown off its supremacy, and Henry VIII. was the head of a rival see. Germany and the North were in great part lost. France was filled with Protestants. Even Spain was tainted; and now Italy itself, always rebellious, seemed about to join the ranks of the reformed kingdoms, and deny the authority of the Holy See. Two methods of action lay before the hesitating pontiff. He might either attempt to regain his supremacy by persecution, war, and bloodshed; or he might win back the revolted nations by Christian gentleness, by a holy life and a sincere contrition.⁽¹⁾ Had he pursued the latter course, what endless woes would have been prevented! What fearful persecutions, what wild religious wars, what a long scene of human calamity! He might have restrained the cruel arm of the savage Charles V., and his yet more barbarous son. He might have softened the brutal Henry VIII., and won the respect of Protestants in every land. There would have been no Massacre of St. Bartholomew, no slaughter of the just in Holland and the Netherlands, no Papal Inquisition; and the Roman Church would have stood to-day free from those stains of blood-guiltiness which have made it in the past a reproach and a horror to Christendom.

But Paul had no prudent advisers. The Holy College of Cardinals seem to have wanted both discretion and humanity; while at this decisive moment the wild and haggard Spanish

(1) Father Paul, i., p. 69. The Pope had already tried to reform his court.

soldier, Loyola, wrapped in his visions and filled with his impossible scheme of military rule and perfect obedience, entered Rome. His coming probably determined the future fate of mankind. We have no means, indeed, of showing how far the counsels of the narrow visionary influenced the conduct of Paul III. and his cardinals; but we know that the Jesuits very soon became the favorite advisers and instruments of the Pope, that they were his most trusted adherents, and that Loyola's theory and practice of perfect obedience to the Holy See at once won the heart of Paul. Accustomed only to a general insubordination, surrounded everywhere by clamorous reformers and Protestants who denied his authority, the pontiff no doubt heard with double satisfaction the sincere professions of his new champion. By the year 1540, Loyola and his followers were supreme at Rome.⁽¹⁾ The Pope authorized the formation of the new order, approved its constitutions; and, in 1541, Ignatius, reluctant and modest, was installed as General of the Company of the Jesuits. The society occupied a house in the Piazza Morgana, and their numbers rapidly increased; they preached with wild fervor in the churches and public squares; their fierce enthusiasm subdued the minds of the Romans; and it is related that they silenced an eloquent rival preacher, an Augustinian monk, by having him tried and condemned for heresy.

The future policy of the Roman Church was now decided upon. It was death to the heretic and the reformer. Paul no longer hesitated; and, in 1542, he issued his bull creating the Papal Inquisition. No similar institution had ever existed. The Spanish Inquisition had been comparatively narrow in its influence; the Dominicans had long ceased to torture German heretics at will. Persecution had for many years died out, and the doctrine of toleration was practically applied in many lands. But now an Inquisition was suddenly erected which was to have its central seat at Rome, and which was to extend its influence wherever the papal power was

⁽¹⁾ Crétineau-Joly, i., p. 39: "La bénédiction du ciel s'étendit sur les travaux."

acknowledged.⁽¹⁾ At its head were placed six cardinals, who were to be the world's inquisitors. They were to exercise a special supervision over Italy, but were empowered to appoint inferior agents or deputies in all other countries, who were intrusted with authority as absolute as their own. The Inquisitors held in their hands the power of life and death. They were directed to be swift and decided in their action. No parley was to be held with the heretic. He was to be dispatched at once. The fatal crime of honest doubt was to be punished with the rack and the stake. Death was the only punishment. He who read his Bible was to be burned. To read or study the Scriptures was the deadliest of crimes. To pray in secret, to preach, to meet together in religious assemblies, to doubt the virtue of relics and holy sites, to question the authority of the Roman Church, to discuss religious topics, even to think heretical thoughts, were all held deserving of immediate death. The Papal Inquisition, indeed, was a declaration of war, murder, extermination, against all who refused to submit to the spiritual rule of the Roman Church: it was the invention of a malignant demon or of an insane fanatic.

Caraffa and Toledo, two cardinals of the Dominican school, are said to have suggested the Inquisition to Paul;⁽²⁾ yet it seems to have been the natural fruit of the austere lessons of Loyola. It would be vain to command obedience without possessing some means of enforcing it. By physical terrors alone could the belief in the primacy be sustained; and Loyola, who had already aspired to a perfect tyranny over the intellect, who wished to crush every rising doubt and bring back his age to an implicit faith in the wildest delusions of the mediæval Church, could hope to do so only by a general inquisition. The Jesuit writers claim that he sustained the new measure by a special memorial,³ and he evidently hailed it with a fanatical delight. His military education had made him familiar with bloodshed and violence; he had been ac-

(¹) Ranke, *Hist. Popes*, i., p. 74; Bower, *Popes*, vii., p. 457. Naples repelled the inquisitors.

(²) Ranke, i., p. 74.

(³) *Id.*

customed to inflict death for the slightest infraction of discipline; and he believed that the world of thought might be ruled by the same harsh tyranny with which he had once governed a company of Spanish soldiers. A stern and unsparing fanatic, just escaped from the squalor of a hermit's cave, despising all that was pure and fair in life, and fed on visions, Loyola rejoiced in the blood of the saints; and, with Caraffa and Toledo, his willing instruments, labored to make the Spanish Inquisition universal.

The Inquisitors proceeded at once to their fearful work. Caraffa and Toledo, who were at the head of the six, procured some money from the papal treasury, almost its last resources, and hired a suitable house. They next purchased a supply of racks, chains, thumb-screws, and all the various instruments of torture.⁽¹⁾ As economy was needful, they probably began in a very modest way. They provided fagots and pitch or sulphur, yellow robes painted with demons, ropes and chains for the final catastrophe; and soon men and women suspected of holding heretical opinions began to be suddenly missed from the streets of Rome. They had been seized upon by the assassins of the Holy Office; they would never be seen again until they came forth bound and gagged to be laid on the fatal pyre. Very soon, while Loyola and his followers were preaching to horror-stricken throngs, the traditions of a barbarous past, the smoke of many an *auto-da-fé*, began to rise over the ruins of Rome. The favorite scene of the horrid rite was in front of the Church of Santa Maria. Here once more, as in the days of Nero, Christians died in horrible torments to gratify a worse than pagan malice; and the pure and the good often fell ready and joyous victims to the rage of dissolute and savage priests. A universal horror settled upon Rome. The reformers fled in crowds to Naples or the North, or else concealed themselves, as in the days of Diocletian, in hideous retreats. The Franciscans were silenced, the Augustinians overawed, and no voice was heard in the Roman churches but that of the haggard Jesuits and brutal Do-

(1) Ranke, Hist. Popes, Inquisition, i., p. 74.

minicans, recounting their legends and celebrating the Mother of God.⁽¹⁾

The massacres were repeated and enlarged in all the Italian cities. Everywhere the roads were filled with terrified throngs of men, women, children, who, abandoning home, friends, and property, were flying for safety across the Alps. Swift in pursuit came the Inquisitors, aided by the papal soldiery. They were charged to show no toleration to heretics, especially Calvinists. Eminent preachers, who had ventured to deviate in the slightest degree from the doctrine enforced by Loyola and his followers, were the peculiar objects of vengeance. Caelio, a noted reformer, had a narrow escape. He had waited until the officers came to seize him, but, being a large and powerful man, cut his way with a knife through the papal guards, and made his escape over the Alps. Every city was filled with terror, and the rival factions added to the horrors of civil strife by denouncing their enemies to the Inquisition. Venice, rich, populous, and luxurious, was filled with German Lutherans or native heretics, who, when they heard of the fatal persecution, hastened to make their way out of Italy. The roads and villages of Switzerland and Germany were soon beset by a multitude of exiles; the rich and the noble suffered equally with the poor and the obscure.⁽²⁾ Happy families were broken up and scattered; the rich were reduced to penury; the artisan driven from his factory, the farmer from his fields. But miserable was the fate of those who could not escape. They were hurried on board of two vessels and carried out to sea. Here a plank was placed from one ship to the other; the Protestants were forced upon it, and then, the vessels being driven apart, the plank fell into the sea, and its hapless occupants sunk with it, calling to their Saviour for aid. It was said that no Christian could die in his bed in all Italy. Meanwhile the Jesuit missionaries hastened to the terrified cities, preached everywhere with triumphant vigor, and Laynez, Lefèvre, and Bobadilla boasted that heresy was everywhere extirpated by their eloquence.

(¹) Ranke, *Inquisition*, i., p. 74.

(²) *Id.*

It is painful, but useful, to review these scenes of human folly and crime; for History is never so instructive as when she teaches us what to avoid. All Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, would now probably unite in reprobating the Inquisition as established by Caraffa, Loyola, and Paul; and few but will now admit that the present decline of the Roman Church is due to the unhappy counsels of those imprudent advisers. The persecutor, in whatever form, is always the enemy of himself, of his friends, and of the human race; and Loyola, as the founder or patron of a system of religious intolerance, displayed that fatal element in his nature for which none of his really remarkable qualities could atone. Cruelty, or that barbarous instinct which leads men to wound or destroy each other, is man's crowning vice; the one which Christianity strives to eradicate by lessons of gentleness and love; which civilization abhors or contemns. As contrasted, therefore, with their chief opponent, the eminent reformers of that early age rise to a high and humane superiority. Luther, although severe in doctrine, never encouraged persecution. A single unhappy act of severity stains the career of the gifted Calvin. Zuinglius taught, from his Swiss mountains, universal toleration. Elizabeth professed a similar policy, and only departed from it when she believed that the Jesuits pointed the daggers that were aimed at her heart; and it is probable that many Catholics of that unhappy age looked with shame and abhorrence upon the crimes of their rulers.

From the squalid cave at Manreza was to come forth a still more wonderful inspiration than even the Holy Office itself—no less than the reconstruction of the Church of Rome. Loyola was to rebuild the shattered fabric, to renew its mediæval towers and battlements, to crowd its walls with a shining array of spectral and saintly warriors, and to make it the gorgeous reflex of his own teeming fancy. Since the Council of Trent the Roman Church has been the representative of the faith of the hermit of Manreza. The genius of Loyola presided at Trent, and the faith of that last great Romish council was determined by the eloquence and learning of Laynez,

Salmeron, and Le Jay.⁽¹⁾ But the Jesuits spoke only what they believed to be the meaning of their spiritual chief at Rome. They had sworn a perfect obedience to Loyola; in him they heard the voice of Heaven; in his "Spiritual Exercises" they had sought salvation; they were passive tools in the hands of the master; in him they saw a god. And hence the faith which the three Jesuits preached with modest eloquence and varied learning at the famous council, and which was to become the law of the Roman Church, may be found in the "Spiritual Exercises" and the final "Letter on Obedience."⁽²⁾

The faith which Loyola would impart to his disciples was altogether a pictorial one. It was a series of splendid or touching visions which they were to endeavor to realize with an entrancing clearness. The novice was instructed to withdraw himself to some cell or solitude, and here, with fasting, severe flagellation, and silent meditation, to crush every worldly impulse. He was now in a condition for the highest spiritual exercise, and he was to see in imagination the Holy Virgin and her sacred Son standing before him and conversing with him upon the vanity of the world.⁽³⁾ He was next to image to himself the vast fires of hell, and the souls of the lost shut up in their eternal dungeons. He was to listen to their lamentations and their blasphemies, to smell the smoke of the brimstone and the fire, to touch the consuming flame itself. Now kneeling, now lying prone on his face, and now on his back, faint with fasting and half crazed for want of sleep, torn by frequent scourging, his eyes ever streaming with tears, the novice was to seek for that grace and pardon which came only from unsparing penance.⁽⁴⁾ Then he was to bring before his mental eye the outline of the Gospel story. He saw the Virgin sitting on a she-ass, and, with Joseph and a poor maid-servant, setting out for Bethlehem. He was to realize the weary journey of the travelers, to strive to see the cavern or hut of

(1) Daurignac, i., p. 40; Ranke, i., pp. 72, 73.

(2) Crétineau-Joly, i., pp. 249, 255.

(3) Exer. Spirit., I. Hebd.: "Colloquium primum fit ad Dominam nostram," etc.

(4) *Id.*

the nativity.⁽¹⁾ Every event in the life of the Saviour was to be painted to his fancy, and every sense was to lend its aid to complete the accuracy of the picture. He would hear the groans of the garden, touch the bleeding wounds, taste the bitter gall. One of his own most striking visions Loyola dwells upon with unusual fondness. On the fourth day of the second week of the spiritual exercises the novice was to see the battle of Babylon and Jerusalem. He was to imagine a boundless plain around the Sacred City, covered with hosts of the pure and the good, in whose midst stood the Lord Christ, the commander of the whole army. Upon another—the Babylonian plain—he would see the captain of sinners, horrible in aspect, sitting in a chair of fire and smoke, and marshaling his legions for an assault upon the Church.⁽²⁾

Such were the visions the novice was to summon before him. The spiritual exercises were divided into four weeks, and every day and hour had its appropriate duty. But no study of the Scriptures is enjoined; and Loyola seems to have scarcely been familiar with the Sermon on the Mount, or the practical wisdom of St. Paul. His whole fancy was apparently filled with the vision of his heavenly mistress, who had so often vouchsafed to appear to him in person and smile upon him benignantly, and whose champion he had so early avowed himself; and he evidently believed in his own inspiration, and felt in himself a prophetic fervor. He, perhaps, thought himself above even the Church. But with exceeding discretion he inculcated upon his disciples perfect obedience to the Roman See. He taught a submission so thorough to every decision or intimation of the Church as was never known before to saint or hero. If the Church should say that black is white, says Loyola, we must believe her, for she speaks the voice of God.⁽³⁾ Thus did the unlearned enthusiast prostrate all his mental faculties before that shadowy vision, the mediæval Church, whose limits and powers no one could define,

⁽¹⁾ Exer. Spirit., II. Hebd.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*

⁽³⁾ Exer. Spirit., Req. Aliquot: "Si quid, quod oculis nostris apparet album, nigrum illa esse definierit, debemus itidem, quod nigrum sit, pronuntiare."

whose utterances were confessedly confused and contradictory, which to one-half the Christian world seemed to have departed wholly from the simple faith of the Gospel, and whose luxury, license, and pride were a gross parody upon religion and truth. Yet Loyola, who professed and even practiced humility, self-denial, and a spotless purity, was now, by a strange contradiction, to become the champion of an institution whose corruption even popes and cardinals confessed.

The Council of Trent opened with imposing ceremonies.⁽¹⁾ It was designed to be the general assembly of all Christendom. It was filled with the eminent dignitaries of the Catholic world, with bishops and archbishops, with the cardinal legates and two Jesuits as representatives of the Papal See, with the delegates of the emperor and all the Catholic sovereigns. Yet, after all, it was but a feeble and fragmentary gathering compared with those magnificent assemblies which had been summoned together by the Roman emperors, where the Patriarchs of the East, the legates of Rome, and the representatives of Gaul, Africa, and Spain met to decide, with clamorous controversy, the opinions of the early Church. The Council of Trent had small right to call itself Ecumenical. One-half the Christian world shrunk with fear or horror from the heretical assembly. The whole Eastern Church, with the great Patriarchates of Constantinople and Moscow, denied its authority. England and Germany, once the favored children of Rome, had thrown off its allegiance. The most eminent scholars of the time derided the claim of the fragmentary gathering to decide the opinions of the faithful. No Protestant dared venture to the hostile assembly, lest he might share the fate of Jerome or Huss; and Luther and Melancthon, the reformers of Geneva and of London, united in opposing the assumption of a small faction of the Christian world to control the Universal Church. The council, they said, was only a factious assembly.⁽²⁾ It was only designed to spread the Inquisition, to confirm the power of the papacy. It was a

⁽¹⁾ Piatti, *Storia de' Pontefici*, x., p. 127; Sarpi, *Con. Trid.*

⁽²⁾ Sarpi, i., p. 97 *et seq.*

band of persecutors into whose hands no Christian could trust himself; its theology was corrupt and unscriptural; its policy that of cruelty and persecution; it was an assembly of the servants and adherents of the antichrist at Rome.

Spain, Italy, and Austria were the nations chiefly represented at the Council of Trent.⁽¹⁾ They were the lands of the Inquisition and the Jesuits. In all of them free opinion had lately been extirpated or repressed by the most horrible cruelties; and it was certain that if the people of those bleeding nations had been allowed to send delegates to the council—if, as in early and better ages, the popes and bishops had been elected by a popular vote—the assembly would have condemned persecution and opened wide its doors to the pure and good of every land. Once more there might have been an undivided Christendom; once more the Sermon on the Mount might have pervaded civilization.⁽²⁾ But the Papal Church was controlled by an autocrat at Rome who would abate none of his tyranny; by a corrupt aristocracy of bishops and cardinals who were dependent upon the papacy; and by Loyola, who, from his flourishing college, silent and grave, ruled his gifted followers by their vows of passive obedience. More than three centuries have passed since the Council of Trent. And now once more a summons from Rome calls the faithful adherents of the absolute tyranny of a pope to assemble and discuss the critical condition of the ancient see.⁽³⁾ The Jesuits still rule at Rome; the powerful order has become the last stay of mediæval Christianity; but the people have long since, in every land, rebelled against the teachings of Loyola. Spain, hallowed or shamed by his nativity, has abolished the whole mediæval system, and invites free thought and speech to take shelter within its borders. Italy, which, when the Council of Trent was sitting, was crushed by the Inquisition into a horrible repose that was to check her progress for centuries, now defies the papal authority, confiscates the property of the

(1) Daurignac, i., p. 53.

(2) Le Plat, *Acta Con. Trid.*, vii., part ii., p. 2, describes the slow gathering of the council.

(3) This was written in 1869, before the Council met.

Church, and would gladly see both Pope and Jesuit take flight to some more congenial land. Austria takes part in the general revolt against the theory of passive obedience; and if the people of those three great Catholic powers were now permitted to elect bishops and popes, and to select their delegates to the approaching council, it is probable that the whole mediæval system would be swept away, and the tyranny of corrupt and irresponsible churchmen be forever broken. Once more there might be an undivided Christendom, in feeling if not in form.

The Council of Trent had been summoned by Paul to meet in 1542, but it did not finally assemble until 1545.⁽¹⁾ It continued to hold its sessions until 1552, when it was prorogued, and did not meet again for ten years. In 1562 it assembled once more, and continued for nearly two years, when it was finally dissolved. Laynez, Salmeron, and Le Jay were the busiest of its members. In one chief element of religious discussion the Council was singularly deficient; no one of the bishops had read the fathers, or was able to trace to its sources the origin of their traditional Church. The prompt Laynez offered to supply the general want of learning. Night and day, it is said, he toiled with enormous labor over the ponderous works of the authoritative fathers; his health gave way, and the patient and ignorant assembly adjourned until he had recovered; and at length the hasty theologian professed himself perfect in his task. He was ready with reference and quotation to prove the doctrine of penance or to refute the most moderate of the reformers. Salmeron was equally active, and, in Father Paul's opinion, his assumed modesty often concealed an extraordinary impertinence.⁽²⁾ The moderate party in the council, led by the tolerant Pole, would have been glad to have refined and purified the Church; but they were overawed by the Jesuits.⁽³⁾ The most extreme measures were adopted; the dreams of Loyola were received as revelations from Heaven. It was de-

⁽¹⁾ *Acta Con. Trid., Le Plat.* In January, 1546, only twenty bishops had arrived to represent the Universal Church. Vol. vii., part ii., p. 10.

⁽²⁾ *Sarpi*, 1562, i., p. 19; *Crétineau-Joly*, i., p. 261.

⁽³⁾ Salmeron's speech, *Acta Con. Trid.*, i., p. 93, shows his vigor and bitterness.

cided that tradition was of equal authority with the Scriptures; that flagellations and self-inflicted tortures were acceptable to God; that the visions of the Queen of Heaven were proofs of a divine mission; that the cup should be forbidden to the laity; that passive obedience was due to the Roman See. After a weary session of eighteen years, in the midst of terrible wars and constant scenes of horror, the unlucky assembly separated, followed by the derision of the Protestants and the contempt of the more thoughtful Catholics. Queen Elizabeth called it a popish conventicle; and only the papal party and the Jesuits obeyed the schismatic council.

Loyola, in the mean time, had seen his little society grow to vast proportions. Nine members, in addition to himself, had formed the whole company of the Jesuits in 1540, and now the numbers had increased to thousands. Persecuted by the Dominicans and Benedictines, feared and hated by the clergy and the bishops, the wonderful brotherhood spread over Southern Europe, and filled the cities with its colleges and schools. The constitution of the society is a perfect despotism.⁽¹⁾ The general has an absolute control over every one of the members; his voice is that of Heaven.⁽²⁾ The whole body of the Jesuits is divided into four orders; but of these only the highest, composed of the professed or advanced, have any share in the election of their chief. They form a severe aristocracy, few in number, and holding a supreme control over the lower orders. These consist of the Coadjutors, the Scholars, and the Novices. They are bound by their vows to obey their superiors in all things, and are early taught by severe tasks and the most degrading compliances to sacrifice wholly the sentiment of personal self-respect. The whole society forms a well-disciplined army, governed by a single will, and every member of the immense brotherhood, in whatever part of the earth he may be found, looks to the central power at Rome for the guidance of all his conduct. In this principle lies the

(1) See *Constitutiones Societatis Jesu*, 1558; printed at London, 1838.

(2) *Const.*, p. 68. The general, *locum Dei tenenti*, is supreme. See Ravignan, i., p. 91: "Je vois Dieu, j'entends Jésus-Christ, lui-même dans mon supérieur."

wonderful vigor that has made the Jesuits, for more than three centuries, one of the chief powers of the earth. Implicit obedience is the source of their unity and strength.

The Jesuits are supposed to live upon alms. But their colleges are all richly endowed; and in the lapse of ages their wealth must have accumulated to an enormous amount. Their colleges are found in every part of the world.⁽¹⁾ They usually possess costly buildings, and all the marks of prosperous opulence. They profess to teach gratuitously; they expend large sums in charity; they educate countless scholars in the strictest observances of the mediæval faith; and notwithstanding his vow of poverty, it is possible that no other potentate has controlled more extensive revenues than the General of the Jesuits at Rome. Conscious of power, and perhaps elated by success, Loyola, in the close of his life, showed traces of vanity and presumption. He was fond of boasting of his own sufferings and his own familiarity with the rulers of the skies. He was ever imperious and visionary, and now the insane thought seems to have entered his mind that he was the brother of Christ.⁽²⁾ At night he was often visited by demons who shook him in his bed, and his loud outcries would awaken the brother who slept in an adjoining cell. His health was always feeble, and he often suffered agonies of pain. He was at times probably insane. Yet he would soon recover again, and direct all his faculties to the government and extension of his mighty army, which was now doing battle for the papacy in every land.

It formed a vast missionary society, whose gifted members, eager for the crown of martyrdom, plunged boldly into unknown lands, and preached to wondering heathendom the glories of the Queen of Heaven. Loyola's design had always been to convert the world to the Roman faith. He would make amends for the loss of England and the hardy North by the conquest of India or Japan, and teach the uncultivated

(1) See Const., Pars Sexta; Daurignac, i., p. 35. They began at once to found colleges.

(2) Steinmetz, Hist. Jesuits, i., p. 295; Crétineau-Joly, i., p. 32.

savages of Canada or Brazil to chant the praises of the Blessed Mary. Thus the splendid fabric of the Roman Church would be renewed in the rich streets of Delhi, in the teeming cities of China, or the wild woods of the untutored West, and the vows of passive obedience sink deep in the bosom of the gentle races of the Eastern lands. How should the faith of the simple savage put to shame the hardy heretics of Germany! How must schismatic Europe blush when it saw Asia bowing at the shrine of Mary! He hastened to put his grand design into execution, and the brilliant and impassioned Xavier was chosen as the first missionary to the golden East.⁽¹⁾ Xavier had been one of those early disciples who had knelt with Loyola in the subterranean shrine at Paris, and who had abandoned wealth, fame, and regal favors for the companionship of his outcast master. He was pure and gentle, an indifferent scholar, a graceful and persuasive teacher. He wanted the deep reading of the iron Laynez, or the busy impertinence of the active Salmeron; and Loyola, thoughtless of the friend in the requirements of the order, sent forth the faithful disciple to be the martyr and the apostle of the East. Xavier's career, according to his numerous biographers, was a wonderful scene of success. Millions of heathen yielded to his eloquence.⁽²⁾ All Hindostan seemed to receive him with delight. He worked a thousand miracles; and when language failed to convert a heathen nation, he brought a dead man to life, and they yielded at once. He could even impart his miraculous powers to others, and had formed a band of boys who were miracle-workers when the weary saint had ceased. Against wicked heathen who resisted his appeals he sometimes sent forth armies, who gained victory with great slaughter of the foe; and sometimes he destroyed his enemies by a silent malediction. Europe was filled with the fame of the exploits of the inspired missionary, and it was rumored that the whole East would soon bow to the Romish sway. But his success proved to be exaggerated or transient. Xavier had entered

(¹) Butler, *Lives of Saints*, xii., p. 32.

(²) Butler, xii., p. 34; Daurignac, i., p. 51; Crétineau-Joly, i., p. 476.

India when the Portuguese were everywhere conquering or desolating that unhappy land; the subject people yielded to the command of one of the victorious race, and were baptized.⁽¹⁾ They kissed the crucifix of the missionary, they adored his pictures, and they chanted a "Hail Mary." But the converts were chiefly from the lowest and most corrupt of the Hindoos; the transient impulse soon passed away, and they once more returned to their native idols. Xavier left India, weeping over the vices and the brutality of its people. The impassioned missionary next planned the spiritual conquest of Japan, and came to that remarkable country under the protection of the Portuguese arms. Here, too, he seemed at first to obtain a wonderful triumph. The Japanese bowed devoutly in great multitudes before his pictures of Christ and the Holy Virgin. He founded schools, planted churches, and three times a day his intelligent converts repeated their "Hail Mary" in groves once tenanted by Satan. Yet here, too, his miracles and his teaching had only a temporary influence. And at length⁽²⁾ the Apostle of the East, worn with toil and disappointment, died (1552) on a rocky isle on the coast of China, still, in his eager ambition, planning a missionary invasion into the land of Confucius and Boodh.⁽³⁾ One can not avoid contrasting the imperfect labors of the Jesuit Apostle of the East with those of him who stood on Mars Hill, or in the crowded streets of Rome; who bore no images nor pictures; who insisted upon no idolatrous observances; who told no fanciful legends of the Virgin and the saints; but who pierced the hearts of the gifted Greeks and Romans by the plain words of gentleness, soberness, and truth. The sermons, the prayers, the letters, the example of the Apostle to the Gentiles founded a Church that shall live forever; the pictures, the crucifixes, the legends, and mediæval hymns of his spurious successor have faded swiftly from the mind of the idolatrous East.

Meanwhile the Jesuit missionaries, with undoubted hero-

(¹) Daurignac, i., p. 51. (²) Butler, xii., p. 58; Crétineau-Joly, i., p. 474.

(³) Crétineau-Joly, i., p. 494.

ism, made their way into the dark places of the earth. They founded a flourishing settlement in Brazil that seemed for a long time full of delightful promise.⁽¹⁾ They half converted the Japanese; they ruled at Pekin, and made the Chinese acquainted with Western science; they penetrated to Ethiopia; they softened the savages of Canada and Illinois; and they proved their sincerity and heroism by a thousand arduous exploits. Yet a similar ill fortune seemed to attend all their enterprises, and China, Japan, America, Ethiopia once more repelled with bitter hatred the oppressive sway of Rome. A multitude of pious and earnest Jesuits, whose pure and holy lives have been sacrificed in vain, have labored and died in savage wildernesses, in heathen cities, in malarious jungles, and in icy solitudes; but the intrigues and vices of their Italian masters have uniformly destroyed the fruits of their martyrdom and self-devotion.

With their home missions the Jesuits were more successful. Here, too, they strove to unite arms with letters, and to plant their free schools in the heretical North by diplomacy and the sword. They steeled the heart of Charles V.—if indeed he ever possessed one—against his Protestant subjects; and he was soon induced to commence a bitter war against the heretical league. At the Battle of Mühlberg, where the Germans were routed and overthrown, Bobadilla appeared in the front ranks of the Catholic forces, mounted upon a spirited steed, waving his crucifix on high, and promising victory to the imperial cause.⁽²⁾ The Protestants fled, and soon in all their terrified cities flourishing Jesuit colleges sprung up, as if by magic, and thousands of children were instructed and confirmed in the visions of Loyola and the decrees of the Council of Trent. The Jesuits made admirable teachers. Loyola was resolved to make his colleges splendid with erudition and genius. At Rome he gathered around him the most accomplished professors, the most abundant learning; and he lav-

⁽¹⁾ Daurignac, i., p. 55.

⁽²⁾ Steinmetz, i., p. 201; Crétineau-Joly, i., p. 283: "He was wounded (frappé à tête), but recovered."

ished money in profusion to provide fine buildings, libraries, and all the apparatus of letters. The most intelligent scholars were noted, rewarded, encouraged; every promising genius was snatched from the world and devoted to the cultivation of inferior minds; a severe and perfect discipline prevailed in all his schools; and it is chiefly as teachers that the Jesuits won their lasting triumphs in the German cities. Their free schools educated the rising generation; and the Protestants, who had heretofore possessed all the literature of the age, soon found themselves met and often overthrown by the keen casuistry of the Jesuit scholars. A reaction took place, and Germany seemed swiftly returning to the ancient faith.

Yet the new literature of the Jesuits, confined by the oppressive restrictions of their discipline, contained within itself a principle of decay. Genius could scarcely flourish under a system of mental serfdom; learning oppressed grew dwarfed and imbecile. The Jesuit scholars were often laborious, accurate, methodical; but they produced no brilliant Scaliger nor daring Wolf. No poet, philosopher, nor original thinker could possibly arise in their schools; there was no Jesuit Goethe, no Schiller, no Shakspeare; their mental labors were various and valuable, but never great; they produced chiefly an immense, curious, and often worse than worthless kind of literature called casuistry.⁽¹⁾ Of this they were fertile beyond example. Their intellect, pressed out of its natural growth, spread in matted vegetation along the ground, or clung in wild festoons around ancient oaks, like the gray mosses of a Southern forest. The countless works of casuistry produced by Jesuit scholars in the seventeenth century are usually efforts to show how far they are restricted in morals by the rules of their faith; what acts are lawful, what expedient; and their diligent effort to reconcile virtue with the supreme law of obedience led them to a strange condition of mental corruption. Mariana defended regicide, poisoning, and assassination; Father Garnet confessed that he did not hesitate

(1) The learned Tiraboschi and the ingenious Boscovich flourished during the suppression of the order.

to tell falsehoods for the good of his Church; and there is scarcely a crime in the list of human guilt that the diseased intellect of the Jesuit fathers did not palliate or excuse.

But it was chiefly as politicians that the Jesuits have won, and probably deserved, an infamous renown in history. The order was aggressive and ardent—full of grand schemes for the extirpation of heretics and the subjugation of England and the hardy North. Every member of the mighty league had sworn to give his life, if necessary, for the advancement of the faith; was ready to fly at a sudden notice to the farthest lands at the bidding of his superior or the Pope; and perhaps might merit some frightful punishment at home did he not obey his commander to the uttermost. The irrevocable vow and the long practice in abject submission made the Jesuits the most admirable instruments of crime.⁽¹⁾ In the hands of wicked popes like Gregory XIII., or cruel tyrants like Philip II., they were never suffered to rest.⁽²⁾ Their exploits are among the most wonderful and daring in history. They are more romantic than the boldest pictures of the novelist; more varied and interesting than the best-laid plots of the most inventive masters. No Arabian narrator nor Scottish wizard could have imagined them; no Shakspeare could have foreseen the strange mental and political conditions that led the enthusiasts on in their deeds of heroism and crime. Jesuits penetrated, disguised, into England when death was their punishment if discovered; hovered in strange forms around the person of Elizabeth, whose assassination was the favorite aim of Philip II. and the Pope; reeled through the streets of London as pretended drunkards; hid in dark closets and were fed through quills; and often, when discovered, died in horrible tortures with silent joy. The very name of the new and active society was a terror to all the Protestant courts. A single Jesuit was believed to be more dangerous than a whole monastery of Black-friars. A Campion, Parsons, or Garnet filled all England with alarm. And in all that long struggle which followed between the North and the South, in which the fierce

(¹) Steinmetz, i., p. 452.

(²) Crétineau-Joly, ii., p. 296.

Spaniards and Italians made a desperate assault upon the rebellious region, strove to dethrone or destroy its kings, to crush the rising intellect of its people, or to extirpate the hated elements of reform, the historians uniformly point to the Jesuits as the active agents in every rebellion, and the tried and unflinching instruments of unsparing Rome.⁽¹⁾ A Jesuit penetrated in strange attire to Mary Queen of Scots, and lured her to her ruin. Another sought to convert or dethrone a king of Sweden. One conveyed the intelligence to Catherine and Charles IX. that produced a horrible massacre of the reformers. One traveled into distant Muscovy to sow the seeds of endless war. Mariana, an eminent Jesuit, published a work defending regicide which was faintly condemned by the order, and soon Henry III. fell by the assassin's blow; William of Orange, pursued by the endless attempts of assassins, at last received the fatal wound; Elizabeth was hunted down, but escaped; Henry IV., after many a dangerous assault, died, it was said, by the arts of the Jesuits; James I. and his family escaped by a miracle from the plot of Fawkes and Garnet; while many inferior characters of this troubled age disappeared suddenly from human sight, or were found stabbed and bleeding in their homes. All these frightful acts the men of that period attributed to the fatal vow of obedience. The Jesuit was the terror of his times. Catholics abhorred and shrunk from him with almost as much real aversion as Protestants. The universities and the clergy feared and hated the unscrupulous order. The Jesuit was renowned for his pitiless cruelty.⁽²⁾ The mild Franciscans and Benedictines, and even the Spanish Dominicans, could not be relied upon by the popes and kings, and were cast contemptuously aside; while their swift and ready rivals sprung forward at the slightest intimation of their superior, and, with a devotion to their chief at Rome not surpassed by that of the assassins of the Old Man of the Mountain, flung themselves in the face of death.

One of the early victims of the fatal vow of obedience was

⁽¹⁾ Motley, Netherlands, iii., p. 444.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*

William, Prince of Orange.⁽¹⁾ He was the bulwark of Protestantism, the founder of a great nation. Philip II. of Spain had long pursued him with secret assassins and open plots: a ban had been pronounced against him, and a large reward was offered to any one who would destroy him; and no name was so hated by the Catholics of every land as that of the grave and silent prince. Yet William had heretofore baffled all the efforts of his foe. He had made Holland free, had secured the independence of the Protestant faith, and still maintained the good cause against the arts and arms of the treacherous Philip by his singular energy and wisdom. He had escaped a thousand dangers, and seemed to glide through the midst of Philip's assassins with a charmed life. Yet every violent Catholic was longing to send a dagger to the heart of the triumphant heretic, and hoped that with the death of William the Netherlands would once more fall into the power of the papal Inquisitors.

Balthazar Gérard was one of the most bigoted of his party. He was the son of respectable parents in Burgundy. He was small in stature, insignificant in appearance; but his whole nature was moved by a fierce desire to assassinate the Prince of Orange. When he was yet a youth, he had already formed the design of murdering the prince, whom he called a rebel against the Catholic King and a disturber of the Apostolic Church. At twenty, Balthazar had struck his dagger with all his strength into a door, exclaiming, "Would it had been the heart of Orange!" For seven years he meditated upon his design; but when Philip offered his reward for William's death, Gérard became more eager than ever before to execute his purpose. Fame, honors, wealth, the favor of his king, awaited the successful assassin, and he no longer hesitated. He first, however, confessed his design to the regent of the Jesuit college at Luxemburg, and received his warm commendation. A second Jesuit, to whom he mentioned his plan, dissuaded him from it, not because he disapproved of it, but from its difficulty. He next presented himself to Alexander, Prince of Parma, the

(1) Motley, Dutch Rep., iii., p. 596 *et seq.*

most brilliant soldier of the age. Parma had long been looking for some one to murder William, but Balthazar's insignificant stature and feeble appearance seemed to him ill-suited to the task. The young assassin's fierce resolution, however, soon induced the prince to encourage him ; and he promised Balthazar that if he fell in the attempt the expected reward should be given to his parents. His plan was to disguise himself as a Calvinist, the son of one who had died for his faith, and, having claimed aid from William, to gain access to his presence and shoot him down with a pistol.⁽¹⁾

The prince was now living in a quiet retirement at the little town of Delft. His house was plain, although large, and stood on Delft Street, a pleasant canal that ran through the city, and which was shaded by rows of lime-trees that in summer filled the air with the perfume of their blossoms. The house was of brick, two stories high, with a roof covered with red tiles. In front a considerable court-yard opened toward the canal. And here, in the quiet little Dutch town, surrounded by his affectionate family and followed by the love of his countrymen, William lived in a calm tranquillity, careless of the plottings of his foes. Balthazar, meantime, reached Delft in July, 1584, as a special messenger to William of Orange. He appeared as a modest, pious youth, always carrying a Bible under his arm ; and, to his great surprise, he was at once admitted to the prince's chamber. He stood before his victim. Yet he had no arms to carry out his design, and Parma had been so penurious as to leave him without money. William, hearing of his poverty, sent him some small gift, which Balthazar laid out in buying a pair of pistols from a soldier. The latter killed himself the next day when he learned to what use his pistols had been applied.

At half-past twelve o'clock, on the 10th of July, the prince, with his wife, and the ladies and gentlemen of his family, passed into the dining-room of the plain Dutch house, and sat down to dinner. On their way they were accosted by Gérard, who, with pale and agitated countenance, asked for a passport.

(1) Motley, *Dutch Rep.*, iii., p. 596 *et seq.*

The princess, who noticed him, said in a low tone that she had never seen so villainous an expression. The cheerful dinner was over by two o'clock. The company rose from the table and passed out, the prince leading the way. As he ascended a staircase to go to the upper floor, Gérard came out from an archway and shot him to the heart. He died exclaiming, "My God, have mercy on this poor people!" The murderer meantime fled swiftly from the house, and had nearly escaped over the city walls when he stumbled and was seized by the guards. He was executed with horrible tortures, and in his confession related how he had been confirmed in his design by the Jesuit father at Luxemburg. Philip II. and the violent Catholics looked upon his act as highly meritorious. The king ennobled and enriched his parents, and as the price of blood his family took their place among the nobility of the land.

In the Netherlands the Jesuits were the last persecutors. They clung to the use of brutal violence in religious matters when the practice had almost died out. "Send us more Jesuits," was always the demand of the Spanish commanders when they would complete the subjection of some conquered city,⁽¹⁾ and Jesuit colleges were founded at once amidst the ruins of Antwerp and Haarlem. The opinions of Loyola and the decrees of the Council of Trent were enforced in the Netherlands by the massacre of helpless thousands; and it was chiefly upon the poor that the persecutors executed their worst outrages. A poor serving-woman, Anna Van der Hove, was the last and most remarkable of their victims. Two maiden ladies lived on the north rampart of Antwerp, who had formerly professed the Protestant faith, and had been thrown into prison; but they had prudently renounced their errors, and now went devoutly to mass. Not so, however, did their maid-servant, Anna, who was about forty years of age, and was firm in the faith in which she had been born and educated. The Jesuits, enraged at her obstinate honesty, resolved to make the poor serving-woman an example to all her

(1) Motley, *Netherlands*, iii., p. 444,

class. They denounced her to the authorities, claiming her execution under an old law so cruel that every one believed it had long been laid aside. Anna was condemned to be buried alive, the legal punishment of heretics; but the Jesuits told her she might escape her doom if she would recant and be reconciled to the Catholic Church. The honest woman refused. She said she had read her Bible and had found there nothing said of popes, purgatory, or the invocation of saints. How could she ever hope to merit a future bliss if she professed to believe what she knew to be false? Far rather would she die than lose that heavenly crown which she saw shining resplendently even for her humble head above. She would do nothing against her conscience. She desired to interfere with no other person's belief; but for herself, she said, she preferred death to the unpardonable sin of dishonesty.

On a fair midsummer morning she was led out of the city of Brussels, where her trial had taken place, to a hay-field near at hand. A Jesuit father walked on either side, followed by several monks called love-brothers, who taunted Anna with her certain doom in another world, calling her harsh and cruel names. But she did not hear them. All her thoughts were now fixed on heaven. There she saw the golden gates wide open, and angels stooping down to snatch her from the power of Satan. They put her in a pit already prepared, and, when she was half covered with earth, once more tempted her to recant and save her life. Again she refused; the earth was thrown in, and the executioners trod it down upon her sacred head. Such was the last religious murder in the Netherlands.⁽¹⁾

Meantime the Jesuits had long been engaged in a series of vigorous efforts to conquer rebellious England. The whole intellect and energy of the company was directed to this daring but almost hopeless attempt. Popes and priests had exulted in a momentary triumph when Mary gave her hand and heart to Philip II., and when Cranmer, Ridley, Rogers, and a host of martyrs had died to consecrate the fatal nuptials.⁽²⁾

(1) Motley, *Netherlands*, iii., p. 446.

(2) Crétineau-Joly defends Mary on various grounds, ii., p. 336.

But the accession of Elizabeth had once more filled Rome and Spain with inexpressible rage. The heretical queen became the object of an endless number of plots and projects of assassination. Jesuits hid themselves in London or wandered from house to house through the Catholic districts, exciting the zeal of the faithful, and vainly striving to arouse all Catholic England to revolt in favor of Mary Queen of Scots. Elizabeth was in imminent danger. The Jesuit, Parsons, denounced her as a murderess and a bastard. Philip sent his Armada against her loaded with priests. But the great majority of her Catholic subjects remained true to their native queen, and the Jesuits found but little sympathy even among those whom they looked upon as their natural allies.

Father Garnet is one of the most noted of these imprudent Jesuits. He was the provincial of the English company. The Jesuits, on the death of Elizabeth, had formed a wild scheme to prevent the accession of James, and the king renewed and enforced the severe laws against his Catholic subjects. Ruin hung over them, and the imprudent conduct of the aggressive Jesuits had only brought destruction to their friends and to their cause.⁽¹⁾ In this extremity it is charged that they entered upon a still more desperate scheme—the Gunpowder Plot. Father Garnet, as he was called, the Jesuit provincial, was now in England, with several others of his company, and a plan was formed by the zealous Catholics to blow up the Houses of Parliament and King James with gunpowder. The plot was discovered, and Guy Fawkes was seized in the cellars of the Parliament House just as he was about to set fire to the barrels of powder. Fawkes is represented by the Jesuits as having been a man of great piety, amiable, cheerful, of unblemished honor, and strict in all religious observances. All of the conspirators belonged to the Jesuit faction, and it is believed that none of the English Catholics were engaged in the plot. A search was at once made for concealed Jesuits. Several escaped to the continent; but Garnet lay hidden at a house in Hendlip, near Worcester. He was concealed, with another

(1) Steinmetz, ii., p. 200.

Jesuit and two servants, in one of those secret chambers which were common at that period in the houses of wealthy Catholics. Here the unhappy fugitives were imprisoned for seven days and nights.⁽¹⁾ Their retreat was so small that they were obliged to remain constantly sitting with their knees bent under them. They were fed upon marmalade and sweetmeats, or soups and broths, that were conveyed through reeds that passed through a chimney into the next apartment. They were traced by their pursuers to Hendlip, and a magistrate came with his officers to search the house. He was received by the lady of the house, her husband being absent, with an air of cheerfulness, and the pursuers were told that their prey had escaped. For three days they searched the house in vain. Every apartment was carefully examined; every closet opened; but nothing was found. On the fourth day, however, hunger drove the prisoners to venture imprudently from their retreat; they were seen by the guards, and the hiding-place discovered. Pale with fasting and confinement, Garnet and his companions were dragged away to trial and death.

Garnet's trial was a sad and repulsive picture.⁽²⁾ That he was guilty of sharing in the plot can scarcely be doubted. He professed, indeed, that he had sought to dissuade the conspirators from their design; but he was more than once convicted of falsehood during his trial, and defended his want of truthfulness on the ground that it was necessary to his safety. He was condemned and executed. The Jesuits looked upon him as a martyr, and a famous miracle was held to have attested his innocence. Garnet's straw became renowned throughout Europe, and all the Catholic courts celebrated in ballads and treatises this wonderful exculpation of the saint.⁽³⁾ The miraculous straw was a beard of wheat on which a Jesuit student who stood by at Garnet's execution saw a drop of his blood fall; as he stooped to look upon it he discovered inscribed upon the straw the glorified countenance of the martyr, crown-

(1) Steinmetz, ii., p. 207.

(2) Crétineau-Joly, iii., p. 112, defends him feebly.

(3) Steinmetz, ii., p. 244.

ed and bearing a cross upon its brow. Thousands came to see the wonderful vision; nobles, the Spanish ambassador, the Catholic laity, saw and believed. The miracle was told throughout the Christian world. Volumes were written to defend or discredit the prodigy; the beard of wheat was engraved by skillful artists and celebrated by ardent poets; and it was never suspected that the rude outlines on the straw had been painted by the skillful touch of a designing priest.

The later history of the wonderful brotherhood has been a varied series of disasters and success. Always united in a compact phalanx, the Jesuits have fought gallantly to conquer the world. Their selfish unity, their political ambition, their aggressive vigor, have involved them in endless struggles. Their bitterest enemies have been those of their own faith. The secular priests in every land decried and denounced the Jesuits. In England they accused them of bringing ruin upon the Church by their imprudent violence; and, indeed, the Gunpowder Plot seems to have crushed forever the hopes of the English Catholics. In France the seculars charged them with falsehood, license, and every species of crime. Yet the Jesuit Father Cotton ruled in the court of Henry IV.; and many years later the destructive energy of his Jesuit confessors⁽¹⁾ led Louis XIV. to revoke the Edict of Nantes, and commence a general persecution of the Huguenots. It was the most disastrous event in all the history of France; it drove from her borders her best intellect, her most useful population; and the horrible reaction of the French Revolution may be in great part traced to the results of Jesuit bigotry. For if Port Royal had been suffered to stand, and the Protestants to refine and purify the French, it is possible that no revolution would ever have been needed. In Austria the Jesuits were equally unlucky. They gained a complete control of the unhappy land. They taught everywhere passive obedience. They urged Rudolph II. to persecute the Protestants of Bohemia, and soon that kingdom was filled with woe; the Protestants were roused to madness, and a spirit of vengeance was awakened that led

(1) Cr  tineau-Joly, iv., p. 40, defends the confessors.

finally to the Thirty Years' War. All Germany sprung to arms; the puritanic Swede came down from thoughtful Scandinavia and crushed Austria and Catholicism to the earth; Prussia now rose into greatness, and the hardy North slowly created a power that seems destined finally to complete a united and Protestant Germany. If the Jesuits had not excited the Thirty Years' War, Catholicism, in its mildest form, might still have ruled the Germans. In Poland and in Russia the political labors of the Jesuits were equally unfortunate for themselves and the Roman See. Yet through the close of the sixteenth century, and a great part of the seventeenth, the army of Loyola presented a united and vigorous front to its foes, and led the priestly legions of Italy and Spain in their assaults upon the revolted North. From 1550 to the year 1700, Jesuitism played its important part in the politics of Europe, Africa, America, and the East.

But now disaster and destruction fell upon the wonderful brotherhood. Moral corruption had come upon them, their intellects had sunk into feebleness, and the fatal mental bondage to which they had subjected themselves brought with it a necessary decay. Jesuits became renowned for their luxury and extravagance, their imperfect discipline, their secret or open crimes. They had triumphed over the ruins of Port Royal and the Jansenists; but the inspired satire of the most vigorous of modern writers had pierced the diseased frame of the society with deadly wounds. Pascal avenged Arnauld; and literature aimed its bolts from heaven at the destroyers of the most learned of monasteries. The Jesuits were pursued with shouts of derision. Their tomes of casuistry, in which they showed how vice might become virtue and virtue vice, were dragged into the light and commented upon by the Northern press. They were accused of all the consequences of their argument. Jesuits were called regicides, murderers, rebels, the enemies of mankind; and at length the kings and priests of Europe, aided by the reluctant Pope, united in destroying the army of Loyola. Blow after blow fell upon the once omnipotent Jesuits. They were persecuted in every Catholic land with almost as much rigor as they themselves

had once exercised against the Calvinists of the Netherlands or the Huguenots of France. In vain they boasted their devotion to Mary, their passive fidelity to the Pope; vainly they invoked the sacred names of Xavier and Ignatius. By a strange retribution, Portugal,⁽¹⁾ where the power of the Jesuits had first been felt as politicians, and which they had aided in delivering into the hands of Philip of Spain, was to set the example to Europe of driving them from its midst. Savoy, indeed, always progressive, had, in 1728, banished the order from its mountains; but to Portugal the Jesuits owed their first great overthrow, and the vigorous Pombal crushed them with an iron hand. All Jesuits were expelled from Portugal and its dependencies in 1753, upon the pretext that they were assassins and conspirators against their king.⁽²⁾

France was the next of the avengers of uprooted Port Royal; but here the honesty of a Jesuit confessor may have hastened their fall. De Sacy refused to shrive Madame de Pompadour, or to countenance her alliance with a dissolute king. The enraged woman resolved on the destruction of the Jesuits. Louis XV. reluctantly yielded to her entreaties and the clamor of his courtiers; and, in 1764, a final decree was issued expelling the order of Ignatius from the realm of France. The Jesuits fled from the kingdom, followed by the jeers and mockery of the philosophers, and covered with an infamy which they had well deserved. Spain and Italy alone remained to them, for Austria was already planning a reform; but it was in Spain that the Jesuits were to meet with their bitterest overthrow.⁽³⁾ In their native land they had won their greatest successes; their colleges in every Spanish city were rich and flourishing beyond example; their wealth and luxury had made them the envy of the Dominicans and the scourge of the inferior orders. Yet the "pious" Charles III., moved by an inexplicable impulse, had learned to look upon the Jesuits with terror and aversion. "I have learned to

(1) Crétineau-Joly, v., p. 193.

(2) *Id.*, v., p. 200, relates the sufferings of the Jesuits.

(3) Daurignac, ii., pp. 151, 175.

know them too well!" he exclaimed, with a sigh. "I have been already too lenient to so dangerous a body." Silently and with careful preparation their ruin was planned. A secret edict was issued to Spain, and to all the Spanish dominions in Africa, Asia, America, directing that on the same day and hour, in every part of the realm, the Jesuit colleges should be entered by the officers of justice, their wealth seized and confiscated, and the members of the society hurried upon ship-board and forced to seek some new home.

One can scarcely read without compassion of the wide suffering that now fell upon thousands of the innocent as well as of the guilty. Armed men entered the Jesuit establishments through all Spain, and made their inmates prisoners. They were ordered to leave the country instantly, each priest being allowed to take with him only a purse, a breviary, and some necessary apparel.⁽¹⁾ Nearly six thousand were thus seized, crowded together in the holds of ships, and sent adrift upon the sea with no place of refuge and no means of support. Aged priests, often of illustrious birth or famous in letters and position—the young, burning with religious zeal—the sick, the infirm, set sail on their sad pilgrimage from the Spanish coast, and naturally bent their way toward Italy and Rome, the object of their idolatrous devotion. But the Pope, with signal ingratitude and selfish timidity, refused to receive the exiles. Even Ricci, the general of the order, would not suffer them to enter Rome; and the miserable Jesuits, the victims of their fatal vow of obedience, were scattered as starving wanderers through all the borders of Europe.⁽²⁾

In the Spanish colonies the harsh decree was executed with a similar severity. At Lima the wealth and power of the Jesuits had increased to regal grandeur. Their great college, San Pedro, possessed enormous revenues, owned the finest buildings in the city, and held immense plantations in its neighborhood. It was believed that the vaults of the college were filled with gold and silver, and the Government hoped to win an extraordinary prize in the plunder of the hidden treasure. A

(¹) Steinmetz, ii., p. 463.

(²) Daurignac, ii., p. 152.

perfect secrecy was observed in executing the king's mandate, and no one but the viceroy and his agents were supposed to know any thing of the design. At ten o'clock at night the viceroy summoned his council together; at midnight the officers knocked at the gate of the splendid college of San Pedro, hoping to find the Jesuits unprepared, and with no means of hiding their coveted treasure. But they found every priest awake, dressed, and with his little bundle ready to set out on the mournful journey. A secret message had been sent from Europe warning the order of their coming doom.⁽¹⁾ The priests were hurried away to the ships at Callao, and sent out to sea, while the officers of the viceroy searched in vain through every part of the college for the promised hoard of gold. Instead of millions, they found only a few thousand dollars. It was believed that the wily fathers had been able to bury their gold in such a way that none but themselves could find it. An old negro servant related that he and his companions had been employed for several nights, with bandaged eyes, in carrying great bags of money down into the vaults of the college, and that it was buried in the earth, close to a subterranean spring. But the place has never been found. The Jesuit treasure in Lima is still searched for, like that of Captain Kidd; while some assert that the fathers have contrived to abstract it gradually, and have thus mocked and baffled the avarice of their persecutors.

At last came the final blow that was to shatter into pieces the great army of Loyola. For more than two centuries the Jesuits had been fighting the battles of Rome. To exalt the supremacy of the Pope, they had died by thousands in English jails and Indian solitudes; had pierced land and sea to carry the strange story of the primacy to heathen millions, and to build anew the mediæval Church in the heart of Oriental idolatry. And now it was the Pope and Rome that were to complete their destruction. By a cruel ingratitude, the deity on earth whom they had worshiped with a fidelity unequaled among men was to hurl his anathemas against his most faith-

(¹) Tschudi, *Travels in Peru*, p. 67.

ful disciples. France and Spain elected Pope Clement XIV. upon his pledge that he would dissolve the order. He issued his bull, July 21st, 1773, directing that, for the welfare of the Church and the good of mankind, the institution of Loyola should be abolished.⁽¹⁾ The Jesuits protested in vain. Ricci, the general, threw himself at the feet of the cardinals, wept, entreated, recalled the memories of Trent, the exploits of Loyola; and suggested, in a whisper, that Clement, like Judas, had sold his Lord. The Pope, not long after, died in fearful torments. The Jesuits were allowed to preserve a secret unity; but it was reported once more that the horrible custom of the Middle Ages had been revived; that the Pope had been carried off by poison.

Driven from their almost ancestral homes in Spain, Italy, Austria, France, the Jesuits found a liberal welcome in the heart of Protestantism itself. Persecuted like heretics by the Church of Rome, they now sought a shelter in those free lands against which they had once aimed its spiritual and temporal arm. And it is curious to reflect that had the Jesuits succeeded in their early design of subjecting the North, they would have left for themselves no place of refuge in their hour of need. To their enemies of the sixteenth century they came in the close of the eighteenth, asking hospitality; and the disciples of Loyola were scattered over every part of Protestant Europe, as teachers, professors, men of letters and science, and were everywhere received with friendly consideration. England, charitably overlooking the past, saw Jesuit colleges and schools flourish in her midst without alarm.⁽²⁾ Frederick the Great opened an asylum for the exiles in Silesia. Catherine II. welcomed them to St. Petersburg, and Greek bishops were often seen mingling in friendly intercourse with the members of the once hostile company. Many Jesuits crossed the sea to the free lands of the New World. Expelled from Lima, and persecuted in Brazil, they founded their schools freely in Louisville and New York, and flourished with vigor under institutions and laws which owed

⁽¹⁾ Crétineau-Joly, v., p. 376.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*, vi., p. 81.

their birth to the teachings of Luther and Calvin. The doctrine of universal toleration alone saved the Jesuits from a complete destruction; and we may reasonably trust that, as the army of Loyola recruits its shattered strength in the bosom of Protestantism and freedom, it will show its gratitude by abstaining from all hostile attempts against the institutions by which it is nurtured; that the Jesuit will never suffer his promise of obedience to an Italian potentate to interfere with his obligation to free thought, free schools, and a free press.

Thus, fostered by the descendants of Ridley and Cranmer, and sheltered by the arm of schismatic Russia, the fallen society prolonged its existence. At length, in 1814, the Bourbons were restored to France, and Pope Pius VII. revived the order of the Jesuits. Their college at Rome was given back to them in very nearly the same condition in which they had left it nearly forty years before; but their magnificent library was scattered, and their revenues cut off. A scanty band of eighty-six fathers, worn with toil and wandering, made, it is said, a triumphal entry into Rome, amidst the acclamations of its people.⁽¹⁾ Yet it can scarcely be doubted that the followers of Loyola are as unpopular with the citizens of the Holy City as they seem ever to have been with the people of all Catholic lands. Isolated by their fatal vow of obedience, they are followed everywhere by suspicion and dislike. Russia, which had received them in their hour of need, expelled them again in 1816;⁽²⁾ France drove them out in 1845; the people of Madrid, in 1835, massacred their Jesuits; the Pope again exiled them from Rome; and it is only England and America that even in the present day afford a secure asylum to the fallen company.

We may return over the long lapse of years to the last days of Loyola, the wounded cavalier of Pampeluna, the hermit of Manreza. In the year 1556, a comet of startling magnitude, half as large as the moon, blazed over Europe and filled the uncultivated intellect of the age with dread and expectation. Loyola lay on his dying bed. His life had been one of singu-

(¹) Daurignac, ii., p. 218.

(²) *Id.*, ii., p. 228.

lar success. His society had already become one of the great powers of the earth. His followers were estimated to number many thousands; and the last injunctions of the soldier-priest were chiefly an inculcation of passive obedience. It is related that he died without receiving the last sacraments of his Church, and that his dying lips uttered only complaints and lamentation.⁽¹⁾ Yet his fierce and aggressive spirit survived in his successors, and the generals of the company of Loyola waged incessant war against the rights of conscience and the simplicity of the faith, until they were finally overthrown by the united voice of Christendom.

(¹) Steinmetz, i., p. 292; Hasenm., Hist. Jes. Ord., xi., p. 320.

ECUMENICAL COUNCILS.

At the splendid city of Nicæa, in Bithynia, in the year 325, assembled the first of those great ecumenical councils whose decrees have so often controlled the destiny of Christianity and of mankind.⁽¹⁾ It was an occasion of triumph and fond congratulation, for the Christian Church had just risen up from a period of unexampled humiliation and suffering to rule over the Roman world. For nearly three centuries since the death of their Divine Head his pious disciples had toiled in purity and love, persecuted or scorned by the dominant pagans, for the conversion of the human race; and the humble but persistent missionaries had sealed with innumerable martyrdoms and ceaseless woes the final triumph of their faith.⁽²⁾ Yet never in all its early history had the Christian Church seemed so near its perfect extinction as in the universal persecution of Diocletian and his Cæsars, when the pagan rulers could boast with an appearance of truth that they had extirpated the hated sect with fire and sword. In the year 304, except in Gaul, every Christian temple lay in ruins, and the terrified worshippers no longer ventured to meet in their sacred assemblies; the holy books had been burned, the church property confiscated by the pagan magistrates, the church members had perished in fearful tortures, or fled for safety to the savage wilderness; and throughout all the Roman world no man dared openly to call himself a Christian.⁽³⁾

Gradually, with the slow prevalence of Constantine the

(¹) Eusebius, *De Vita Constantini*, iii., p. 6 *et seq.*, *Quomodo synodum Nicææ fieri jussit*; Rufinus, *Historia Ecclesiastica*, i., p. 11; *De concilio apud Nicæam*, etc.; Socrates, *Hist. Ecc.*, i., p. 8.

(²) Lactantius, *De Mort. Persec.*, p. 15.

(³) Lactantius (*De Mort. Pers.*, p. 50) and Prudentius (*Peristephanon*, Hymn xiii., x.) describe the pains of martyrdom.

Great, as his victorious legions passed steadily onward from Gaul to Italy, and from Italy to Syria, the maimed and bleeding victims of persecution came out from their hiding-places; and bishops and people, purified by suffering, celebrated once more their holy rites in renewed simplicity and faith. Yet it was not until the year preceding the first Ecumenical Council⁽¹⁾ that the Eastern Christians had ceased to be roasted over slow fires, lacerated with iron hooks, or mutilated with fatal tortures; and Lactantius, a contemporary, could point to the ruins of a city in Phrygia whose whole population had been burned to ashes because they refused to sacrifice to Jupiter and Juno. And now, by a strange and sudden revolution, the martyr bishops and presbyters had been summoned from their distant retreats in the monasteries of the Thebaid or the sands of Arabia, from Africa or Gaul, to cross the dangerous seas, the inclement mountains, and to meet in a general synod at Nicæa, to legislate for the Christian world. We may well conceive the joy and triumph of these holy fathers as they heard the glad news of the final victory of the faith, and hastened in long and painful journeys to unite in fond congratulations in their solemn assembly; as they looked for the first time upon each other's faces and saw the wounds inflicted by the persecutor's hand; as they gazed on the blinded eyes, the torn members, the emaciated frames; as they encountered at every step men whose fame for piety, genius, and learning was renowned from Antioch to Cordova; or studied with grateful interest the form and features of the imperial catechumen, who, although the lowest in rank of all the church dignitaries, had made Christianity the ruling faith from Britain to the Arabian Sea.⁽²⁾

Nice, or Nicæa, a fair and populous Greek city of Asia Minor, had been appointed by Constantine as the place of meeting for the council, probably because the fine roads that centred from various directions in its market-place offered an

(1) Sozomen, *Hist. Ecc.*, i., p. 7; Lactantius, *De Mort. Pers.*, p. 51: "Pleni carceres erant. Tormenta genera inaudita excogitabantur."

(2) Eusebius, *De Vita Constantini*, iii., p. 7; Rufinus, *Hist. Ecc.*, i., p. 2.

easy access to the pilgrims of the East. The city stood—its ruins still stand—on the shores of Lake Ascania, not far from the Mediterranean Sea, and on the way to the plains of Troy; it had been adorned with fine buildings by the kings of Bithynia, and enriched by the Roman emperors; in later ages it was shaken by a great earthquake just after the council had dissolved; it became the prey successively of the Saracen, the Turk, and the Crusaders; and when a modern traveler visited its site to gaze on the scene where Athanasius had ravished pious ears by his youthful eloquence, and where Constantine had assembled the Christian world, he found only a waste of ruins in the midst of the ancient walls. The lake was still there; the fragments of aqueducts, theatres, temples. A village of a few hundred houses, supported chiefly by the culture of the mulberry-tree, sheltered beneath its ruined walls; and an ill-built Greek church, of crumbling brick-work and modern architecture, was pointed out to the traveler as the place where had met, nearly fifteen centuries before, the Council of Nice.⁽¹⁾

The bishops, in number three hundred and eighteen, together with many priests and other officials, assembled promptly at the call of the emperor, and in June, 325, met in a basilica or public hall in the centre of the city. Few particulars are preserved of the proceedings of the great council, and we are forced to gather from the allusions of the historians a general conception of its character. Yet we know that it was the purest, the wisest, as well as the first, of all the sacred synods; that its members, tested in affliction and humbled by persecution, preserved much of the grace and gentleness of the apostolic age; that no fierce anathemas, like those that fell from the lips of the papal bishops of Trent or Constance, defiled those of Hosius or Eusebius;⁽²⁾ that the pagan doctrine of persecution had not yet been introduced, together with the

⁽¹⁾ Pococke, *Travels*, ii., p. 25.

⁽²⁾ The creed has a moderate anathema (Rufinus, *H. E.*, i., p. 6); but, we may trust, conceived in a different spirit from the anathemas which meant death.

pagan ritual, into the Christian Church; that no vain superstitions were inculcated, and no cruel deeds enjoined; that no Huss or Jerome of Prague died at the stake to gratify the hate of a dominant sect, and that no Luther or Calvin was shut out by the dread of a similar fate from sharing in the earliest council of the Christian world. The proceedings went on with dignity and moderation, and men of various shades of opinion, but of equal purity of life, were heard with attention and respect; the rules of the Roman Senate were probably imitated in the Christian assembly; the emperor opened the council in a speech inculcating moderation, and an era of benevolence and love seemed about to open upon the triumphant Church.

In the town-hall at Nice, seated probably upon rows of benches that ran around the room, were seen the representative Christians of an age of comparative purity, and the first meeting of these holy men must have formed a scene of touching interest. The martyrs who had scarcely escaped with life from the tortures of the pagans stood in the first rank in the veneration of the assembly; and when Paphnutius,⁽¹⁾ a bishop of the Thebaid, entered the hall, dragging a disabled limb which had been severed while he worked in the mines, and turned upon the by-standers his sightless eye, or when Paul, Bishop of Neo-Cæsarea, raised in blessing his hand maimed by the fire, a thrill of sympathy and love stirred the throng as they gazed on the consecrated wounds. The solitaires, whose strange austerities had filled the Christian world with wonder, attracted an equal attention. From the desert borders of Persia and Mesopotamia, where he had lived for years on vegetables and wild fruits, came James of Nisibis, the modern Baptist, who was known by his raiment of goats' or camels' hair; and near him was the Bishop of Heraclea, a faithful follower of the ascetic Anthony, the author of the monastic rule. There, too, was the gentle Spiridion,⁽²⁾ the shepherd-bishop of

(¹) Rufinus, i., p. 4. De Paphnuntio Confessore.

(²) Rufinus, i., p. 5. Socrates, i., p. 53, varies the story slightly. See Hefele, Conciliengeschichte, i., p. 271.

Cyprus, who still kept his flock after he had won a diocese, and who, when robbers came to steal his sheep, said, "Why did you not take the trouble to ask for them, and I would have given them to you?" And there was the tender-hearted St. Nicholas, the friend of little children, whose name is still a symbol of joy to those he loved. There, too, were men of rare genius and learning, who had studied in the famous schools of Athens or Alexandria, whose writings and whose eloquence had aroused the bitterest hatred of the pagans, and who were believed by their contemporaries to have rivaled and outdone the highest efforts of the heathen mind. Chief among these men of intellect was the young presbyter Athanasius,⁽¹⁾ and it was to him that the Council of Nice was to owe its most important influence on mankind. The enthusiasm of Athanasius was tempered by the prudence of Hosius, the Trinitarian bishop of Cordova, and by the somewhat latitudinarian liberality of Eusebius of Cæsarea; and these two able men, both close friends of the Emperor Constantine, probably guided the council to moderation and peace. Sylvester, Bishop of Rome, too feeble to bear the fatigues of the journey, sent two priests to represent him in the synod.⁽²⁾ Eight bishops of renown from the West sat with their Eastern brethren, and in the crowded assembly were noticed a Persian and a Goth, the representatives of the barbarians. A strange diversity of language and of accent prevailed in the various deputations, and a day of Pentecost seemed once more to have dawned upon the Church. In the upper end of the hall, after all had taken their places, a golden chair was seen below the seats of the bishops, which was still vacant. At length a man of a tall and noble figure entered. His head was modestly bent to the ground; his countenance must have borne traces of contrition and woe. He advanced slowly up the hall, between the assembled bishops, and, having obtained their permission,

(1) Socrates, i., p. 8.

(2) The Romish writers claim that Hosius was a papal legate. See *Conciliorum*, ii., p. 222. But he presided, no doubt, as the friend of the emperor.

seated himself in the golden chair.⁽¹⁾ It was Constantine, the head of the Church.

A tragic interest must ever hang over the career of the first Christian emperor, whose private griefs seem to have more than counterbalanced the uninterrupted successes of his public life. In his youth Constantine had married Minervina, a maiden of obscure origin and low rank, but who to her devoted and constant lover seemed no doubt the first and fairest of women. Their only son, Crispus, educated by the learned and pious Lactantius, grew up an amiable, exemplary young man, and fought bravely by his father's side in the battle that made Constantine the master of the world. But Constantine had now married a second time, for ambition rather than love, Fausta, the daughter of the cruel Emperor Maximian; and his high-born wife, who had three sons, looked with jealousy upon the rising virtues and renown of the amiable Crispus. She taught her husband to believe that his eldest son had conspired against his life and his crown. Already, when Constantine summoned the council at Nice, his mind was tortured by suspicion of one whom he probably loved with strong affection. He had perhaps resolved upon the death of Crispus; and he felt with shame, if not contrition, his own unworthiness as he entered the Christian assembly. Soon after the dissolution of the council the tragedy of the palace began (326) by the execution of Crispus, by the orders of his father, together with his young cousin, Licinius, the son of Constantine's sister, and a large number of their friends. The guilty arts of Fausta, however, according to the Greek historians, were soon discovered and revealed to the emperor by his Christian mother, Helena. He was filled with a boundless remorse. The wretched empress was put to death; and the close of Constantine's life was passed in a vain effort to obtain the forgiveness of his own conscience and of Heaven.⁽²⁾

(¹) Eusebius, *De Vita Const.*, clothes him in rich robes, iii., p. 8, but asserts his modesty. It is uncertain whether the golden chair was not in the midst of the assembly. See Theodoret, *H. Ecc.*, i., p. 7.

(²) Eusebius covers the faults of Constantine with panegyric. Gibbon, ii., p. 67-72, condenses Zosimus. He doubts the death of Fausta.

But when Constantine entered the Council of Nice his life was still comparatively spotless.⁽¹⁾ He was believed to have inherited all the virtues of his excellent father and his pious mother. To the simple and holy men who now for the first time looked upon their preserver as he modestly besought instead of commanded their attention, he must have seemed, in his humility and his grandeur, half divine. But lately his single arm had rescued them from the jaws of a horrible death. He had saved the Church from its sorrows, and published the Gospel to mankind. He was the most powerful monarch the world had ever known, and his empire spread from the Grampian Hills to the ridge of the Atlas, from the Atlantic to the Caspian Sea. He was the invincible conqueror, the hero of his age; yet now monks and solitaries heard him profess himself their inferior, a modest catechumen, and urge upon his Christian brethren harmony and union. A miracle, too—the most direct interference from above since the conversion of St. Paul—had thrown around Constantine a mysterious charm; and probably few among the assembled bishops but had heard of the cross of light that had outshone the sun at noonday, of the inscription in the skies, and of the perpetual victory promised to their imperial head.⁽²⁾ When, therefore, Constantine addressed the council, he was heard with awe and fond attention. His Christian sentiments controlled the assembly, and he decided, perhaps against his own convictions, the opinions of future ages.

The council had been summoned by the emperor to determine the doctrine of the Church. Heresy was already abundant and prolific. The opinions of Christians seemed to vary according to their origin or nationality. But the acute and active intellect of the Greeks, ever busy with the deeper inquiries of philosophy and eager for novelty, had poured forth a profusion of strange speculations which alarmed or embar-

(1) Eutropius, *Hist. Rom.*, x., pp. 6, 7, notices the change—the fall of Constantine. He is an impartial witness.

(2) Constantine's dream or vision was affirmed by his oath to Eusebius, and was believed by his contemporaries. See Eusebius, *Vita Const.*

passed the duller Latins. Rome, cold and unimaginative, had been long accustomed to receive its abstract doctrines from the East, but it seemed quite time that these principles of faith should be accurately defined. Heresies of the wildest extravagance were widely popular. The Gnostics, or the superior minds, had covered the plain outline of the Scriptures with Platonic commentaries; the theory of *eons* and of an eternal wisdom seemed about to supplant the teachings of Paul.⁽¹⁾ Among the wildest of the early sectaries were the Ophites, or snake-worshippers, who adored the eternal wisdom as incarnate in the form of a snake; and who, at the celebration of the sacred table, suffered a serpent to crawl over the elements, and to be devoutly kissed by the superstitious Christians.⁽²⁾ The Sethites adored Seth as the Messiah; the Cainites celebrated Judas Iscariot as the prince of the apostles; Manes introduced from the fire-worship of the Persians a theory of the conflict of light and darkness, in which Christ contended as the Lord of Light against the demons of the night;⁽³⁾ and Montanus boldly declared that he was superior in morality to Christ the Messiah and his apostles, and was vigorously sustained by the austere Tertullian. Yet these vain fancies might have been suffered to die in neglect; it was a still more vital controversy that called forth the assembly at Nice. This was no less than the nature of the Deity.⁽⁴⁾ What did the Scriptures tell us of that Divine Being who was the author of Christianity, and on whom for endless ages the destiny of the Church was to rest? The Christian world was divided into two fiercely contending parties. On the one side stood Rome, Alexandria, and the West; on the other, Arius, many of the Eastern bishops, and perhaps Constantine himself. It is plain, therefore, that the emperor was sincere in his profession of humility and submission, since he suffered the council to determine the controversy uninfluenced by superior power.

A striking simplicity marked the proceedings of the first

(¹) See Mosheim, *Ecc. Hist.*, i., p. 169.

(²) Mosheim, i., p. 180 *et seq.*, and note.

(³) *Id.*, i., p. 232.

(⁴) Hefele, i., p. 266.

council. Hosius, Bishop of Cordova, presided, the only representative of Spain, Gaul, and Britain. A prelate opened the meeting with a short address,⁽¹⁾ a hymn was sung, then Constantine delivered his well-timed speech on harmony, and the general debate began. It was conducted always with vigor, sometimes with rude asperity; but when the war of recrimination rose too high, the emperor, who seems to have attended the sittings regularly, would interpose and calm the strife by soothing words. The question of clerical marriages was discussed, and it was determined, by the arguments of Paphnutius, the Egyptian ascetic, that the lower orders should be allowed to marry. The jurisdiction of the bishops was defined; all were allowed to be equal; but Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, the chief cities of the empire before Constantinople was built, held each a certain supremacy. The primacy of St. Peter was never mentioned; the worship of Mary, Queen of Heaven, was yet unknown; but the earlier form of the Nicene Creed was determined, and Arius was condemned. Twenty canons⁽²⁾ were passed upon by the council, many of which were soon neglected and forgotten; and when, after sitting for two months, the assembly separated, every one felt that the genius and eloquence of Athanasius had controlled both emperor and Church.

Before parting from his Christian brothers—his “beloved,” as he was accustomed to call them—Constantine entertained the council at a splendid banquet,⁽³⁾ and spread before them the richest wines and the rarest viands of the East. The unlettered soldier probably shone better in his costly entertainment than in debate, where his indifferent Latin and broken Greek must have awakened a smile on the grave faces of his learned brothers. Here he could flatter and caress with easy familiarity; he was a pleasant companion and a winning host; but we are not told whether he was able to persuade James of

(¹) Eusebius, *De Vita Const.*, iii., p. 11; Socrates, i., p. 8. The emperor's speech is excellent, and the catechumen was wiser than his superiors.

(²) The number has been enlarged by numerous additions (see *Conciliorum*, ii., p. 233), and one clause introduced to imply the primacy, ii., p. 236.

(³) Eusebius, *De Vita Const.*, iii., pp. 15, 16.

Nisibis to taste his rare dainties, or to entice the anchorites of Egypt to his costly wine. The bishops and their followers left Nicæa charmed with the courtesy and liberality of their master. He had paid all their expenses, and maintained them with elegance at Nicæa, had condescended to call them brothers, and had sent them home by the public conveyances to spread everywhere the glad news that an era of peace and union awaited the triumphant Church.⁽¹⁾

Happy delusion! But it was rudely dissipated. From Constantine himself came the fatal blow that filled all Christendom with a perpetual unrest.⁽²⁾ It was the emperor who corrupted the Church he had seemed to save. Soon after the council, that dark shadow fell upon Constantine's life which was noticed by pagan and Christian observers, and he was pointed out by men as a parricide whose sin was inexpiable. The pagan Zosimus represents him as asking the priests of the ancient faith whether his offense could ever be atoned for by their lustrations, and to have been told that for him there was no hope; but that the Christians allured him to their communion by a promise of ample forgiveness. Yet from this period the mind of the great emperor grew clouded, and the fearful shock of his lost happiness seems to have deadened his once vigorous faculties.⁽³⁾ He became a tyrant, made and unmade bishops at will, and persecuted all those who had opposed the doctrines of Arius.⁽⁴⁾ The Church became a State establishment, and all the ills that flow from that unnatural union fell upon the hapless Christians. Pride, luxury, and license distinguished the haughty bishops, who ruled like princes over their vast domains, and who imitated the emperor in persecuting, with relentless vigor, all who differed from them in

(1) Rufinus, *Hist. Ecc.*, i., p. 2; Eusebius, *De Vita Const.*, iii., p. 16; Theodoret, i., p. 11.

(2) Sozomen, *Hist. Ecc.*, i., p. 20. See Hefele, i., p. 427 *et seq.*: "Aber das häretische Feuer war damit noch nicht erstickt."

(3) His letters (see Socrates, i., p. 9) are wise and not ungentle; his conduct was different.

(4) Socrates, i., p. 14. He soon recalled Eusebius of Nicomedia from banishment—a measure of wisdom—but persecutes Athanasius.

faith. Bishop excommunicated bishop, and fatal anathemas, too dreadful to fall from the lips of feeble and dying men, were the common weapon of religious controversy. They pretended to the right of consigning to eternal woe the souls of the hapless dissidents. They brought bloodshed and murder into the controversies of the Church. Formalism succeeded a living faith, and Religion fled from her high station among the rulers of Christendom to find shelter in her native scene among the suffering and the poor. There we may trust she survived, during this mournful period, the light of the peasant's cottage or the anchorite's cell.

Never again did the higher orders of Christendom regain the respect of mankind. Constantine himself, clothed in Oriental splendor, with painted cheeks, false hair, and a feeble show, seems to have sought oblivion for his crime in reckless dissipation. He became cruel, morose, suspicious. He was always fond of religious disputation, and his courtly and effeminate bishops seem to have yielded to his idle whim. At length he died (337), having been baptized not long before for the expiation of his sins, and was succeeded by his three worthless sons. A period of fierce religious controversy now prevailed for many years, of which the resolute hero Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, was the author and the victim.⁽¹⁾ In 326, Athanasius became the patriarch of that gay, splendid, and powerful city, and ruled at times with vigor, but oftener was a persecuted exile, hidden in Gaul or among the rocks and sands of Egypt. The fire of genius survived in this remarkable man the pains of age and the humiliation of exile. He never ceased to write, to preach, and to argue with unabated power. Constantius became sole emperor, and the chief aim of his corrupt reign seems to have been to destroy the influence and the opinions of the greatest of polemics. The whole Christian world seemed united against Athanasius. The Bishop of Rome, Liberius,⁽²⁾ and even the pious Hosius, joined

(1) See Socrates, i., p. 29 *et seq.*, who defends Constantine.

(2) Milman (Hist. Christianity, ii., p. 431), Mosheim, and Guericke assert the apostasy of the Pope. It is feebly explained by the Romish writers. So, too, Athanasius himself asserts it. See Hefele, i., p. 658.

with the imperial faction in renouncing the doctrine of the Nicene Council; yet Athanasius, sheltered in the wilds of Egypt, maintained the unequal strife, and may be safely said to have molded by his vigorous resistance the opinions of all succeeding ages. But the period of Anathasius was one upon which neither party could look with satisfaction. The principles of Christianity were forgotten in the memorable struggle. Both factions became bitter persecutors, blood-thirsty and tyrannical. Even Athanasius condescended to duplicity in his argument, and cruelty in his conduct; the most orthodox of bishops may be convicted of pious frauds or brutal violence; and the meek and lowly Christians of that unhappy age probably gazed with wonder and shame on the crimes and follies of their superiors.⁽¹⁾

The second Ecumenical Council met in the year 381, at Constantinople, under the reign of Theodosius the Great. The story of this famous synod has lately been told by M. De Broglie, a moderate Romanist, and the grandson of the gifted De Staël.⁽²⁾ His narrative is trustworthy, although uncritical; and his honest picture of the stormy sessions of the great Constantinopolitan Council shows how corrupt, even in his guarded opinion, had become the exterior organization of the Church. A similar account is given by all the other authorities. Happily, the people were always better and wiser than their rulers. The true Church lived among the humble and the poor. The Cathari, or early Protestants, the Waldenses, and the Albigenses indicate that moral purity was never wholly extinct, and that the industry, probity, and progress inculcated by St. Paul still shed peace and hope over the homes of the lowly. There was one eminent intellect, too, of that corrupt age, educated among the highest ranks of the clergy, who has painted with no gentle touch the harsher lineaments of the second council.⁽³⁾ Gregory Nazianzen repeats in his let-

(1) Mosheim, i., p. 321, notices that most of the noted fathers of this period were capable of pious frauds.

(2) *L'Église et l'Empire Romain au IV^{me} Siècle*, v., p. 403 *et seq.*

(3) Gregory, *De Vita Sua*, and in various poems and orations, describes the bishops of his time in no flattering terms. See his poem *Ad Episcopos*.

ters, sermons, and autobiographical poems what was the popular conception of the rulers of the Church. Gregory was the son of the Bishop of Nazianzus. His youth had been spent in study and learned ease. He was himself already the titular Bishop of Sasima, but he had contented himself with assisting his father in his rustic diocese, and shrunk from public life with awkward modesty.⁽¹⁾ His wonderful eloquence and vigorous powers seem, however, to have become widely known, when a new field was suddenly opened to him for their practical employment, which his conscience would not permit him to decline. The magnificent city of Constantinople had, ever since its foundation, been in the hands of Arian prelates, and its crowded churches refused to accept the canons of the Council of Nice. But an orthodox emperor, the rough and honest Spanish soldier Theodosius, was now on the Roman throne; and a small band of faithful Athanasians at Constantinople thought this a favorable moment for attempting the conversion of the Imperial City. They looked over the Christian world for a suitable pastor. They might have selected Basil the Great, but his age and infirmities prevented him from leaving his Eastern see; they sent, therefore, to claim the services of Gregory, as the next most eminent of the Oriental divines.

Little did Gregory foresee the cares and woes, the shame and disappointment, that lay hidden in his future! Reluctantly he accepted the invitation, and left his rustic home to enter the luxurious capital. He was already prematurely old and infirm. His head was bald, except for a few gray hairs; his figure was bent with age, his appearance insignificant. His manner was modest and timid, and no careless observer would have discovered in the rustic old man the most splendid and successful orator of his age. When Gregory arrived in the city he found not one of all its numerous churches open to him. Its whole population was hostile, and nobles, artisans, monks, and nuns were prepared to argue the rarest questions

(¹) He celebrates his excellent father, his pious mother, and himself. Opera, vol. ii., p. 2.

in theology with eager volubility. Constantinople, in 380, rang with religious controversy. The feasts, the baths, the Hippodrome, and the most licentious resorts resounded with sacred names and thoughts.⁽¹⁾ If a shop-keeper were asked the cost of a piece of silk, he would reply by a disquisition on unregenerated being; if a stranger inquired at a baker's the price of bread, he was told, "the Son is subordinate to the Father." Into this disputatious population Gregory threw himself boldly. His orthodox friends had no church to offer him, but they provided a large hall or basilica; an altar was raised at one end; a gallery for women separated them from the men; choristers and deacons attended; and Gregory, full of hope, named his modest chapel Anastasia, the Church of the Resurrection.⁽²⁾

His success was indeed unbounded. The building was always crowded, the crush at the entrance often terrific; the rails of the chancel were sometimes broken down; and often the crowded congregation broke forth in loud congratulatory cheers as they were touched or startled by the eloquent divine.⁽³⁾ Insensibly Gregory's vanity was inflamed and gratified by his wide popularity. Standing on his bishop's throne in the eastern end of his Anastasia, the church brilliantly lighted, his presbyters and deacons in white robes around him, a crowded congregation listening with upturned eyes below, now fixed in deepest silence and now breaking into loud applause, Gregory enjoyed a transient triumph, upon which he was fond of dwelling in his later years, when, in the obscurity of Nazianzus, he composed his own poetical memoirs. Yet he was never safe from the malice of his foes. More than once a riotous mob of ferocious monks and nuns, of drunken artisans and hungry beggars, broke into the Anastasia, disturbed its worshipers and the preacher, wounded the neophytes and priests, and were allowed by the Arian police to escape unharmed; and it was only when Theodosius him-

(1) Gregory Naz., Or., p. 22-27.

(2) De Vita Sua, Opera, ii., p. 17; De Broglie, v., p. 408.

(3) De Broglie, v., p. 382; Carm., De Vita Sua, p. 675-700 *et seq.*

self entered the city that the labor of conversion was attended with success.⁽¹⁾

Theodosius was no hesitating missionary. He called before him Demophilus, the Arian bishop, and ordered him to recant his errors or resign. The honest bishop at once gave up his office. The see was now vacant. A wild Egyptian fanatic or impostor, Maximus, had already bribed the people to elect him their bishop; but the next day they had repented of their folly, and resolved to force Gregory into the vacant see. They dragged him in their arms to the episcopal chair. He struggled to escape, he refused to sit down, the women wept, the children cried out in their mothers' arms, and at last Gregory consented to be their bishop.⁽²⁾ Maximus, however, still claimed the see. Demophilus had not yet been deposed, when Damasus, the Bishop of Rome, advised Theodosius to summon the second General Council. But the affair of the bishopric the soldier-emperor resolved to decide in his own way. He deposed Demophilus, expelled Maximus, and, amidst the general lamentation of the Arian city, on a clouded day in November, carried the pale and trembling Gregory to the Church of the Apostles, where Constantine and his successors lay entombed, and proclaimed him bishop. Just then, it is said, the wintry clouds parted and a bright sunbeam covered Gregory's bare head with glory. The crowded congregation accepted the omen, and cried out, "Long live our bishop Gregory."⁽³⁾

To confirm or annul Gregory's election, and to correct the creed of the day, were the objects for which the second General Council assembled. If we may trust Gregory's account of it, which he wrote in the obscure but not tranquil retirement of Nazianzus, we must conclude that it could scarcely compare favorably in moral excellence with that of Nice. A canonized saint, he rails against the bishops of his age.⁽⁴⁾ All the gluttons, villains, and false-swearers of the empire, he ex-

(1) De Broglie, v., p. 394. See Gregory's dream of the Anastasia.

(2) De Broglie, v., p. 409.

(3) De Vita Sua, p. 1355-1390. See Migne, Pat. Græc., xxxvii., pp. 1177, 1234.

(4) Ad Epis. (ii., p. 824-829), Carmen vii.

claims, had been convoked in the council. The bishops were low-born and illiterate, peasants, blacksmiths, deserters from the army, or reeking from the holds of ships; and when in the midst of his vituperation the elegant Gregory remembered that of the same class of humble and unlearned men were the authors of his faith: "Yes," he cried, "they were true apostles; but these are time-servers and flatterers of the great, long-bearded hypocrites, and pretended devotees, who have neither intellect nor faith."⁽¹⁾ Of ecumenical councils the priestly satirist had but an indifferent opinion. Councils and congresses, he said, were the cause of many evils. "I will not sit in one of those councils of geese and cranes," he exclaimed. "I fly from every meeting of bishops; for I never saw a good end to any, but rather an increase of evils." It is indeed difficult to see how the canonized Gregory, had he attended the synods of Trent or Constance, could have escaped the fate of Huss or Jerome. Yet in the Second Council were gathered several eminent and excellent men. Among them were Gregory of Nyssa, a high authority in the Church, and the worthy brother of Basil the Great; Melitius, the gentle Bishop of Antioch, who presided at the council at the emperor's request;⁽²⁾ Cyril, the aged Bishop of Jerusalem; and many others who scarcely deserved the bitter taunts of Gregory. But Melitius died soon after the opening of the council, and Gregory, who had been confirmed in his bishopric, presided as Patriarch of Constantinople. He was at the summit of his glory; his fall drew near. His vigorous honesty, his bitter denunciation, had made him many enemies, and it was suddenly discovered that there was a fatal flaw in his election. By an obsolete canon of the Nicene Council, which had been constantly violated ever since its passage, no bishop could be translated from one see to another; and Gregory was already the Bishop of Sasima. The objection was made; the jealous council condemned their greatest orator; and the indignant bishop, deprived of his see, a disgraced and fallen churchman, was sent back to

(¹) *Ad Epis.*, Migne, xxxvii., p. 1177, and see p. 226.

(²) *De Broglie*, v., p. 425, excuses the presidency of Melitius.

the repose of Nazianzus.⁽¹⁾ Theodosius lamented his loss, but refused to interfere in the clerical dispute. A few friends shared in Gregory's indignation. In his rural retirement he wrote those sharp diatribes on the Eastern bishops which introduce us to the clerical life of Constantinople, as those of his friend Jerome depict the vices and follies of Rome. Both capitals seem to have been equally tainted and impure.

The council now wanted a head, and Theodosius at once appointed Nectarius, a magistrate of the city, to the holy office of Patriarch of Constantinople. If Gregory had been ineligible, his successor was still more so. He had never been baptized, was not even a Christian, and his morals were not such as to fit him for the apostolic place. But the emperor insisted, the bishop was baptized, and his vices were hidden in the splendor of his patriarchal court. He presided at the council, which now hastened to finish its sittings. The real influence of the Council of Constantinople on the opinions of the Church was not important; its decisions were rejected at Rome and neglected by its contemporaries. The "Creed of Constantinople," which has been erroneously ascribed to it, was probably the work of Epiphanius or Gregory of Nyssa.⁽²⁾ The council condemned a vast number of heresies; it raised the see of Constantinople to the second rank in Christendom, next to Rome, and suggested the principle that the dignity of the patriarch was to be determined by the importance of the city over which he ruled. Constantinople was now second only to Rome; and as the latter declined in power, we find the bishop of the Eastern capital first claiming an equality with the ancient see, and then, finally, seeking to subject the barbarous West to his own authority by declaring himself the Universal Bishop.⁽³⁾ The emperor, Theodosius, whose vigor had controlled most of the proceedings of the council, now, as head of the Church, affirmed its authority by an imperial de-

(¹) De Broglie, v., p. 442. Gregory delivered a fine address in parting. See his congratulatory letter to Nectarius, Ep., p. 88. Migne, xxxvii., p. 162.

(²) De Broglie even adds the *filioque*, which was not heard of until a century or more later, v., p. 450, and note.

(³) Milman, Hist. Lat. Christianity, i., p. 211.

cree.⁽¹⁾ The "one hundred and fifty fathers," as they have been called, left Constantinople in the hot days of July, 381, for their various homes. The war of controversy had ceased; but the fierce disputes, the bitter invectives, the unchristian violence, and the infamous morals of many of the members of the Second Council are preserved to us by the unsparing satires of the honest but vindictive Gregory of Nazianzus.

It might seem to the Christian or the man of thought a matter of little consequence what the corrupt priests and bishops of this distant period said or imagined of their own prerogatives and powers; and no subtlety of argument can convert into a successor of the apostles the fierce and bloodthirsty Damasus,⁽²⁾ Bishop of Rome, the dissolute Patriarch of Constantinople, or the ambitious and unprincipled prelates of Antioch and Alexandria; but it may be safely said that each asserted a perfect independence of the other, and that the Bishop of Rome as yet held no general control in the exterior church. The wars and rivalries of the ambitious prelates, indeed, might almost convince us that Christian virtue had wholly died out, did not various casual notices of the historians of the time direct us to a different conclusion. The pagan, Ammianus Marcellinus, in his scornful picture of the luxury and vice of the clergy of Rome,⁽³⁾ points to a pleasing contrast in the conduct of the rural priests. They, at least, lived in a purity and simplicity worthy of the best days of the Church; they, perhaps, with their rustic congregations, were the true successors of the apostles.⁽⁴⁾ Gregory of Nazianzus and Jerome confirm and illustrate his narrative. The Church still lived among the people; and while angry bishops raged in stormy councils, or hurled anathemas against each other in haughty supremacy, the good Samaritan still softened the hearts of humble Christians; the cup of cold water was

⁽¹⁾ Hefele, ii., pp. 27, 28.

⁽²⁾ Rufinus, i., p. 10, describes the bloody scenes at Rome.

⁽³⁾ A. Thierry, Saint Jerome, i., p. 21.

⁽⁴⁾ Ammianus, xxvii., pp. 3, 14: "Tennitas edendi potandique parcissime," etc.

still given to the weary and the sad; the merciful and the meek of every land were still united in a saintly and eternal brotherhood. Christian morality began to assert a wonderful power; the people everywhere grew purer and better. The barbarous gladiatorial shows were abolished; licentious spectacles no longer pleased; the vices of paganism disappeared; the sacred bond of marriage was observed; slavery, which had destroyed the Roman republic, was tending to its decay; and some future historian of the Church, neglecting the strife of bishops and councils, may be able to trace a clear succession of apostolic virtue from the days of Gregory and Jerome to those of Wycliffe, Huss, and Luther.

The third and fourth Ecumenical Councils grew out of a fierce struggle for supremacy between the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Constantinople.⁽¹⁾ Cyril of Alexandria, violent, ambitious, and unscrupulous, ruled over a wide and prosperous patriarchate. The city of Alexandria, in the decline of the Roman empire, was still (431) the centre of letters and of trade. Rome had been ravaged and desolated by the Goth and the Vandal, and was fast sinking into a new barbarism; Constantinople, under its feeble emperors, trembled at each movement of the savage tenants of the European wilderness; but Alexandria was untouched by the barbarian, and its gifted bishop reigned supreme over the swarming population of the Egyptian diocese. He had resolved to crush Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople. It was the famous Nestorian controversy which gave rise to a Christian sect that still exists in its ancient seats. Nestorius refused to apply to the Virgin Mary the name of "Mother of God." Cyril denounced him with bitter malignity,⁽²⁾ and began a holy war which he had resolved should end in the destruction of his powerful rival. Between the two hostile patriarchs, indeed, there seems to have been little difference in character or in Christian moderation, and Nestorius⁽³⁾ had persecuted with unsparing hand

(¹) Milman, *Hist. Latin Christianity*, i., p. 160; Baronius, v., p. 682.

(²) *Conciliorum*, v., p. 6.

(³) For the cruelties of Nestorius, see Socrates, vii., p. 29.

the hapless dissidents within his see. But he had scarcely equaled the vindictive cruelty of Cyril. Alexandria had already witnessed, under the rule of its intolerant master, a severe persecution of the gentle Novatians, whose simple piety seems to have attracted the bitter hatred of the ambitious prelates of the age; and Cyril himself led a throng of fanatics to the plunder and destruction of the harmless and wealthy Jews.⁽¹⁾ Forty thousand of the unhappy Israelites were banished from the city they had enriched; and when Orestes, the Roman prefect, complained of the persecuting bishop to the emperor, a mob of monks assailed him in the street, and one of them, Ammonius, struck him on the head with a stone.⁽²⁾ The people drove off the monks, and Orestes ordered Ammonius to be put to torture. He died, but Cyril buried him with holy honors, and enrolled his name among the band of martyrs. Sober Christians, says Socrates, condemned Cyril's conduct, but a still deeper disgrace soon fell upon the Alexandrian Church from the rivalry of Cyril and Orestes. The fair Hypatia, the daughter of the philosopher Theron, had won the respect as well as the admiration of Alexandria by her beauty, her eloquence, and her modest life. With rare clearness and force she explained before splendid audiences the pure doctrines of Plato, and proved, by her refined and graceful oratory, that the gift of genius might be found in either sex. She was the rival of Cyril in eloquence, and the friend of his enemy Orestes, and her dreadful doom awoke the sympathy of Christians as well as pagans. The fierce and bigoted followers of Cyril dragged her from her carriage as she was returning to her home, tore her body to pieces, and burned her mangled limbs; and it was believed, even by Christian historians, that the jealous patriarch was not altogether innocent of a share in the doom of his gentle and accomplished rival.⁽³⁾

(1) Socrates, *Hist. Ecc.*, vii., p. 13.

(2) Gibbon exaggerates the assault into a *volley of stones*, *Decline and Fall*, iv., p. 460; but Socrates, vii., p. 14, mentions only one.

(3) Socrates, vii., p. 16, denounces the murder as an opprobrium to Cyril and the Church.

Cyril denounced and anathematized Nestorius ; Celestine, Bishop of Rome, joined him in his war against the Bishop of Constantinople, degraded Nestorius from his episcopal dignity, and asserted the divine honors of Mary as the mother of God. The feeble emperor, Theodosius the Younger, alarmed by the furious rage of his powerful prelates, but friendly to Nestorius, summoned an assembly of the Christian world to decide the nice distinction. Ephesus was chosen as a convenient place for the meeting of the Third Council, and in June, 431, the rival factions began to gather in the magnificent city of Diana, now destined to become renowned for the triumph of the holier Virgin.⁽¹⁾ Yet to the sincere Christians of this unhappy age the conduct and character of the members of the Third Council could have brought only disappointment and shame. In vain the gentle Theodosius implored his patriarchs and bishops to exercise the common virtues of forbearance and self-respect; in vain he placed over them a guard of soldiers to insure an outward peace. The streets of the magnificent city were filled with riot and bloodshed; the rival factions fought for the honor of Mary or the supremacy of the hostile sees. Cyril, violent and resolute to rule, had come from Alexandria, followed by a throng of bishops, priests, and a host of fanatics; Nestorius relied for his safety on the protection of the imperial guard; but to neither could the Christian world attribute any one of the virtues enjoined by its holy faith.⁽²⁾ The Patriarch of Alexandria refused to wait for the coming of the Oriental bishops, and at once assembled a synod of his own adherents, and proceeded to try and condemn his rival. Nestorius protested; the emperor's legate, Candidian, who asked for a delay of four days, was driven with insult from the hostile assembly. The bishops delivered their opinions; Cyril presided; and at the close of a single day Nestorius was degraded, a convicted heretic; and the city

(¹) Concil., v., p. 7. Baronius, v., p. 682, raises the number of bishops to over two hundred.

(²) Milman, *Hist. Lat. Chris.*, i., p. 133-140. For a full account of the council see Hefele, *Zweiter Band*, p. 162 *et seq.*

of Ephesus resounded with songs of triumph over the fall of the enemy of Mary.⁽¹⁾

It is painful, indeed, to contemplate the angry strife that rent the corrupt Church of this early period, yet it is not difficult to discover its cause. The Church, in its exterior form, had long been the instrument of the State; the bishops and patriarchs were the representatives of the vices and the intrigues of the imperial court. They had become earthly princes, instead of messengers from heaven. Their pomp and luxury shocked and alienated the true believer, and they had long abandoned every one of the principles of charity and benevolence inculcated by the faith they professed. The unity of the Church had been lost in the contentions of its chiefs, and even in Constantinople itself three rival bishops ruled over their separate adherents. The Cathari, or Novatians, the Protestants of this corrupt period, departing from the established church, had retained their organization ever since the age of Constantine;⁽²⁾ the pure and spotless lives of their bishops, Agelius, Chrysanthus, and Paul, formed a pleasing contrast to the vices of Nectarius or Nestorius; and the modest virtues of this persecuted sect awakened the envy and the hatred of the orthodox bishops of Rome and Constantinople. The Novatians rejected the authority of the imperial patriarch, but they observed the Nicene Creed. They lived holy lives in the midst of persecution or temptation. Chrysanthus,⁽³⁾ the Novatian bishop of Constantinople, distributed his private fortune among the poor, and his only salary was two loaves of bread on each Lord's day from the contributions of the faithful. The Novatian Ablabius was one of the most elegant and vigorous preachers of the day;⁽⁴⁾ the pious Paul was the friend of the prisoners and of the poor.⁽⁵⁾ An Arian bishop also presided at Constantinople, and in their sufferings his followers learned virtue and self-restraint. It was against

(1) Hefele, ii., p. 173: "Die Sitzung hatte von Morgens früh bis in die Nacht hinein gedauert." Nestorius was called a new Judas.

(2) Socrates, H. E., v., p. 12-21. See Sozomen, i., p. 22, for the boldness of a Novatian.

(3) Socrates, H. E., vii., p. 12.

(4) *Id.*

(5) *Id.*, p. 17.

these rival sects that Nestorius had first turned his persecuting rage. He envied the spotless fame, the general love that followed the gentle Novatian bishop, Paul, as he passed through the city to intercede for the prisoner or to relieve the sick; he destroyed the Arian churches; and he deserved, by his cruel intolerance, the fatal doom which Cyril had prepared for him at Ephesus.

But Cyril's triumphs at the council seemed about to be turned into a defeat by the arrival of John, Bishop of Antioch, and the Oriental bishops, who at once denied the validity of the condemnation of Nestorius. Two rival councils sat at the same time in the City of the Virgin,⁽¹⁾ and the streets were again filled with riot and bloodshed by the contending factions. Churches were stormed and defended; the imperial guards fled before an angry mob; and for three months Cyril and Nestorius opposed each other with an almost equal prospect of success, and with all the weapons of corruption, violence, and fraud.⁽²⁾ The Emperor Theodosius, the gentlest of rulers, was at length enraged at the vindictive fury of the holy council. He sent the disorderly prelates to their homes, and recommended them to amend by their private virtues the injury and scandal they had inflicted on the Church. But the malevolence of Cyril was insatiable. His intrigues and his bribes won over the courtiers of Constantinople; and Nestorius, the haughtiest of patriarchs except his rival, was sent into exile, and died a convicted heretic. His name and his doctrine still survive in a sect of Oriental Christians, who are perhaps the natural fruit of the persecuting spirit of Cyril and the intolerant rule of the famous Council of Ephesus.

The heresy of Nestorius gave rise to the fourth General Council, at Chalcedon, by exciting a speculation directly opposed to his own.⁽³⁾ Eutyches, an aged monk, the chief or abbot of the ascetic throng of Constantinople, and a faithful

⁽¹⁾ Baronius, v., p. 687-719, looks upon Nestorius as a raging monster—a dragon or a fiend.

⁽²⁾ Evagrius, *Hist. Ecc.*, i., pp. 4, 5.

⁽³⁾ Milman, *Hist. Latin Christianity*, i., p. 204; Gibbon, iv., p. 476.

follower of Cyril, proposed, in opposition to the two natures of Christ asserted by the Nestorians, a theory of the perfect union of the spiritual nature with the human. He was shocked to find himself denounced as a heretic, yet he boldly maintained his opinion.⁽¹⁾ Cyril was dead; his successor, Dioscorus, Patriarch of Alexandria, defended the theory of Eutyches. He was even more unscrupulous than his predecessor. His vices, his cruelty, and his ambition filled the Christian world with tumult. A synod met at Ephesus to decide the controversy. Dioscorus was present with a horde of monks, robbers, and assassins; the trembling bishops were forced by the violence of the Egyptians to adopt the opinion of Eutyches, and the "Robber Synod," as it was called, from the savage natures of its members, seemed to have fixed the rule of orthodoxy. But Leo the Great was now Bishop of Rome, and the opponent of Attila did not fear the wild anchorets of Egypt. A general council was summoned at his request, to meet in October, 451, at Chalcedon. Senators and nobles were mingled with the priestly throng to restrain their tumultuous impulses;⁽²⁾ in the magnificent church of St. Euphemia, on the shores of the Thracian Bosphorus, five hundred bishops attended; the haughty Dioscorus was tried by his peers, and convicted of innumerable vices and crimes; he was deposed from his sacred office, and the aspiring Bishop of Rome rejoiced in the fall of his powerful rival. For the first time, perhaps, the Nicene Creed was chanted as we have it to-day; the Eutychian heresy was condemned in the person of its chief defender; and various canons were passed that served to define the usages of the Church. Yet Leo's triumph was marred by a memorable incident. Among the regulations introduced by the council was one that raised the see of Constantinople to an equality, in some particulars at least, with that of Rome; it asserted that the dignity of the city deter-

(1) Concil. Chalcedonse, Labbei, viii., p. 4: "Incredibile est, quanta animi acerbitate ac rabie exarsit Eutyches." Hefele, ii., p. 361.

(2) Concil., Labbei, iv., p. 766: "Turbas comprimerent." See Evagrius, ii., p. 3.

mined that of its patriarch, and openly expressed what had been implied at the Second Council.⁽¹⁾ Leo rejected the canons with disdain; he asserted with rage and violence the primacy of Peter; but the incident is important as showing what was the opinion of this superstitious age as to the origin of the papal claims.⁽²⁾ Another result of the Council of Chalcedon was the creation of a sect, the Monophysites, who still retain the dogma condemned by the synod, and whose faith still lingers among the Copts and the Abyssinians. So powerless are councils to produce a general unity of belief!

A Bishop of Rome, Vigilius, lent his sanction to the fifth Ecumenical Council, and its general character may be inferred from the life and conduct of its head. Vigilius was the creature and the victim of the corrupt women who ruled over the court of the feeble Justinian. He was accused of having caused the death of his predecessor, the gentle Silverius; of having killed his own nephew by incessant scourging; of being a notorious murderer, stained by countless crimes. He fled from Rome, pursued by the maledictions of its people. They threw volleys of stones after him as he left the city, and cried, "Evil thou hast done to us—evil attend thee wherever thou goest!"⁽³⁾ At Constantinople he met with still worse treatment. His vacillation or his insincerity displeased his corrupt patrons; he was dragged through the streets with a rope around his neck; was shut up in the common jail, and fed on bread and water; and, at length, the unlucky pontiff, having in vain sacrificed his conscience to the tyranny of Justinian, died a miserable outcast at Syracuse.⁽⁴⁾ The papal dignity had evidently sunk low in this degenerate age; and one can not avoid contrasting the humble slave, Vigilius, with

(¹) Concil., Labbei, iv., p. 767. The Jesuit editors say "second" to Rome; but why, then, Leo's indignation?

(²) It is said that this canon was passed by a few bishops, and not by the whole council (Milman, *Hist. Lat. Christ.*, i., p. 211); but it still indicates that the papal theory was not yet established.

(³) Milman, i., p. 340 *et seq.*

(⁴) Hefele, ii., p. 824 *et seq.*, gives a full account of the council. Vigilius was forced to confirm the acts of the council.

the haughty Gregories and Innocents who ruled over monarchs and nations, and who so barbarously avenged his fate. Justinian ruled alone at the Fifth Council (553), and Pope and bishops were the servile instruments of the vicious court. The last, the sixth General Council, assembled in 680, at Constantinople. The emperor or Pope Agatho presided; a throng of bishops attended; a band of soldiers enforced good order; and a fierce anchorite of the Monothelite faith attempted to perform a miracle as a proof of the sanctity of his creed. But the dead refused to come to life under his illusive spells; the Monothelite doctrine was condemned by the united council; and the faith in the infallibility of the papacy was forever shattered by the conviction of Pope Honorius as a heretic.⁽¹⁾ If a Pope can be a heretic, how can he be infallible? If his inspiration can once fail, when can we be ever sure of his perfect truth? Or if Pope Honorius erred in becoming the patron of the Monothelite creed, may we not conclude that Pope Pius IX. is wrong in opposing free schools and a free press? The sixth General Council offers a happy precedent for a general synod of the nineteenth century.⁽²⁾

There now occurs in the course of history that solemn and instructive spectacle, the decline and death of the European intellect. Knowledge ceased to be powerful; the ignorant races subdued the intellectual; a brutal reign of violence followed; and truth, honor, probity, industry, genius, seemed to have fled forever from the nations of Europe, to find their home with the Saracen or the Turk. From the seventh to the twelfth century the Arabs were the only progressive race. In Europe, by a strange perversion of common reason, to labor was held dishonorable; to rob the laborer was held the privilege of noble birth.⁽³⁾ The feudal system was a not unskillful device to maintain a warrior caste at the cost of the labor-

⁽¹⁾ Mosheim, i., p. 536, and note; Milman, *Lat. Christianity*, ii., p. 137.

⁽²⁾ For the authorities on the condemnation of Honorius see Hefele, *Con.*, iii., p. 264-284. The support of heresy, Honorius was vigorously anathematized.

⁽³⁾ The Middle-age chroniclers seem to have hated the working-class intensely. See Commynes, v., p. 5; Monstrelet.

ing class ; and the merchant, the scholar, the mechanic, and the inventor became serfs or villeins, whose scanty earnings were freely snatched from them to sustain the indolent license of their warrior lords.⁽¹⁾ Industry died out, and with it fell its natural offspring—the intellect. The warrior caste could neither read nor write ; the miserable serfs had no leisure for mental improvement ; while priests, monks, and bishops abandoned the study of classic literature, and, when they could read, employed their idle hours in conning their breviaries or in spelling out miraculous legends of the saints. In this dark period grew up the monastic system, the worship of images and relics, the adoration of Mary, the supremacy of Rome.

Heresies, indeed, had ceased to exist, except the greatest of them all, the papal assumption ; and general councils were no longer held. A chain of circumstances had tended to make Rome the master of the intellect and the conscience of Europe. Its ancient rivals, the Patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, had sunk into feeble subjects of the followers of Mohammed. No Cyril any longer thundered his anathemas from amidst his swarming hosts of Egyptian monks and bishops ; no vigorous opponents of the papal assumptions arose among the persecuted Christians of Syria and the East. A feeble patriarch reigned at Constantinople, who faintly defied his Italian brother, and chanted an uninterpolated creed ;⁽²⁾ but the whole Western world obeyed implicitly the spiritual tyrant at Rome, and the pure faith and morality of the age were lost to sight, and were hidden, perhaps, in the cottages of the Vaudois and amidst the glens and defiles of the Pyrenees.

The monastic system had now assumed a strange and overwhelming importance. Rome ruled by its monasteries, and over every part of Europe a countless throng of these clerical fortresses had arisen, engrossing the richest lands, drawing in the young and ardent, cultivating the grossest superstition, and

(¹) The Norman knights gave away carpenters and blacksmiths as presents. See Ingulphus, p. 174. The Norman kings sometimes presented their courtiers with a wealthy merchant.

(²) The Latins now added the *filioque*.

forming, from Monte Casino to Croyland or Melrose, the firmest defense of the papal rule. In the third century a Paul and an Anthony, the famous solitaries of Egypt, had begun the system by their example of a perfect seclusion from the world, and often the gentle hermits were the purest, if not the most useful, of their race.⁽¹⁾ A pale, slight, sickly, but impassioned and gifted missionary of the new practice, the austere, the bitter Jerome, had defended and propagated monasticism by his vigorous pen and his holy life.⁽²⁾ But Jerome at least taught his followers to labor with their hands, to dress plainly but neatly, to read, perhaps to think.⁽³⁾ A Benedict and Pope Gregory the Great helped to spread the system over the West. Its rules of austerity, seclusion, celibacy, and ignorance grew rigid and immovable, and the monastery became the model of the Roman Church. Celibacy, which had been condemned by the gentle ascetic Paphnutius at the Council of Nice, who proclaimed marriage honorable, was now enforced upon every priest.⁽⁴⁾ The iron Hildebrand tore wives from their husbands, destroyed the happiness of countless families, and denounced the married clergy in every land: the priest was converted into a monk. The Roman Church demanded a perfect submission from its servants. But the monastic system, which had seemed so harmless or so meritorious in its earlier adherents, began now to show its more dangerous aspect. Monasteries and nunneries filled the cities and the open country of Europe. They possessed half the arable land of England, and drew in the wealth of Germany and France. They grew rich by bequests and charities, lawsuits, forgeries, and fraud.⁽⁵⁾ The monks were noted for their avarice, indolence, license,

(1) The monks cultivated at first the useful arts. Sozomen, *Hist. Ecc.*, i., p. 12.

(2) See A. Thierry's *Saint Jerome*, i., p. 145. An excellent portrait.

(3) See Jerome, *Regula Monachorum*, cap. xiv.: "Si monachus esse vis, non videri," etc. They were to dress plainly, cap. xvii., to plant, to sow, to labor.

(4) Sozomen, i., p. 23.

(5) The forged charters and perpetual lawsuits of Croyland show how the acute abbots enlarged their wealth. Ingulphus, *Chron.*, *Introduct.*

and encroaching pride. They crushed literature, discouraged industry, despised the claims of labor; and no burden pressed more heavily upon the working-men of the Middle Ages than the general prevalence of the monastic system. A selfish and useless isolation made the monks the prey of idle fancies and superstitious dreams. They sustained the worship of images against the common-sense of Leo and Charlemagne, asserted the claims of the Virgin, and defended the tyranny of the Pope. A monk invented the Spanish Inquisition; another founded that of Rome; one produced the massacre of St. Bartholomew; a Jesuit drove the Huguenots from France; and scarcely one of those horrible persecutions and bloody wars that have made the name of Rome odious among nations but may be traced to the bitter and blind superstition engendered by the monkish rule.

A still darker infamy surrounded the convent and the nunnery.⁽¹⁾ Within their gloomy walls the abbot or superior reigned supreme; no person was permitted to hold intercourse with the monks and nuns; their nearest relatives were excluded forever from their sight; a severe discipline made them the slaves of the abbot or the confessor, and deeds of violence and crime, faintly whispered in the public ear, increased the unpopularity of the monastic system. At length, in the sixteenth century, the mighty voice of Luther awakened attention to the growing enormity; nation after nation threw off the terrible superstition, broke up its monasteries, and drove their swarming population to useful labor. Italy has just expelled its monks, to turn the monasteries into almshouses and public schools; Spain follows in its path; and it is possible that these dangerous prisons of the young and the fair may be permitted to exist in all their mediæval enormity only on the free soil of America or on the streets of Cracow. It seems, indeed, unsafe that they should be suffered to multiply anywhere, unless placed under the constant supervision of the State.

⁽¹⁾ For the gay license of Port Royal see Sainte-Beuve, *Port Royal*, i. For a darker picture of an early period, Harduin, *Con.*, i., p. 1398.

From the seventh to the sixteenth century the monks ruled the world. The haughtiest and most hated of the Popes, a Hildebrand or an Innocent III., were monks, and every assembly of the papal bishops was controlled in its deliberations by the monkish rule. In a Seventh Council (746), whose ecumenicity might well be admitted, image-worship was condemned, and images declared the instruments of Satan.⁽¹⁾ The monks rebelled; the Pope led them against the emperor and the Church; a new council was assembled at Nice; and the indispensable idols were restored and defended in language that was adopted in the Council of Trent. Charlemagne dictated, he could not write, four books against the popular superstition, and the bishops of the East and the West seem to have sustained the imperial faith; yet the monks and the Popes were successful, after a conflict of a century.⁽²⁾ We have no space to notice the various papal councils of this dark period; the warrior caste of the Middle Ages submitted devoutly to the monkish rule; and a war of extermination was incessantly waged against that large body of enlightened and humble Christians who, under the name of Vaudois, Lollards, or Cathari, seem in every age to have preserved the pure traits of the Gospel faith. At length, however, a council was held whose important results deserve a momentary attention. Pope Urban II., in 1095, assembled at Clermont and Placentia an immense host of priests, knights, nobles, and princes, and preached in glowing eloquence the duty of snatching the Holy Places from the control of the iconoclastic Saracens. Europe caught his superstitious ardor, and for more than two centuries continued to pour forth its wealth of manly and martial vigor in a wasteful frenzy on the plains of Syria. The Curtian gulf was never filled. The energy of nations, which, if directed to honest labor and practical improvement, might have civilized and cultivated the world, was squandered in obedience to the cruel suggestions of a monkish dreamer. The Cathari or dissenters wrote, spoke, or preached against the wild delusion; they asserted that the Christian

⁽¹⁾ Milman, *Hist. Lat. Christ.*, ii., p. 171.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*, ii., p. 184.

had no right to kill even a Saracen, and that the true way of spreading the Gospel in the East was by the gentle persuasion of a holy life. Their remonstrances were answered by the rude denunciations of the papal preachers, by the whip, the torture, and the stake. War and bloodshed became the chief employment of the Papal Church and its martial adherents, and for two centuries the Popes maintained their place at the head of Christendom by exciting general massacres of the Protestants of Provence or Piedmont, and by driving the young generations of Europe to the charnel-house of the East.

One of the most startling effects of this monkish delusion was the Crusade of the little children. A band of fifty thousand children from Germany and France set out in 1212 to redeem the Holy Sepulchre. A peasant child of Vendome first assumed the cross in France, and soon an increasing throng of boys and girls gathered around him as he passed from Paris to the South, and with a touching simplicity declared that they meant to go to Jerusalem to deliver the sepulchre of the Saviour.⁽¹⁾ Their parents and relations in vain endeavored to dissuade them; they escaped from their homes; they wandered away without money or means of subsistence; and they believed that a miracle would dry up the Mediterranean Sea and enable them to pass safely to the shores of Syria. At length a body of seven thousand of the French children reached Marseilles, and here they met with a strange and unlooked-for doom. At Marseilles were slave-traders who were accustomed to purchase or steal children in order to sell them to the Saracens. Two of these monsters, Ferrers and Porcus, engaged to take the young Crusaders to the Holy Land without charge, and they set sail in seven ships for the East.⁽²⁾ Two of the vessels were sunk on the passage with all their passengers; the others arrived safely, and the unhappy children were sold by their betrayers in the slave-markets of Al-

(¹) This strange event is well attested. See *Geschichte der Kreuzzüge*, Wilken, vi., p. 7: "So wunderbar diese Erscheinung war, so ist sie doch durch die Zeugnisse glaubwürdiger Geschichtschreiber so fest begründet," etc. And Michaud, ii., p. 202.

(²) Wilken, vi., pp. 81, 82.

exandria or Cairo. Other large bodies of children came from Germany across the Alps. Many perished from hunger, heat, disease; a few were enabled to die on the sacred soil of Syria; and it is estimated that fifty thousand of the flower of European youth were lost in this most remarkable of the Crusades.⁽¹⁾

Constance, the scene of the next important council, stands on the shore of that lovely lake that feeds the romantic Rhine. It has long sunk into decay. In the last century the grass was growing in its principal street.⁽²⁾ Its air of desolation and decline formed a striking contrast to the busy Swiss towns on the neighboring lakes, and it still slumbers under the fatal influence of a Catholic rule. The only noted spots in Constance are a dark dungeon, a few feet square, in which John Huss was confined, the rude Gothic hall where he was tried, the minister where he was condemned, the place where he was burned, the swift-flowing river into which his ashes were cast, and which his persecutors hoped would bear away all that remained of their illustrious victim into endless oblivion. Vain hope! Warriors and princes, priests, abbots, monks, conspired to blot from existence a single faint and feeble being, a child of poverty and toil. They burned his books; they cast his ashes into the Rhine. And to-day all Bohemia assembles to do honor to the names of Huss and his disciple Jerome, and to carry into execution the principles of freedom and progress they advocated four centuries ago.

The Council of Constance met in 1414. Three rival Popes were then contesting each other's claim to the papacy.⁽³⁾ Each Pope had his adherents, and for nearly forty years priests, rulers, and laity had lived in doubt as to the true successor of St. Peter. It was plain that there could not be three infallible potentates on the same throne; yet each pretender asserted his claim with equal vigor. Gregory, Benedict, and John

(¹) Michaud, iii., p. 441.

(²) Coxe, *Travels in Switzerland*, Letter iii. The dungeon is eight feet long, six broad.

(³) *Concilium Constantiensis*, Labbe, xvi., p. 4 *et seq.* The Council of Pisa had attempted in vain to remove the schism, 1410. See Lenfant, *Pise*.

launched anathemas against each other; and a generation lived and died uncertain whether it had not adored and obeyed an heretical Pope.⁽¹⁾ John XXIII., in the opinion of his age one of the most abandoned of men, was persuaded or entrapped by the cardinals and the emperor into summoning a general council; and Constance, on the borders of Switzerland and Germany, was selected as the place of meeting. The council met at a period of singular interest in history.⁽²⁾ Not only was the papacy divided between three Popes, but that strong and wide opposition to the papal and the monkish rule which seems to have existed in every age was now showing itself in unusual strength. England was half converted to the doctrines of Wycliffe; Bohemia and its king shared the free opinions of Huss; the new literature of Italy was skeptical or indifferent; France and Germany were already shocked at the vices of the monks; while industry and commerce were rapidly introducing ideas of human equality that must finally destroy the supremacy of the feudal lords. The warrior caste as well as the priestly was threatened by the religious reformers, and both united vigorously at the Council of Constance to crush the progress of revolution.⁽³⁾ They strove to rebuild and reanimate the established Church, to intimidate the reformers, and to destroy forever the rising hopes of the people.

For the moment they succeeded. The Council of Constance was the most splendid gathering of priests and princes Europe had ever seen. The Emperor Sigismund attended its sittings, with all the German chiefs and prelates. The Pope, John XXIII., came, followed by a throng of Italian cardinals and bishops, hoping to control its proceedings. Almost every European sovereign was represented by an ambassador.⁽⁴⁾ The little city of Constance shone with the pomp of royal and noble retinues, with the red robes of cardinals, and the ermine and jewels of ecclesiastical princes; riot and license filled its

(¹) Labbe, *Con.*, xvi., p. 4.

(²) Lenfant, *Histoire du Concile de Constance*, Preface.

(³) Lenfant notices the influence of the laity on the council.

(⁴) Lenfant, Preface, p. 21. There were 150 bishops, 100 abbots, 30 cardinals, 3 patriarchs.

streets; and the Council of Constance was noted for the corrupt morals of its members, and the shameless conduct of the prelates of the established Church. Its sittings began November, 1414, and continued until April, 1418. Its proceedings were marked by a singular boldness. It deposed John XXIII. for his notorious vices and his alleged contumacy; removed Gregory and Benedict; and elected a new Pope, Martin V., who was finally acknowledged by all Europe as the successor of St. Peter. It declared that the council was superior to the Pope,⁽¹⁾ and heard with attention the eloquent sermon of Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, in which he defended the privileges of a united Christendom against the claims of the Bishop of Rome. It provided that a general council should be summoned every five or seven years; and it strove to limit the rapacity of Rome by relieving the clergy from its exactions. In order to prevent the undue influence of the Italians, the council divided all its members into four nations or classes; each nation had a single vote, and a majority determined the result. These revolutionary movements have made the Council of Constance odious to the succeeding Popes. Its canons have been disregarded, its authority denied; and no devout Roman Catholic would now venture to assert what was plainly the opinion of the Roman Church in the dawn of the fifteenth century, that the Pope is inferior to the council.

Having ended the schism in the Papal Church, the Council of Constance next proceeded to crush heresy and reform. To the corrupt monks and priests of that barbarous age the chief of heretics was the pure and gentle Huss. A child of poverty, educated among the people, John Huss had come, a poor scholar, to the famous University of Prague.⁽²⁾ His mother brought him from his native village to be matriculated, and on the road fell on her knees and recommended him to Heaven. Maintained by charity, he studied with ardor; his mind

(¹) Lenfant, i., p. 22, Preface; Labbe, Con., xvi., p. 8. Gregory and Benedict do not admit its claims.

(²) Lenfant, i., p. 24.

was fed with scholastic learning; he became a preacher, vigorous and original; and in the Chapel of Bethlehem crowded congregations listened to the inspired lessons of the ardent priest. Huss had early formed a clear conception of a living Antichrist, a creature made up of blasphemy and hypocrisy, of corruption and crime; and of a pure and lovely form, the Church of the early age.⁽¹⁾ To the one he gave all his love and confidence, to the other an undying hate. The Antichrist was Rome. The vices and stupid ignorance of the monks, the shameless license of the clergy, the insolent pride of the bishops, the rivalry of the contending Popes, convinced the ardent reformer that the established Church had long ceased to be Christian. He inveighed in vigorous sermons and treatises against every form of corruption. He denounced the monks and the Popes, indulgences, Crusades, and a thousand enormities. Jerome of Prague, who had lived at Oxford, brought him over the writings of Wycliffe, and the two friends studied and profited by the clear sense of the English reformer.

At length the poor charity scholar became the most eminent man of his time. His native land acknowledged his merit, and all Bohemia adopted the opinions of its gifted son. The king and queen were his warm friends, and the nobility and the commons caught the ardor of reform.⁽²⁾ Huss was made rector of that great university, at that time the rival of those of Paris and Oxford, where he had won his education; and Prague became the centre of a strong impulse toward progress that was felt in every part of Europe. The doctrines and the Bible of Wycliffe were expounded at the only great seat of learning in Germany; England and Bohemia, united by friendly ties, seemed about to throw off the papal rule; the vigor of Huss, the genius of Jerome, had nearly anticipated the era of Luther. But it was too soon. The priestly caste and its ignorant instrument, the warrior caste, united to destroy the first elements of reformation, and the monks and

(¹) See Huss, *Opuscula*, p. 14-23, where he paints the face and form of Antichrist, its mouth, neck, arms, tail.

(²) Leufant, i., p. 34.

bishops pursued Huss and his followers with their bitterest malignity. The Archbishop of Prague denounced him as a heretic, the Pope excommunicated him; but Huss might still have escaped, supported by his sovereign, Wenceslaus, and the admiration of his countrymen, had he not been betrayed into the power of his foes. The Council of Constance met and summoned the reformer before its hostile tribunal. The chief vice of this infamous assembly was its shameless duplicity. The sentiment of honor, which we are sometimes told was the distinguishing mark of this age of chivalry, was plainly unknown to every one of the princes, knights, or priests who made up the splendid council. They deceived the Popes; they corrupted the feeble honesty of the Emperor Sigismund; they openly adopted the rule that no faith was to be kept with heretics;⁽¹⁾ they pledged the Roman Church to a system of perpetual falsehood and deceit.

Huss was now in the full splendor of his renown. His name was illustrious throughout Europe, and his eminent talents and spotless life had made him the pride and oracle of Bohemia.⁽²⁾ He was nearly forty years of age. His appearance was fine, his countenance mild and engaging. His prominent features, his clear and well-cut profile, have in them an Oriental air. He wore his hair and beard carefully trimmed, and dressed in neat scholastic attire. In the society of fair women, kings, and princes his manners had become polished, his carriage singularly attractive; and his natural gentleness and piety threw around him an irresistible charm. As Rector of the University of Prague he held a position in the eyes of the world not inferior to that of many princes and nobles; but in all his prosperity he had ever been noted for his humility and his kindly grace. He lived above the world, and knew none of its inferior impulses. Yet had he not been able to avoid making many enemies. He had offended bitterly the

(1) "Nec aliqua sibi fides aut promissio de jure naturali, divino, et humano fuerit in prejudicium Catholicæ fidei observanda." See Hallam, *Mid. Ages*, p. 398.

(2) The Jesuit editors, Labbe, *Con.*, xvi., p. 4, insinuate *simulatione sanctitatis*, etc.

German students and professors at Prague, and they had withdrawn, in number about five thousand, to found the rival college at Leipsic. He was the chief of the metaphysical faction of the Realists; the Germans and the French were chiefly Nominalists; and in the fierce quarrels that raged between the two scholastic parties a hatred even to death often grew up between the opposing chiefs. The rectors of the University of Paris (Gerson) and of Leipsic (John Hoffman) looked on their opponent at Prague as abominable and accursed; and the Nominalists afterward boasted that the death of Huss was due to them alone. So brutal was the age that men killed each other for some shadowy difference in metaphysics!

Gerson was the chief theologian of the time, the new founder of the liberties of the Gallican Church. Yet he took part in all the frauds of the Council of Constance, saw his illustrious fellow-rector pine in a horrible dungeon and die at the stake, and aided in his destruction. The Rector of the University of Leipsic also shared in the worst acts of the council. The crimes of nobles and priests were instigated by the most eminent Catholic scholars, and the principles of elevated churchmen were no more humane than had been those of their Gothic ancestors, or the barbarians of a Feejee island. To such men the mild purity of Huss and Jerome was a perpetual reproach. They could not endure their existence upon the same earth. They strove to extirpate them forever, and cast their ashes into the rapid Rhine.

Fearless of their enmity, and strong in his consciousness of innocence, sustained by the friendship of his king and his country, and, above all, provided with a safe-conduct from the Emperor Sigismund, Huss set out from Prague in October to obey the summons of the council.⁽¹⁾ As he passed through Germany he was met and welcomed by immense throngs of the people. He was received everywhere as the champion of human rights. Men came to gaze on him as on a benefactor. Even the German ecclesiastics, it is said, saluted respectfully the arch-heretic. He passed safely through Nuremberg, at-

(1) Lenfant, Constance, i., p. 39.

tended by a guard of honor, and entered Constance almost in triumph.⁽¹⁾ He evidently feared no danger. He even imprudently defended the doctrines of Wycliffe in the midst of angry monks and priests, and courted their malignity. The Pope, however, John XXIII., had sworn to protect him, the Emperor Sigismund was bound for his safety, and all Bohemia watched over the life of Huss. But the rule had been adopted that no faith was to be kept with heretics. Within a few days after his arrival Huss was seized, cast into the horrible dungeon of the Dominican convent, and fastened by a chain to the floor.⁽²⁾

He was now in the toils of Antichrist, and was to feel all the extreme malice of the fearful being he had so often imagined or described. Its falsehood, its baseness, its savage and unsparing cruelty, he was now to realize, if never before. The Emperor Sigismund came to Constance soon after Huss's imprisonment, and remonstrated feebly against the violation of his safe-conduct; but the chiefs of the council soon convinced him that the Church would spare no heretic, and Huss was left to languish in his dungeon.⁽³⁾ Articles of accusation were drawn up against him; false witnesses were brought to convict him of crimes he had never committed; he was persecuted with incessant questions; and for more than six months the great orator and scholar pined in a dreadful confinement. At length, on the 6th of July, 1415, he was dragged from his dungeon and led out to condemnation and death.

The council assembled in that sombre and massive minster whose gloomy pile still frowns over the silent streets of Constance.⁽⁴⁾ The Emperor Sigismund presided, surrounded by his temporal and spiritual peers. A throng of cardinals, bishops, and priests assembled to take part in the proceedings, and to exult over the doom of one whose holy life seemed a perpetual reproach to their notorious profligacy and corruption.

(¹) Lenfant, i., pp. 39, 40.

(²) *Id.*, i., p. 60; Coxe, *Travels in Switzerland*, Let.

(³) Lenfant, i., p. 76.

(⁴) *Id.*, i., p. 401.

The church was filled in every part with eager spectators. It had been carefully arranged for that singular ceremonial with which the holy fathers intended to degrade their victim from his priesthood before they delivered him over to the secular power. In the midst rose a platform, on which were placed the robes and ornaments of a priest, and where Huss was to be robed and disrobed in presence of all the people. A solemn mass was performed, and while emperor and priest bowed in adoration, their victim was kept waiting at the door under a guard of soldiers, lest his presence might desecrate the sacred rite.⁽¹⁾ He was then led in, pale, faint, and worn with a terrible imprisonment, and ascended the platform. Here he knelt in audible prayer, while the Bishop of Lodi delivered a sermon on the enormity of heresy; and as the prelate finished his vindictive denunciation, he pointed to the feeble victim; he turned to the powerful emperor and cried out, "Destroy this obstinate heretic!"

A perfect silence reigned throughout the immense assembly. Various proceedings followed. The charges against Huss were read, but he was scarcely permitted to reply to them. He listened on his knees, his hands raised to heaven. Once he mentioned aloud his safe-conduct that had been so shamefully violated, and turned his sad eyes upon the emperor. A deep blush spread over Sigismund's face; he was strongly moved. It is said that long after, when, at the Diet of Worms, Charles V. was urged to violate Luther's safe-conduct, he replied, "I do not wish to blush like my predecessor Sigismund." Yet the anecdote can hardly be authentic, for Charles was never known to blush for any one of his dishonorable deeds. Sentence of degradation was next pronounced against Huss. The priests appointed for that duty at once approached him, put on him the priestly robes, and then took them off. They then placed on his head a paper crown, on which were painted three demons of frightful aspect, and on it was inscribed, "Chief of the Heretics." Huss said to them, "It is less painful than a crown of thorns." They mocked

(¹) Lenfant, i., p. 401.

him with bitter raillery, and then led him away to execution.⁽¹⁾

He went from the church to the place of execution guarded by the officers of justice. Behind him came, in a long procession, the emperor, the prince palatine, their courtiers, and eight hundred soldiers. A vast throng of people followed, who would not be turned back. As Huss passed the episcopal palace he saw that they were already burning his books, and smiled at the malice of his enemies. He was bound to the stake, and the wood piled up around him. Before the pile was lighted the elector palatine advanced and asked him to recant and save his life. He refused. He prayed, and all the multitude prayed with him. The fire was lighted; he raised his arms and eyes toward heaven, and as the flames ascended he was heard joyfully singing a hymn of praise. Higher, higher rose his dying chant, until his voice mingled with the songs of angels above.⁽²⁾

The ashes of John Huss, his clothes, and even his simple furniture, were cast into the Rhine, lest his followers, might preserve them as relics of the martyr. But the Bohemians afterward gathered the earth on which he suffered, and carried it away. His friend, Jerome of Prague, was burned the next year, by order of the Council of Constance. A scholar, a man of classic refinement and feeling, the learned Poggio, heard his eloquent defense before the council, witnessed his happy martyrdom, and declared that Jerome had revived in his genius and his philosophy the highest excellence of Greece and Rome: the modern pagan did not perceive how he had surpassed it. Bohemia has never ceased to lament and honor her gifted sons, and the world is just becoming deeply conscious of what it owes to Huss and Jerome of Prague, the forerunners of Luther.

In July, 1431, a council assembled at Basle still more revolutionary in its character than that of Constance.⁽³⁾ The Pope,

⁽¹⁾ Lenfant, i., p. 408.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*, i., p. 415: "His voice sounded cheerfully above the flames."

⁽³⁾ *Id.*, Council of Basle; Mosheim, ii., p. 502.

Eugenius IV., attempted to dissolve the council; the council deposed the Pope, and elected another in his place. A long controversy followed, and a new schism in the Roman Church. Eugenius summoned a council of his own adherents, and thus two popes and two councils contended for the supremacy of the Christian world. But the quarrel was terminated by the triumph of the papal faction. At the Council of Basle was planned a temporary union between the Latin and the Greek churches, which soon ended in their complete separation. The bold effort of this great council to control the papacy wholly failed, and from its dissolution Rome gained new strength. Each succeeding Pope enlarged his authority, defied public opinion, opposed every effort to reform the Church, and threw the shield of his infallibility over the vices and disorders of the clergy. The monks again ruled mankind. The Dominicans invented the Spanish Inquisition, and persecuted heretics with subtle malice. Convents and nunneries became centres of corruption, and the favorite subject of the satires of Chaucer, of Rabelais, of Erasmus, or of Luther is the degraded and dissolute monk.

At length the Reformation came. The conscience of mankind, which had been apparently forever suppressed with the martyrdom of Huss and Jerome, found a new expression in the commanding genius of Luther, and the intellect of Europe awoke at his powerful summons.⁽¹⁾ He dissolved the spell of monkish delusion and tyranny. He consolidated into a powerful party that wide but disunited opposition which almost from the age of Constantine had looked with horror and shame upon the pride and corruption of the established Church. The pure and the good of every land—the spiritual descendants of the Cathari, the Albigenses, the Vaudois, or the Wycliffites; the humble and gentle Christians of Bohemia, France, and even of Italy and Spain—now ventured to unite in a generous hope that the reign of Antichrist was

(1) Pallavicino (*Bibliotheca Classica Sacra*, Roma, 1847, *Istoria*, etc.) thinks the Hussites and the Waldenses blot on the fair face of the Church that should long ago have been extirpated, i., p. 79.

over.⁽¹⁾ Tradition and false miracles, the indulgences, the worship of images and saints, the idolatry of the mass, the horrors of the monastic system, seemed about to pass swiftly away before the voice of reason and of conscience; the pure faith and practice of the Gospel seemed ready to descend again on man. In the year 1540 a general and peaceable reformation of the whole Christian world was possible. Already Spain itself was filled with Protestants, Italy was sighing for a purer faith, the Scriptures were studied, and reform demanded in Rome and Naples.⁽²⁾ France was eager for religious progress; the vigorous North was already purified and set free; and had some wise and gentle spirit controlled the papal councils, some pure Erasmus or a generous Pole, and from the Roman throne breathed peace and good-will to man, an age of unprecedented progress might have opened upon the world. The warrior caste which had so long preyed upon the people would have sunk into decay. The priestly caste would have lost its vices and its pride. The industrial classes, which in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, formed the chief part of the reformers, might have risen to control the State, and Europe would have been free.

The next, the last great papal council—the most mischievous of them all—came to destroy the rising hopes of mankind. It breathed war, not peace. It spread irreconcilable enmity among nations. It leagued the warriors and the priests in a deadly assault upon the working-man. It declared war against the factory and the workshop, the printing-press and the school. It crushed the industry of Italy and Spain; it banished the frugal and thoughtful Huguenots from France; it strove in vain to make Holland a desolate waste, and to blight in its serpent folds the rising intellect of England; it aimed vain blows at the genius of Germany and the North; it held in bondage for three miserable centuries the mind of

(1) Pallavicino, i., p. 99: "Sequaci di Giovanni Huss condannato," etc.

(2) Among the noted Italian reformers were Peter Martyr, Bishop Vergerio and his brother, his friend Spira. See Middleton, *Evan. Biog.*, i., p. 510; Sarpi, i., p. 101 *et seq.*; Ranke, *Hist. Popes*, i., p. 70 *et seq.*

the decaying South. To the Council of Trent,⁽¹⁾ by an easy deduction, may be traced the great war which Charles V. waged against his German subjects, and the disastrous crusades of his son Philip against the Netherlands and Queen Elizabeth; the wild rancor of the League and the Guises; the persecutions, worse than those of Diocletian, of Louis XIV.; the Thirty Years' War, in which Wallenstein and Tilly made half Germany a blood-stained wilderness; the fatal bigotry of Austria; the tyranny of Spain. It was a flame of discord, a harbinger of strife; and to the student of history no spectacle is more startling than that torrent of woe which descended upon mankind from the deliberations and the anathemas of a scanty gathering of bishops and Jesuits in the rocky heights of the Tyrol.

In 1542 the moment of hope had passed. The Pope, Paul III., decreed death to the heretic and the reformer. Loyola and the Jesuits ruled at Rome, and the doctrine of passive obedience became the single principle of the papal faith. The Inquisition was rapidly exterminating every trace of opposition to the hierarchy in Italy; a dead and dull submission reigned in Venice or in Rome; and the papal missionaries, exulting in their success at home, trusted soon to carry the effective teaching of the Holy Office into the rebellious cities of Germany and the North. With what joy would they see Luther and Melanchthon chained to the stake, like Huss and Jerome! How proudly should the papal legions sweep over the land of Zwingli and the home of Calvin! With such fond anticipations, a league for the extirpation of heresy was formed between the Pope, Paul III., and the Emperor, Charles V. The decrees of the Council of Trent were to be enforced by the arms of the two contracting parties; the Protestants of Germany were to be the earliest victims of the alliance; and all who had apostatized from the ancient faith were to be compelled to return to the bosom of the Holy See.⁽²⁾ The

(1) Concils von Trient Canones und Beschlüsse, von D. Wilhelm Smets, an authorized edition, gives all the proceedings; Sarpi and Pallavicino the history.

(2) Robertson, Charles V., book viii.

meaning of this famous compact between the Bishop of Rome and the emperor can not be misunderstood. It was a project to crush freedom of thought and religious progress by wars and massacre, the rack and the stake; an effort to make the papal Inquisition universal.

If, as has been done by some modern historians and most of the Romish writers who have described the Council of Trent to the present age, we could separate it wholly from the history of its period, and look upon it merely as the gathering of a few bishops of more or less learning and piety anxious only to fix the faith of their Church and to define the form of their belief,⁽¹⁾ we might excuse its rash judgments, its imprudent conservatism, and the intolerance of its countless anathemas; we might submit with a smile to hear the doctrines of Luther and the Bible pronounced forever accursed, and to be commanded to pay a deep reverence to images under the penalty of excommunication;⁽²⁾ we might pardon the critical blindness, if not the want of taste, that placed the Book of Tobit on a level with the Gospel of St. John;⁽³⁾ we might remember only as examples of monkish superstition in the sixteenth century the attempt to chain the press,⁽⁴⁾ to promote the sale of indulgences,⁽⁵⁾ the strange theory of the mass, the feeble reasoning on the sacraments; and we could admit that, under the irresistible influence of that impulse toward reform begun by the anathematized heretics, the council strove honestly to correct some of the errors of the Romish Church. But, unhappily for mankind, the Council of Trent had a far less innocent purpose. Its chief promoters were men who had already resolved on the destruction of its opponents. Every member of the synod knew that the principles it laid down, the practices it enjoined, were rejected and condemned by a large part

(1) Hallam, *Lit. Europe*, ii. p. 361, n., treats it merely as an intellectual agent. He does not allude to its results.

(2) "Et nunc etiam damnat ecclesia," *Sessio xxv.*, *De Veneratione Sanctorum*, etc.

(3) *Sessio iv.*, *De Canonicis Scripturis*.

(4) *De Libris Prohibitis*, *Reg. ii.*, p. 3 *et seq.*

(5) *Sessio xxv.*, *Decretum de Indulgentibus*.

of the Christian world; that they could only be enforced by fire and the sword; that they were about to be the occasion of a bitter war between the reformers and the papal faction; that every anathema uttered by the council would be written in letters of blood upon every Protestant land. Yet its members proceeded calmly with their labors. They rejected every plan of compromise, every sentiment of mercy. They refused to listen to the tolerant suggestions of the Gallican Church. They obeyed every intimation of the Pope and the Jesuits; and they were plainly prepared to bind to the stake not some eloquent Jerome or spotless Huss alone, but whole nations and generations of reformers.

At Trent among the snow-clad hills of the Tyrol, on the banks of the rapid Athesis, the papal legates and a few bishops assembled in December, 1545, and Cardinal Del Monte, afterward Pope Julius III., presided at its first session. A second was held in January, when only forty-three members attended. At the third, February 4th, 1546, the Nicene Creed was recited with its modern additions. But with the fourth session, April 18th, 1546, the business of the council began by an authoritative determination of the foundations of the Roman faith; and it was decided, in a scanty assembly of forty-eight Italian, German, and Spanish bishops, a few cardinals, and the papal legates, that the Scriptures and tradition, the Old Testament with the apocryphal books, the New Testament, and the opinions of the fathers, were the equal and the only sources of religious knowledge.⁽¹⁾ But it was carefully enjoined, at the same time, under severe penalties, that none but the Church should define the meaning of the sacred writings. All private judgment was forbidden; and whoever ventured to think for himself was to be punished by the legal authorities.⁽²⁾ Upon this broad but unstable foundation the council now proceeded to erect that religious system which for three centuries has ruled at Rome. The Pope was su-

⁽¹⁾ Sessio iv., *Decretum de Canonicis Scripturis*.

⁽²⁾ "Qui contravenerint—pœnis a jure statutis puniantur." See Pallavicino, iii., p. 261-272.

preme at Trent through his acute agents ; and however vigorous the opposition might appear, every decision of the assembly was prepared at Rome, and was carried through the council by the controlling influence of the legates, the Jesuits, and the Italian bishops. It was Paul III., Loyola, and Caraffa who spoke in the name of the Church.

The sessions continued until April, 1547, when, on the pretext that an epidemic disease was prevailing in Trent, the Pope issued a bull transferring the council to Bologna, within his own territories, where it would be more perfectly under his control. The legates and the papal party obeyed the mandate, but Charles V. ordered his German bishops to remain at Trent. The schism continued until Paul died, when his successor, Julius III., once more convened the assembly at Trent.⁽¹⁾ It remained in session until April, 1552, when the success of Protestant arms in Germany and the brilliant exploits of the Elector Maurice drove the bishops in alarm from their dangerous locality.⁽²⁾ The council was prorogued or dissolved ; and for ten years the doctrines of the Papal Church remained hidden undefined in the bosom of Rome. They were years filled with remarkable events. The order of the Jesuits became a great power in Europe, and its acute and unscrupulous members had instilled into the minds of princes and priests the doctrine of passive obedience to Rome, and of relentless war against heresy. Loyola guided the policy of the Papal Church. In France a war broke out between the Huguenots and their oppressors, of which the result was not to be determined for many years, but which finally united the French bishops in hostility to reform. A great triumph was achieved by the papal party in England, that was followed by a signal overthrow. Mary succeeded to the English throne, and as the wife of Philip II. gave back her realm, filled with the blood of the martyrs, to the Papal See. But, in 1558, Mary died childless ; and Elizabeth, the representative of a Protestant nation, defied the anathemas of the Pope. Philip II. was now

(¹) See *Bulla Resumptionis*—Julio III., Smets.

(²) *Sessio xvi.*, *Decretum Suspensionis*, etc.

enforcing the decrees of the earlier Council of Trent upon the unhappy Netherlands, and the Prince of Orange was about to found a new nation. Of the early reformers few survived. Luther and Melancthon slept side by side in the castle church at Wittenberg. Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, apparently less fortunate, had died like Huss and Jerome. The aged Calvin and his faithful Beza still ruled and studied at Geneva—the last of that brilliant company who had formed the day-stars of the Reformation.

Pius IV., in January, 1562, enforced the re-assembling of the council at Trent. Loyola was dead, and the fierce Lainez ruled over the Jesuits. A new race of bishops filled the council. Its numbers enlarged; its intellectual character was respectable; but no brilliant Athanasius, no eloquent Gregory, appeared in the ranks of the papal prelates. It sat for nearly two years, and often its fierce debates and angry tumults revived the memories of Ephesus and Nice.⁽¹⁾ The French faction, the Spanish, and the papal contended with a violence that seemed at times to threaten the dissolution of the council and an irreparable schism in the disordered Church. The Spaniards defended with vigor the divine origin of the bishops against the claims of the papacy; the French suggested the superiority of the council to the Pope, demanded the cup for the laity, and even advocated the marriage of the clergy. A French ambassador, Du Ferrier, the Gregory of Trent, denounced with sharp satire the feeble superstition of the council, and declared it to be the author of the miseries of France;⁽²⁾ the corrupt and politic Cardinal Lorraine, at the head of the French delegation, in tumid speeches defended the Gallican policy. Yet the papal party, led by the Jesuits, the haughty Lainez and the busy Salmeron, and sustained by the superior numbers of the Italian bishops, succeeded in nearly all their objects.⁽³⁾ They threw aside with contempt the whole Galli-

(1) Torellus, in *Le Plat*, vii., p. 205, gives an account of a fray between the Spaniards and Italians; they were then forbidden to carry arms.

(2) Pallavicino notices with asperity the vigor of Ferrier, xi., p. 17; xii., p. 20–23. Sarpi, viii., pp. 54, 55.

(3) See Bungener, *Council of Trent*, trans. A useful narrative, p. 455.

can policy; they taught perfect submission to the papal rule. Lainez, in the midst of an excited assembly, declared that all who opposed the supremacy of the Pope in all things were Protestants in principle, and, with haughty looks, almost denounced his adversaries as heretics. The contest raged for a time with fierce bitterness, and often the streets of Trent were filled with riot and bloodshed from the encounters of the retainers of the different factions. But at length the corrupt Cardinal Lorraine, a true Guise, went over to the papal side; the Spanish faction sunk into silence; and, one by one, the most extravagant dogmas of the mediæval Church were incorporated into the creed of the Romish clergy.⁽¹⁾ From the heights of Tyrol the fierce Jesuits and monks threw down their gage of defiance and of hate to the whole Protestant world, and to every project of reform. They offered to the heretic submission to the Pope or death.

Nothing was thought of but traditional observances; the usages of Rome were preferred to the plain teachings of the Scriptures. Images were declared sacred, when the whole Jewish and Christian theology had denounced their use—had commanded the soul to seek a direct and spiritual union with its God. The gentle lessons of the Sermon on the Mount were transformed into an endless series of anathemas that were full of bitter malevolence. The sacred feast of the disciples was converted into a pompous idolatry.² For the apostles the council showed still less respect than for the lessons of their Master. Instead of the industry, temperance, and frugality inculcated by St. Paul, it advocated monkish indolence and priestly intolerance. It condemned the marriages of the clergy, when St. Peter himself, the fancied founder of the Roman Church, had been a faithful husband, and in his missionary toils had been accompanied by his martyr wife;⁽³⁾ when St. Paul had instructed his pastors or presbyters to be prudent husbands and fathers, and strict in the education of

⁽¹⁾ Bungener, p. 627.

⁽²⁾ Sessio xxii., De Sacrificio Missæ.

⁽³⁾ 1 Corinth., ix., 5. We might infer that all the apostles had married; Peter's wife was martyred. Clemens Alex., De Monog., p. 8.

their children; when even at the Council of Nice the monkish observance had been rejected at the request of an ascetic. The invocation of Mary and the saints, the worship of relics, transubstantiation and interfusion,⁽¹⁾ the use of pompous robes and a pagan ritual, confession, indulgences, and endless modern observances, were enforced by dreadful anathemas, and he who ventured even to hesitate as to their propriety was abandoned to the care of the Holy Office. The use of the Scriptures by the laity was in effect forbidden; the prohibition was made total by succeeding popes; and the instruction of the apostle to the believer to search and try the grounds of his faith was treated with contempt by his pretended successors. Conscience and freedom of thought were to be wholly suppressed. On the question of the superiority of the Pope to the council, after long and violent debates, no open decision was made; but the matter was, in fact, determined by the reference of all the proceedings of the assembly to the revisal of the Pope. As the infallible head of the Church, he was empowered to reject or confirm every canon of the Council of Trent.⁽²⁾

Winters and summers had passed over the Roman bishops for nearly eight years⁽³⁾ in their mountain fastness, as they groped amidst the endless controversies of the fathers and studied the acts of Chalcedon and Nice. We admit at least their perseverance and their weary toil. Trent and its environs do not seem to have been always an agreeable residence. In autumn the hot sun beat upon the narrow valley. In winter a deluge of snow or rain often poured down upon the little city, overflowed the rapid Athesis, and swept through the watery streets.⁽⁴⁾ Disease was often prevalent,⁽⁵⁾ and several eminent delegates died, and were buried with pompous funerals. The people of the mountains were rude, and not

(¹) Sessio xvii., cap. xi. For anathemas see Sessio xxi., Can. i., ii.; Sessio xlii., Can. iii.

(²) Sessio xxv., De Fine, etc.

(³) The council sat nearly eighteen years, but of these ten are included in a prorogation, besides the schism at Bologna.

(⁴) Torellus, in *Le Plat*.

(⁵) An influenza sometimes determined the fate of a proposition for reform. See *Sarpi*, lib. vii.

always respectful; the women were not attractive, and suffered from the goitre;⁽¹⁾ while the wits of the Holy City, as of the Protestant countries, followed the council with sharp satires, and declared that its inspiration was brought in a carpet-bag from Rome. Elizabeth called it a popish conventicle. The keen and ready Protestant controversialists denounced it as a band of persecutors. The Pope was enraged at its turbulent discord; and all Europe longed for its dissolution. Meantime, far below, surged on the wave of Reformation, and Germany, France, and the Netherlands resounded with the psalms of Marot and Beza; and the menacing voice of the enraged people often reached the ears of the drowsy prelates at Trent. The hardy North threw off the monkish rule, defaced its images, broke up the monasteries, and breathed only defiance to the cruel bigotry of the council. Mary of Scotland, in a piteous letter to the legates, lamented that her Calvinistic subjects would not suffer her to send bishops to the assembly of Antichrist.⁽²⁾ Germany had secured freedom of thought by the valor of Maurice and the treaty of Passau. Geneva, with its twenty-five thousand impoverished citizens, shone a beacon of light among its Swiss mountains, and defied alike the hatred and the covetousness of France, Savoy, and the Pope. The Huguenots were fighting in France for toleration, and the council sung a joyous *Te Deum* over the ineffectual defeat of the Prince of Condé. It was time for the bishops to separate.

The proceedings were hurried to an end. Important matters of faith, affecting the destiny of immortal souls, were determined with imprudent haste. What could not be decided was referred to the Pope. A bishop of Nazianzum, whose dullness formed a bold contrast to the wit and pathos of the sainted Gregory, preached a farewell discourse in which he called upon mankind to adore the wisdom, the clemency, the Christian tolerance, of the Council of Trent.⁽³⁾ A parting

(1) Torellus, *Le Plat*, vii., p. 159-161.

(2) *Le Plat*, vii., p. 217.

(3) "Audite hæc, omnes gentes, auribus percipite, omnes qui habitatis orbem." Smets, *Concils von Trient*, p. 201.

antiphonal was sung; the Cardinal of Lorraine, the corrupt and ambitious Guise, intoned the praises of the cruel Charles V., the immoral Julius, the bigoted Pius, and all the holy council, and pronounced them ever blessed. The bishops and cardinals responded with a loud concurrence. Once more the voice of Guise rang over the assembly, *Anathema cunctis hæreticis!* And all the bishops and cardinals poured forth an eager and malevolent response, *Anathema, anathema!*⁽¹⁾ Meanwhile, in many a humble cottage in the neighboring valleys of Piedmont, the gentle Vaudois, the children of the early church, were singing Christian hymns to the good Saviour, and, accustomed to persecution, prayed for freedom to worship God. Scarcely did they hear the curse invoked upon them from the heights of Trent. Yet it was to ripen into long years of untold suffering. The poor and humble were to be torn in pieces, tossed from their native crags into dark ravines, cut with sharp knives, burned in raging fires by the mighty and the proud; and Milton, in a fierce poetic frenzy, was to cry aloud to Heaven:

"Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold."

Such was the Council of Trent; and history would be unfaithful to its sacred trust—the cause of truth and of human progress—did it not point with unerring accuracy to the countless woes that have fallen upon man from the dull bigotry of the papal bishops. They met at a moment when the European intellect was strongly excited by a new impulse toward the good and the true; when men longed for a holier life, a purer faith than had been the possession of their fathers. They gave them, instead, war and bitter strife, the doctrine of persecution, the visions of the Middle Ages. It is sometimes said that a reaction in favor of the Roman Church followed upon the Council of Trent, and that the reformers were driven back from their Southern conquests to their strongholds in the North. They lost, indeed, Bohemia and the South of Ger-

(1) Smets, p. 200.

many, the Netherlands and France. But neither of these triumphs of the council was an intellectual one; its doctrines were nowhere accepted unless enforced by powerful armies and the slow prevalence of the Holy Office. The followers of Huss were extirpated in Bohemia; the Vaudois were slaughtered on their mountains; Philip II. revived the mediæval Church on the ruins of Antwerp and Ghent; the decrees of the Council of Trent were only triumphant in France when Louis XIV. destroyed Port Royal, and banished, with terrible persecutions, the gifted Huguenots.

For a brief period England was ruled by the earlier decisions of the famous council, and Mary enforced the faith in tradition by the fires of Smithfield. But not even the spectacle of Latimer, Ridley, or Hooper perishing at the stake could convert a nation that preferred the teachings of the Scriptures to those of the fathers of Trent. England shook off the yoke of the schismatic council with fierce abhorrence. Her vigorous intellect refused to submit to a monkish rule; and soon a Shakspeare, a Bacon, a Milton, and a Johnson proved that no mediæval foe to genius enslaved the fortunate land. Throughout all Northern Germany the free school met and baffled the theory of persecution. Colleges and universities succeeded to the monastery and the cathedral, and the land of Luther repelled the dogmas of the Council of Trent. The Latin races were less fortunate. For three centuries Italy and Spain have slumbered under the monkish rule. Every anathema of the unsparing council has been enforced upon their unhappy people; the Press has been silenced, the intellect depraved; industry has nearly died out. The Inquisition lingered long after it had been partially suppressed in other lands;⁽¹⁾ and swarms of monks and friars encouraged indolence and sapped the purity of nations. But within a few years even Italy and Spain have revolted against the decrees of the Tridentine Council. The people of the two most Catholic

(1) The Spanish Inquisition burned a poor woman for sorcery as late as 1780. See Bourgoanne, *Travels in Spain*, i., ch. iii. In 1680, an auto-da-fé was looked upon as a glorious spectacle—a festal scene for the faithful.

lands have destroyed the monastic system, established freedom of thought, of religion, and of the Press, and have plainly made themselves liable to the severest anathemas chanted in the Cathedral of Trent.

But while the people in every land have thus rebelled against monkish tyranny, the priests and the Pope, the only legal representatives of the Romish Church, have proclaimed their unchangeable adhesion to the decrees of their last great council. To them the free school and the free press are as odious as they were to Lainez and Del Monte. To them the monastery is as dear as it was to Gregory and Jerome. They still heap anathemas upon the married clergy; they refuse the cup to the laity; they bow to the graven image. Of the duty of persecution for opinion's sake, they speak as openly as in the days of Loyola; and they modestly suggest, with their historian, Pallavicino, that had the doctrine been more vigorously applied to Luther and Calvin, as well as to Jerome and Huss, the mediæval Church would yet have reigned triumphant in every land.⁽¹⁾ They still assert the supreme authority of the Holy See, the boundless infallibility of the Pope. But, in reply to their extravagant assumptions, the surging waves of Reformation have swept over Europe, and at length the decrees of the Council of Trent are only received, in their full enormity, within the walls of the city of Rome. There until 1870 a shadow of the Inquisition was still maintained; there the press and the school were jealously watched; there no heretical assembly was permitted; there monks and monasteries abounded; there the true Roman and patriot was shot down with the Chassepot rifle; and the Supreme Pontiff, enthroned over an enraged and rebellious people, there summoned his priestly legions to a final council of the Papal Church.

We have thus imperfectly reviewed the story of the various councils. We might scarcely admit, with the saintly Gregory

(¹) Pallavicino, i., p. 79, describes the opponents of the Roman Church as "*picciol gregge d'uomini rustici e idiotici che eran reliquie o degli antichi Waldesi,*" etc. He could not conceive of a Christian unless great and powerful.

Nazianzen, that no good result can ever flow from an assembly of bishops. Nicæa taught a lesson of comparative moderation. The genius and the honesty of the two Gregories relieved the dullness of the synod of Constantinople. Ephesus has become notorious for the vigorous orthodoxy of Cyril. Chalcedon was moderate and independent. Yet it is worthy of notice that the purest as well as the wisest of the sacred synods was the first; that its members, chastened in poverty and persecution, still retained something of the apostolic dignity and grace; and that the Christian world, still free and self-respecting, had not yet been forced to look with disappointment and shame upon the ambition and the vain pretensions of its spiritual chiefs.

THE VAUDOIS.

THREE valleys of singular interest open from the higher Alps into the rich plains of Piedmont below. Through each a rapid stream or mountain torrent, fed by perpetual snows and glaciers, rushes with a varying current, and mingles at length with the stately Po.⁽¹⁾ Two of the vales, Lucerna and Perouse, widen as they descend from the crags above, and melt into the general softness of the Italian scene. Lucerna, the most fertile, the most beautiful, possesses unrivaled charms. Its thick and almost perpetual foliage, its groves of mulberry-trees, its woods of chestnut, the waving fields of wheat, its vineyards climbing up the mountain-side, its temperate air, its countless hamlets, its innocent and happy people, seem to rest in perfect peace beneath the shelter of the encircling Alps. It would indeed be a paradise, exclaimed the historian Leger, if it were not so near the Jesuits at Turin.⁽²⁾ San Martino, the third valley, is happily less beautiful.⁽³⁾ It is a wild ravine pierced by a fierce mountain torrent—the Germanasca. On each side of the stream the huge Alps shoot upward, and ranges of inaccessible cliffs and crags frown over the narrow vale beneath. Its climate is severe, its people hardy. In the upper part of the valley winter is almost perpetual. The snow lies for eight or nine months on the ground. The crops are scanty, the herbage faint and rare. The shrill cry of the marmot, the shriek of the eagle, alone disturb the silence of the Vaudois Sabbath; and in the clear, bright air the graceful

(¹) Leger, *L'Histoire Générale des Églises Vaudoises*, p. 2. Vaudois and Waldenses are words of the same meaning. They are defined, "the people of the valleys."

(²) Leger, p. 3. See Muston, *Histoire des Vaudois*; or *Israel of the Alps*, i., p. 7.

(³) Leger, p. 7; Muston, p. 19, *Israel of the Alps*.

chamois is seen leaping from peak to peak of his mountain pastures.

San Martino has formed for ages the citadel of the Vaudois, the last refuge of religious freedom. Often, when the papal troops had swept over its sister valleys, filling their fairer scenery with bloodshed and desolation, the brave people of the interior vale defied the invaders. The persecutors turned in alarm from the narrow pass where every crag concealed a marksman; where huge stones were rolled upon their heads from the heights above; where every cave and rock upon the mountain-side was tenanted by a fearless garrison. Here, within the borders of Italy itself, the popes have never been able, except for one unhappy interval, to enforce their authority. Here no mass has been said, no images adored, no papal rites administered by the native Vaudois. It was here that Henry Arnaud, the hero of the valleys, redeemed his country from the tyranny of the Jesuits and Rome; and here a Christian Church, founded perhaps in the apostolic age, has survived the persecutions of a thousand years.⁽¹⁾

The territory of the Vaudois embraces scarcely sixteen square miles. The three valleys can never have contained a population of more than twenty thousand. In every age the manners of the people have been the same. They are tall, graceful, vigorous; a mountain race accustomed to labor or to hunt the chamois in his native crags. The women are fair and spotless; their rude but plaintive hymns are often heard resounding from the chestnut groves; their native refinement softens the apparent harshness of their frugal lives.⁽²⁾ Over the whole population of the Vaudois valleys has ever rested the charm of a spotless purity. Their fair and tranquil countenances speak only frankness and simplicity; their lives are passed in deeds of charity, in honest labors, and in unvarying self-respect.⁽³⁾ The vices and the follies, the luxury and the

(1) Muston, i., p. 107. The Israel of the Alps is the most complete account of the Vaudois. A work of great learning, research, and enthusiasm.

(2) Muston, i., p. 7.

(3) The moral vigor of the Vaudois is well attested for four or five centuries. See J. Bresse, *Hist. Vaudois*, p. 85, an unfinished history. So Au-

crime, that have swept over Europe never invaded the happy valleys, unless carried thither by the papal troops. No pride, no avarice, no fierce resentment, disturbs the peaceful Vaudois; no profanity, no crime, is heard of in this singular community. To wait upon the sick, to aid the stranger, are eagerly contended for as a privilege; compassion, even for their enemies, is the crowning excellence of the generous race. When their persecutor, Victor Amadeus II., was driven from Turin by the French, he took refuge in the valleys he had desolated, in the cottage of a Vaudois peasant. Here he lived in perfect security. The peasant might have filled his house with gold by betraying his guest; he refused; the duke escaped, and rewarded his preserver with characteristic parsimony. In the French wars of the last century, when Suwarrow was victorious among the Alps, three hundred wounded Frenchmen took shelter in the village of Bobbio. The Vaudois cared for their former persecutors as long as their scanty means allowed, and then, taking the wounded soldiers on their shoulders, carried them over the steep Alpine passes and brought them safely to their native France.

We may accept, for we can not refute, the narrative of their early history given by the Vaudois themselves.⁽¹⁾ Soon after the dawn of Christianity, they assert, their ancestors embraced the faith of St. Paul, and practiced the simple rites and usages described by Justin or Tertullian. The Scriptures became their only guide; the same belief, the same sacraments they maintain to-day they held in the age of Constantine and Sylvester. They relate that, as the Romish Church grew in power and pride, their ancestors repelled its assumptions and refused to submit to its authority; that when, in the ninth century, the use of images was enforced by superstitious popes, they, at least, never consented to become idolaters; that they never worshiped the Virgin, nor bowed at an idolatrous mass.

thentic Details of the Waldenses, p. 48. Muston, *Hist. Vaud.*, i.; and see *Israel of the Alps*.

(1) The Vaudois writers concur in placing their own origin at a period before Constantine. Leger, i., p. 25 *et seq.*

When, in the eleventh century, Rome asserted its supremacy over kings and princes, the Vaudois were its bitterest foes. The three valleys formed the theological school of Europe. The Vaudois missionaries traveled into Hungary and Bohemia, France, England, even Scotland, and aroused the people to a sense of the fearful corruption of the Church.⁽¹⁾ They pointed to Rome as the Antichrist, the centre of every abomination. They taught, in the place of the Romish innovations, the pure faith of the apostolic age. Lollard, who led the way to the reforms of Wycliffe, was a preacher from the valleys; the Albigenes of Provence, in the twelfth century, were the fruits of the Vaudois missions; Germany and Bohemia were reformed by the teachers of Piedmont; Huss and Jerome did little more than proclaim the Vaudois faith; and Luther and Calvin were only the necessary offspring of the apostolic churches of the Alps.

The early pastors of the Vaudois were called *barbes*;⁽²⁾ and in a deep recess among the mountains, hidden from the persecutor's eye, a cave is shown where in the Middle Ages a throng of scholars came from different parts of Europe to study the literature of the valleys.⁽³⁾ The barbes were well qualified to teach a purer faith than that of Rome: a Vaudois poem, written about 1100, called the "Noble Lesson," still exists, and inculcates a pure morality and an apostolic creed;⁽⁴⁾ a catechism of the twelfth century has also been preserved; its doctrines are those of modern Protestantism. The Vaudois Church had no bishop;⁽⁵⁾ its head was an elder, *majorales*, who was only a presiding officer over the younger barbes. But in that idyllic church no ambition and no strife arose, and

(1) Peyran, *Nouvelles Lettres sur les Vaudois*, Lett. ii., p. 26: "La religion des Vaudois s'est etendue presque dans tous les endroits de l'Europe; non seulement parmi les Italiens."

(2) Barbe means uncle. Leger, p. 205: "C'estoit l'appeller *oncle*"—a name always honorable in the South of France.

(3) Bresse, *Hist. Vaudois*.

(4) Raynouard, *Mon. Langue Romane*, ii., p. 37.

(5) Authentic Details, etc.: "Four of the best-informed pastors agreed that they never had any bishops at any time."

each pastor strove only to excel his fellows in humility and in charitable deeds.

From Constantine to Hildebrand, from the third to the eleventh century, the Vaudois, we may trust, cultivated their valleys in peace.⁽¹⁾ The Roman Church, engaged in its strife with emperors and kings, overlooked or despised the teachers of the mountains. In the contest of giants, the modest shepherds were forgotten. Yet they aimed with almost fatal effect the rustic sling of truth against the Roman Philistine. Nothing is more plain than that from the twelfth to the fifteenth century the people of Europe were nearly united in opposition to the Roman See. The Popes had never yet been able to reduce to subjection the larger portion of the Christian Church; it was only over kings and princes that their victories had been achieved. Every country in Europe swarmed with dissidents, who repelled as Antichrist the Bishop of Rome; who pointed with horror and disgust to the vices and the crimes of the Italian prelates and the encroaching monks. In Languedoc and Provence, the home of the troubadour and of mediæval civilization, the Roman priests were pursued to the altars with shouts of derision.⁽²⁾ Bohemia, Hungary, and Germany were filled with various sects of primitive Christians, who had never learned to worship graven images, or to bow before glittering Madonnas. Spain, England, Scotland, are said by the Vaudois traditions to have retained an early Christianity. In the fourteenth century it is certain that nearly half England accepted the faith of Lollard and Wycliffe. The Romish writers of the thirteenth century abound in treatises against heretics;⁽³⁾ the fable of a united Christendom, obeying with devoted faith a Pope at Rome, had no credence in the period to which it is commonly assigned; and from the reign of Innocent III. to the Council of Constance (1200-1414) the Roman Church was engaged in a constant

(1) The feeble condition of the papacy from 800 to 1000 left it with but little influence in the West. Spain and France were quite independent.

(2) Milman, *Latin Christianity*, iv., p. 260.

(3) Reinerius, Moneta, Mapes (1150), and others. So many papal bulls, sermons, etc.

and often doubtful contest with the widely diffused fragments of apostolic Christianity.⁽¹⁾

The Popes had succeeded in subjecting kings and emperors; they now employed them in crushing the people. Innocent III. excited Philip of France to a fierce Crusade against the Albigenses of the South; amidst a general massacre of men, women, and children, the gentle sect sunk, never to appear again. Dominic invented, or enlarged, the Inquisition; and soon in every land the spectacle of blazing heretics and tortured saints delighted the eyes of the Romish clergy.⁽²⁾ Over the rebellious kings the popes had held the menace of interdict, excommunication, deposition; to the people they offered only submission or death. The Inquisition was their remedy for the apostolic heresies of Germany, England, Spain—a simple cure for dissent or reform. It seemed effectual.⁽³⁾ The Albigenses were perfectly extirpated. In the cities of Italy the Waldenses ceased to be known. Lollardism concealed itself in England; the Scriptural Christians of every land who refused to worship images or adore the Virgin disappeared from sight; the supremacy of Rome was assured over all Western Europe.

Yet one blot remained on the fair fame of the seemingly united Christendom. Within the limits of Italy itself a people existed to whom the mass was still a vain idolatry, the real presence a papal fable; who had resisted with vigor every innovation, and whose simple rites and ancient faith were older than the papacy itself. What waves of persecution may have surged over the Vaudois valleys in earlier ages we do not know; they seem soon to have become familiar with the cruelty of Rome; but in the fifteenth century the Popes and the Inquisitors turned their malignant eyes upon the simple Piedmontese, and prepared to exterminate with fire and sword the Alpine Church.

⁽¹⁾ Mosheim, ii., enumerates *some* of the various sects.

⁽²⁾ Milman, *Lat. Christ.*, iv., p. 266.

⁽³⁾ Janus, *Pope and Council*, cap. xvi., has a brief and careful review of the rigor of the Inquisition from 1200 to 1500; the popes named all the Inquisitors. See p. 194–196.

And now began a war of four centuries, the most remarkable in the annals of Europe. On the one side stood the people of the valleys—poor, humble, few. Driven to resistance by their pitiless foes, they took up arms with reluctance; they fought only for safety; they wept over the fallen.⁽¹⁾ Yet it soon appeared that every one of the simple mountaineers was a hero; that he could meet toil, famine, danger, death, with a serene breast in defense of his loved ones and his faith; that his vigorous arm, his well-ordered frame, were more than a match for the mercenary Catholic, the dissolute Savoyard; that he joined to the courage of the soldier the Christian ardor of the martyr; that he was, in fact, invincible. For four centuries a Crusade almost incessant went on against the secluded valleys. Often the papal legions, led by the Inquisitors, swept over the gentle landscape of Lucerna, and drove the people from the blazing villages to hide in caves on the mountains, and almost browse with the chamois on the wild herbage of the wintry rocks. Often the dukes of Savoy sent well-trained armies of Spanish foot to blast and wither the last trace of Christian civilization in San Martin or Perouse. More than once the best soldiers and the best generals of Mazarin and Louis XIV. hunted the Vaudois in their wildest retreats, massacred them in caves, starved them in the regions of the glaciers, and desolated the valleys from San Jean to the slopes of Guinevert. Yet the unflinching people still refused to give up their faith. Still they repelled the idolatry of the mass; still they mocked at the Antichrist of Rome. In the deepest hour of distress, the venerable barbes gathered around them their famine-stricken congregations in some cave or cranny of the Alps, administered their apostolic rites, and preached anew the Sermon on the Mount. The Psalms of David, chanted in the plaintive melodies of the Vaudois, echoed far above the scenes of rapine and carnage of the desolate valleys; the apostolic Church lived indestructible, the coronal of some heaven-piercing Alp.

(1) Gilly, *Excursion*, has various legends of the early wars. Perrin and Leger are the authorities.

The Popes, the leaders of the Inquisition, the dukes of Savoy, bigoted and cruel, often condescended to flatteries and caresses to win those they could not conquer. They offered large bribes to the poorest mountaineer who would consent to abandon the Church of his fathers and betray the haunts of the heretic. Wealth, honors, the favor of his king and of the Romish priests, awaited him who would recant; an easy path of preferment lay open to the young men of the valleys, accustomed only to toil and want; they were tempted as few other men have ever been. Yet the papal bribes were even less successful than the papal arms. A few imbeciles who had lost their moral purity alone yielded to the allurements of gain and pleasure; the great body of the Vaudois youth rejected the offers with disdain. The stately magnanimity of the "Noble Lesson," the simple principles of their ancient catechism,⁽¹⁾ taught them in their plain churches by some learned yet gentle barbe, raised them above those inferior impulses by which the corrupt world beneath them was controlled. No hereditary vices tarnished their fair organizations; no coarse disease impaired their mental and moral vigor. With a wisdom above philosophy, they saw that it was better to live with a calm conscience a frugal life than to revel in ill-gotten gold. They clung to their mountains, their moral purity, and their faith. Generation after generation, fiercely tried, hardly tempted, never wavered in their resolve. The war of four centuries for liberty of conscience, for freedom to worship God, was accepted by the youthful Vaudois as their noblest inheritance. The contest went on with varying success but equal vigor, and ceased only in its final consequences when the triumphant voice of Garibaldi proclaimed Italy forever free.

Pope Innocent VIII., a man of rare benevolence, according to the Romish writers, and a devoted lover of Christian union, resolved (1487) to adorn his reign by a complete extinction of the Vaudois heresy. He issued a bull summoning all faithful kings, princes, rulers, to a crusade against the children of the

(1) Faber, Hist., etc., of the Ancient Waldenses, London, 1838, may be consulted, with some caution. It gives a clear review of the authorities for their antiquity.

valleys.⁽¹⁾ No heretic was to be spared; his goods, his life, were declared forfeited unless he would consent to attend mass. The Pope, or his Inquisitor, enumerated in a pastoral letter the crimes of the Vaudois. He charged them with calling the Roman Church a church of the evil one;⁽²⁾ of denouncing the worship of the Virgin, the invocation of saints; of asserting, with unblushing boldness, that they alone possessed the pure doctrine of the apostles. To Albertus Capitanus was committed the sacred trust of leading an army into the guilty region, and executing upon its people the sentence of Rome. The Catholics gathered together in great numbers at the appeal of the Chief Inquisitor; a tumultuous throng of soldiers, brigands, priests, entered the valleys and commenced a general pillage. But they were soon disturbed in their labors by the swift attacks of the Vaudois. The resolute and fearless mountaineers sallied from their caves and ravines and drove the robbers before them. One Christian, armed only with the vigor of innocence, seemed equal to a hundred papists. The crusaders fled, beaten and affrighted, from the valleys; the malevolent design of Innocent was never fulfilled; and the Romanists asserted and believed that every Vaudois was a magician, and was guarded by an invisible spell.

Yet still the perpetual persecution went on. The papal agents made their way into the lower portions of the valleys, seized the eminent barbes and faithful teachers, and burned them with cruel joy. The Vaudois never knew any respite from real and imminent danger. Ever they must be ready to fly to their mountains and caves; ever their trembling wives and children were exposed to the cruelty and cunning of the envious priests.⁽³⁾ The sixteenth century opened.

(1) See the bull issued by Innocent (Leger, part ii., p. 8). He calls upon "duces, principes, comites, et temporales dominos civitatum, ut clypeum defensionis orthodoxæ fidei assumant."

(2) The charges made by the Inquisitors were, "Qu'ils appelloient l'église Romaine l'église des malins," etc.

(3) Leger, p. 29. The monks crowded into the valleys. In 1536, there was a severe persecution. In 1537, a barbe of great eminence was burned. The valleys were frequently plundered.

The Reformation came, and the chief reformers of France and Germany entered into a friendly correspondence with the barbes and churches of Piedmont. They admitted the purity of their faith, the antiquity of their rites. But the rise of the Reformation served only to deepen the rage of the papists against the children of the valleys. The darkest days of the Vaudois drew near, when their enemies could for a moment boast that the last refuge of Italian heresy had fallen before their arms.

In 1540, the society of Loyola began its universal war against advancing civilization. The Inquisition was renewed with unparalleled severity; the cities of Italy were hushed into a dreadful repose; the Protestants of Venice were thrown into the Adriatic; the reformers of Rome died before the Church of Santa Maria.⁽¹⁾ Italy was reduced to a perfect obedience to the papal rule, and for the first time in the history of its career of innovations the Roman Church was powerful and united at home. The iron energy of the Jesuits had crushed dissent. They next proceeded to declare and decide the doctrine of the usurping Church. The Council of Trent assembled (1545), and Loyola and Lainez slowly enforced upon the hesitating fathers a rigid rule of priestly despotism.⁽²⁾ Liberty of conscience was denounced as the chief of heresies; the opinions and the manners of mankind were to be decided at Rome; the Pope was to be obeyed before all earthly sovereigns, and his divine powers were everywhere to be established by a universal persecution. The Council of Trent at once threw all Europe into a fearful commotion. At the command of the Pope, the Jesuits, and the fathers of Trent, Charles V. began the first great religious war in Germany, and carried desolation and death to its fairest borders. In France the French court drove the Huguenots to revolt by an insane tyranny. In Holland the rage of the Inquisitors had been stimulated by the lessons of Loyola.

(¹) Ranke, *Hist. Popes, Inquisition*.

(²) See Janus, *Pope and Council*. The Jesuits silenced even the Romanists, p. 290.

Of all its opponents Rome most hated the Vaudois. To bind one of the primitive Christians to the stake seemed to give strange satisfaction to their modern persecutors. In September, 1560, Pope Pius IV. and his holy college gathered at Rome to witness one of their favorite spectacles.⁽¹⁾ A pile had been raised in the Square of St. Angelo, near the bridge over the Tiber. The people assembled in a great throng. The condemned, a pale and feeble young man, was led forth; when suddenly he began to speak with such rare eloquence and force that the people listened; the Pope grew angry and troubled, and the Inquisitors ordered the Vaudois to be strangled lest his voice might be heard above the flames. Pius IV. then saw the martyrdom in peace, and directed the ashes of his foe to be thrown into the Tiber.

The martyr was John Louis Paschal, a young pastor of great eloquence, who had been called from Geneva to a congregation of Vaudois in Calabria. The post of danger had a singular charm for the brilliant preacher. He was betrothed to a young girl of Geneva. When he told her of his call to Calabria, "Alas!" she cried, with tears, "so near to Rome, and so far from me!" Yet she did not oppose his generous resolve, and he went to his dangerous station. Here his eloquence soon drew a wide attention. He courted by his boldness the crown of martyrdom. He was shut up in a deep dungeon, was chained with a gang of galley-slaves, was brought to Rome, where Paul had suffered, and was imprisoned in a long confinement.⁽²⁾ His persecutors strove to induce him to recant; but no bribes nor terrors could move him. He wrote a last fond exhortation to Camilla Guarina, his betrothed; his eloquence was heard for the last time as he was strangled before the stake.⁽³⁾

Innumerable martyrdoms now filled the valleys with perpetual horror. It is impossible to describe, it is almost in-

(1) The story of Paschal may be found at length in Muston, i., p. 85; Gil-
lies, p. 178, etc.

(2) Muston, i., p. 82. He entered Rome by the Ostian gate, by the path
of the ancient martyrs.

(3) The Vaudois in Calabria were extirpated by a horrible persecution.

human to remember, the atrocities of the papal persecutors. Neither sex nor age, innocence, beauty, youth, softened their impassive hearts. Mary Romaine was burned alive at Roche-Plate; Madeleine Fontane at St. John. Michel Gonet, a man nearly a hundred years old, was burned to death at Sarcena. One martyr was hacked to pieces with sabres, and his wounds filled with quicklime; another died covered with brimstone matches, that had been fastened to his lips, nostrils, and every other part of his body; the mouth of another was filled with gunpowder, the explosion tearing his head to pieces. The story of a poor Bible-seller from Geneva is less revolting than most of these dreadful scenes.⁽¹⁾ Bartholomew Hector wandered among the peaks of the highest Alps selling the printed Scriptures to the poor shepherds, who in the brief summer, when the mountains break forth into a rich growth of leaves, grass, and flowers, lead their flocks to the higher cliffs. They bought the Bibles readily, and the colporteur climbed cheerfully from peak to peak. The police seized him and carried him to Pignerol. He was charged with having sold heretical books; he insisted that the Bible could not be called heretical; but the Holy Office condemned him, June 19th, 1556, and he was sentenced to be burned alive; some alleviation of the penalty was afterward made, and the judges permitted the executioner to strangle him before the burning. He was offered his life and liberty if he would recant; he replied by preaching in his prison, with wonderful eloquence, the pure doctrines of the book he had loved to distribute. Amidst the brilliant palaces of Turin, in the public square, the happy martyr died, surrounded by a throng of people who wept over his fate. The priests were unable to suppress that proof of a lingering humanity. Five Protestants from Geneva were traveling toward the Vaudois valleys. They were warned that the police were watching for them, yet they still pressed on, and were arrested in an unfrequented road where they had hoped to escape pursuit. Two of them, Vernoux and Laborie, were pastors of the valleys. They were all taken before the Inquisi-

(1) Muston, i., p. 108.

tors at Chambéry, and convicted as heretics. They were next brought before the civil court to be condemned. The judges, touched by their innocence, strove to prevail upon them to recant. "You need only give us a simple confession of your errors," said the court; "and this will not prevent you from resuming your faith in the future." They refused to consent to the deceit, and were sentenced to die. "Anne, my beloved sister and spouse,"⁽¹⁾ wrote Laborie to his young wife, "you know how well we have loved one another. I pray you, therefore, that you be always found such as you have been, and better, if possible, when I am no more." Calvin, hearing of their danger, wrote them an austere exhortation. In the stern spirit of that age of trial, he urged them to bear a testimony to the faith that should resound afar, where human voices had never reached. The five died full of hope. They were strangled, and their bodies burned.⁽²⁾ In this fatal period the public square of Turin was constantly made the scene of touching martyrdoms and holy trials; the Jesuits and the Franciscans everywhere urged on the zeal of the Inquisitors; no village of the Vaudois valleys but had its martyrs, no rock nor crag but witnessed and was hallowed by some joyous death; the rage of persecution grew in strength until it could no longer be satisfied with less than a perfect extermination of the Vaudois.

Thus around the simple Christians of the valleys seemed to hang everywhere the omens of a dreadful doom. In the general tide of persecution, they could scarcely hope to escape a final destruction. From the towers and cathedrals of Turin the Jesuits⁽³⁾ looked with envious eyes upon the gentle race who neither plotted nor schemed; to whom cunning was unknown, and deceit the ruin of the soul; who never planned a persecution, fomented religious wars, or guided the assassin's hand; who read the Scriptures daily, despite the anathemas of Rome, and who found there no trace of the papal supremacy or the legend of St. Peter.⁽⁴⁾ The Vaudois, indeed, had

⁽¹⁾ Muston, i., p. 115.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*, i., p. 117.

⁽³⁾ Leger, p. 2.

⁽⁴⁾ Peyran, *Nouv. Lett.*, p. 61. The Waldenses always denied that Peter was ever at Rome.

never concealed their opinions. For centuries they had said openly that the Pope was Antichrist;⁽¹⁾ they had condemned each one of the papal innovations as they arose; they denounced the Crusades as cruel and unchristian; they gave shelter in their valleys to the persecuted Albigenses; they smiled with gentle ridicule at the worship of saints and relics; they scoffed at the vicious monks and priests who strove to convert them to the faith of Rome. Yet now they consented to claim the clemency of their sovereign, the Duke of Savoy, and humbly begged for freedom of worship and belief.⁽²⁾ They were so innocent that they could not understand why one Christian should wish to rob or murder another.

But their prayers, their humility, and their innocence brought them no relief. The Council of Trent was about to re-assemble, and the Jesuits had resolved that its last sittings should be graced by a total destruction of the ancient churches of the valleys.⁽³⁾ A new crusade was begun (1560) against the Vaudois. The Pope, the Duke of Savoy, the kings of France and Spain, promoted the sacred expedition; a large army, led by the Count of Trinity, moved up the valleys; again the Jesuits offered to the people submission to the mass or death; again the brave mountaineers left their blazing homes, and fled to the caves and crannies of the upper Alps. The Count of Trinity was everywhere victorious. The barbes of St. Germain were burned in their own village, and the poor women of the parish were forced to bring fagots on their backs to build the funeral pile. The open country was desolated; the mass was celebrated with unusual fervor amidst the dreadful waste; and the Jesuits exulted with fierce joy over the ruin of the apostolic Church. But once more, as the winter deepened, the cliffs grew icy, and huge avalanches of snow hung over the path of the invaders, the Vaudois fortified every ravine,⁽⁴⁾ barricaded the narrow passes,

(1) They said "pape étoit l'antichrist, l'hostie une idole, et le purgatoire une fable."—LEGER, p. 6.

(2) Leger, p. 31: If the Turk and the Jew are tolerated, they said, why may not we have peace?

(3) Leger, p. 33.

(4) *Id.*, p. 34.

and from their fastnesses and caves made vigorous attacks upon the foe. The Count of Trinity found himself threatened on every side. In the valley of Angrogna a few peasants held a whole army in check. Fifty Vaudois, in one engagement, nearly destroyed a detachment of twelve hundred persecutors. The Vaudois leaped like chamois from crag to crag, and with swift sallies cut off the wandering brigands; they threw them over the cliffs, drowned them in the deep mountain torrents, or rolled huge stones upon their heads. The winter passed on full of disaster to the crusaders. Yet the condition of the Vaudois was even less tolerable. The snow and ice of the Alps blocked up the entrance to their hiding-places; men, women, and children shivered in rude huts of stone on the bleak mountain-side; food was scanty; their harvest had been gathered by the enemy; while far beneath them they saw their comfortable homes wasted by the Romish brigands, and their plain churches defiled by the pagan ceremonies of the mass.

In the spring, as the flowers bloomed once more in the declivities of the mountains, and the banks of the torrents glowed with a new vegetation, the final trial of their faith and their valor drew near. At the upper extremity of the valley of Angrogna is a circle of level ground, called *Pra del Tor*, surrounded on all sides by tall hills and mountain peaks, and entered only by a narrow pass.⁽¹⁾ Behind it is altogether safe from attack; in front, in the ravines leading from below, the Vaudois had raised their simple barricades, and stationed their sentinels to watch the approach of the foe. Here, in this natural fortress, they had placed their wives and children, their old and infirm, had gathered their small store of food and arms, and celebrated their ancient worship in a temple not made with hands.⁽²⁾ The Count of Trinity meantime had resolved upon their complete destruction. With a large and well-trained army he marched swiftly up the valley. His

(¹) Muston, i., p. 255, describes *Pra del Tor* as a deep recess among the mountains.

(²) Leger, p. 35-37.

forces consisted of nearly ten thousand men, and among them was a large body of Spanish infantry, the best soldiers of the age. The crusaders were inspired by the prospect of an easy success, by the superiority of their numbers, by the blessing of the Pope, and by his promise of a boundless indulgence. A fierce fanaticism, a wild excitement, stirred by the exhortations of the Jesuits and the priests, ruled in the ranks of the invaders; the Vaudois, behind their rocks, prayed with their gentle barbes, and with firm hearts prepared to die for their country and their faith.

The battle of the Pra del Tor is the Marathon of Italian Christianity: it was invested with all the romantic traits of patriotic warfare. The army of the Count of Trinity, clad in rich armor and glittering with military pomp, marched in well-trained squadrons up the beautiful valley; the clamor of the trumpets startled the chamois on his crags, and drove the eagle from her nest; the waving plumes, the burnished arms, the consecrated banners, shone in the sunlight as they drew near the defenses of the mountaineers.⁽¹⁾ Behind the Italian troops came the Spaniards, the bravest, the most bigoted of the crusaders. They, too, wore heavy armor, and were irresistible in the open field. In the rear of the invaders followed a band of plunderers, brigands, priests, prepared to profit by a victory that seemed perfectly assured. To this well-trained army were opposed only a few hundred Vaudois. They were stalwart and agile, but meagre with toil and famine. Their dress was ragged, their arms broken and imperfect. To their brilliant assailants they seemed only an undisciplined throng; a single charge must drive them routed up the valley. The Count of Trinity gave orders to attack, and the Savoyard infantry marched against the heretics. They were hurled back like waves from a sea-girt rock. The Vaudois filled the pass with a rampart of their bodies, and whenever the Romish squadrons approached they were met by a rain of bullets, every one of which seemed directed with unerring aim.

(¹) If I have drawn somewhat from fancy, yet the details may be inferred. See Leger, p. 39.

The ground was soon covered with the dead, and the chant of thanksgiving resounded within the amphitheatre of the Alps.

For four days the papal forces kept up their vain assault. The Vaudois still maintained their invincible array. Within the fastness the wives and daughters, the aged and infirm, were employed in bringing food to their heroes, in supplying them with ammunition, and cheering them with words of faith. The Count of Trinity, enraged at his misfortune, at length ordered the Spanish infantry to charge. They came on in swift step to the clamor of martial music. But their ranks were soon decimated by the bullets of the patriots; the officers fell on all sides; and the well-trained troops refused any longer to approach the fatal pass. Four hundred dead lay upon the field. A wild panic seized upon the papal army, and it fled, disordered and routed, through the valley.⁽¹⁾

Then the Vaudois came out from their hiding-places, and chased the crusaders along the open country far down to the borders of Angrogna. No mercy was shown to the ruthless papists. They were flung over the rocks into the fathomless abyss, shot down by skillful marksmen as they strove to hide in the forest, and followed with pitiless vigor in their desultory flight. No trace remained of that powerful army that a few days before had moved with military pomp to the capture of Pra del Tor; its fine battalions had been broken by the valor of a few mountaineers; a rich booty of arms and provisions supplied the wants of the heroes of the valley.

From this time (1561) for nearly a century no new crusade was preached against the Vaudois. Their native sovereigns were satisfied with lesser persecutions. The barbes, as usual, were often burned; the valleys were oppressed with a cruel taxation; the earnings of the honest people were torn from them to maintain dissolute princes and indolent priests. In 1596, Charles Emanuel ordered all the Vaudois, under pain of death or exile, to attend the preaching of the Jesuits,⁽²⁾ and

⁽¹⁾ See narrative of Scipio Lentulus in Leger, part ii., p. 35.

⁽²⁾ "D'Andare alle prediche delli reverendi padri Jesuiti," etc. Leger, part ii., p. 61. The Jesuits united exhortation with severity.

the valleys were filled with the disciples of Loyola, who strove to corrupt or terrify the youth of the early Church. To every convert was offered an exemption from taxation, and various favors and emoluments were heaped upon him who would attend mass. Yet the restless Jesuits were altogether unsuccessful. Their preaching and their bribes were equally contemned by the happy mountaineers; the Church still lived unspotted from the world.⁽¹⁾ During this period of tolerable suffering the valleys once more glowed with the products of a careful industry; they were the homes of purity and thrift. Singular among their race, the inheritors of a long succession of elevated thought, the Vaudois have ever practiced an ideal virtue loftier than that of Plato. When feudalism taught that labor was dishonorable, the people of the valleys held every family disgraced that did not maintain itself by its own useful toil. When the learned Jesuits had proved that deceit was often lawful, the Vaudois declared that falsehood was the corruption of the soul. In the happy valleys no one desired to be rich, no one strove to rise in rank above his fellows. While in the gifted circles of the European capitals the purity of woman was scoffed at by philosophers and courtiers, in Luzerna and Perouse every maiden was a Lucretia. Crime had seldom been known in the peaceful valleys; it was only in barbarous lands where the Jesuits ruled that the assassin aimed his dagger or the robber plied his trade.⁽²⁾ To harm no one, to be at peace with all men, to forgive, to pity, were the natural impulses of every Vaudois; to heal the sick, to raise the low, to relieve the suffering stranger, formed the modest joys of the children of the valleys. In every age they remained the same; in every age they were Christians. The seventeenth century of their faith, perhaps of their existence, found them still an uncorrupted church, teaching to the world unlimited freedom of conscience. For this they were willing to peril their lives and fortunes; for this they had contended

(¹) Peyran, *Nouv. Lett.*, i. We may well accept the traditions of so truthful a race.

(²) Muston, i., *livre viii.*, *État moral et religieux des vallées.*

with popes and kings; and on every cliff and mountain peak of their native land was inscribed in immortal deeds the independence of the soul.⁽¹⁾

Meantime, while no change had taken place in the Alpine Church, its doctrines and rites had been accepted by all Northern Europe. In the seventeenth century the papacy had lost its most powerful and warlike adherents. England in 1650, ruled by Cromwell, instructed by Milton, stood in the front rank of the progressive nations. Holland and Northern Germany maintained their free schools and their liberal press in defiance of the Jesuits and the Pope. France had been forced to tolerate the Huguenots. It was only over Italy and Spain that the Inquisition of Loyola, founded in 1541, held its terrible sway. There the papal power had been erected upon a relentless despotism, and the unhappy people were rapidly sinking to a low rank among civilized nations. The rule of the Jesuits was followed by a total decay of morals, a general decline of the intellect. Once Italy had been the centre of classic elegance, of the reviving arts, of the splendors of a new civilization. It was now the home of gross superstitions, a degraded priesthood, a hopeless people. Spain and Portugal, once the leaders in discovery, the rulers of the seas, had fallen into a new barbarism. The Jesuits, the Inquisition, alone flourished in their fallen capitals and deserted ports; the manly vigor of the countrymen of the Cid had been corrupted by centuries of papal tyranny.

In the seventeenth century the Vaudois were the only progressive portion of the Italian race.⁽²⁾ Every inhabitant of the valleys was educated; the barbes were excellent teachers, their people eager to learn; the laborers instructed each other as they toiled side by side on their mountains; their industry was the parent of active minds. If they produced no eminent poet to sing of dreadful war, no astute philosopher, no vigorous critic, they could at least point to several native

⁽¹⁾ J. Bresse, *Hist. Vaud.*, p. 39.

⁽²⁾ Muston, *Hist. Vaud.*, i., p. 394: "Nos temples ne sont décorés ni de croix ni d'images," etc.

historians of considerable merit; to their "Noble Lesson," the finest of mediæval poems; to their stirring hymns and versions of the Psalms;⁽¹⁾ to a long succession of intelligent barbes; to their missionaries of the Middle Ages; to their colleges and schools in Alpine caves. They might claim that the ideas of the valleys had promoted the civilization of Europe, and that their perpetual protest in favor of liberty of thought had been of more value to the world than Tasso's epic or Raphael's Madonnas.

A pestilence swept over the valleys in 1630; nearly all the pastors died, and the Vaudois were forced to send to Geneva for a new band of teachers. The Calvinistic system of government, in a milder form, was now adopted; the name of barbe was no longer used; the ruling elder was called a moderator; the pastors were usually educated at Geneva; and the ancient catechism of the twelfth century was exchanged for a modern compilation.⁽²⁾ Yet the Vaudois have never consented to be called Calvinists, Protestants, or Reformers; they insist that they are primitive Christians, who have never changed their doctrine or their ritual since the days of St. Paul;⁽³⁾ who have beheld untainted all the corruption of the Eastern or the Western Church; whose succession from the apostles is proved by no vain tradition, no episcopal ordination, but by an uninterrupted descent of Christian virtues and an apostolic creed. They modestly assert that they have ever used the simple ritual employed by James, the brother of the Lord, at Jerusalem,

(1) Raynouard, ii., p. 71 *et seq.*, gives extracts from the early Vaudois poems. The fine hymn, *Lo Payre Eternal*, contrasts boldly with the feeble Romish hymns to Mary or the saints.

(2) Muston, *Israel of Alps*, i., p. 310.

(3) The Middle-age Protestant hymn, *Lo Payre Eternal* (The Eternal Father), expresses the noble feeling of the mountain church. I add a few lines. The poet calls on God to pity and forgive, and then asks to reign with him in a celestial kingdom.

"Rey glorios, regnant sobre tuit li regne,
Fay me regner cum tu al tio celestial regne
Que yo chante cum tuit li sant e sempre laudar te degne."

See Raynouard, ii., p. 117. With this contrast a feeble chant to the Virgin:

"O Marie! de Dieu mère, Dieu t'est et fils et père!"

or Paul at Antioch; and that they prefer to retain unchanged the name they bore before the Popes wore the tiara of Antichrist, and before Christians were oppressed by the corruptions and the crimes of a visible Church.

So much liberality of doctrine, such purity of life and faith, could not fail to deserve the constant hostility of the Jesuits. That famous company was now in the maturity of its early vigor. Its flourishing colleges filled the Catholic capitals of Europe; its countless members, bound by their terrible oath of obedience, moved like a united army upon the defenses of the reformed faith. They had subjected Italy, had desolated Spain; they once more turned the whole energy of the united order to the extirpation of the children of the valleys. In 1650, the Jesuits founded a propaganda at Turin in imitation of that at Rome.⁽¹⁾ Its design was to spread the Roman faith, to extirpate heresy by all the most powerful instruments of force or fraud. A council was formed, composed of the most eminent citizens, who were to act as general Inquisitors. Among them were the Marquis of Pianessa, the Grand Chancellor, the President of the Senate; its chief officer was the Archbishop of Turin. Connected with the propaganda was a council of distinguished and wealthy women, who proved even more zealous than the men. The noblest ladies of Turin joined in the new crusade; large sums of money were collected to aid the movement; the emissaries of the two councils united in visiting families suspected of heretical practices, and in striving to win over converts by intimidation or bribes. The poor serving-woman from the valleys was often assailed by a noble tempter; the heretics of a higher rank were won by flatteries and attentions. The languid atmosphere of the capital of Savoy was stirred by the new effort to propagate the creed of Rome.

From the higher peaks of their native Alps the Vaudois look down upon the palaces and cathedrals of Turin. Before them lies that magnificent scene with which Hannibal stimu-

(1) Leger, part ii., p. 73, describes the Jesuit propaganda at Turin, and imputes to it all the misfortunes of his country.

lated the avarice of his toil-worn army as he pointed out the path to Rome. But in the seventeenth century the rude village of the Taurini had grown into a powerful and splendid city; the landscape was rich with the product of centuries of toil; the plains of Piedmont were the gardens of the age. The Vaudois, ever loyal and forgiving, had never failed in their duty to their sovereigns. The dukes of Savoy, always their worst persecutors, seem yet to have obtained their lasting regard. They appealed to their clemency in moments of danger. They had usually been sternly told to choose between the mass and ruin. Yet, in 1650, they had enjoyed a period of comparative rest; and little did they foresee, as they looked down upon the city of their sovereign and the rich plains around, that the great and the noble were plotting their destruction, that the last crowning trial of their ancient Church was near at hand.

The first omen of danger was a new influx of Jesuits. The valleys were thronged with haggard and fanatical missionaries. They pressed into remote districts, and celebrated mass in scenes where it had never been heard before. A ceaseless plotting went on against the faithful Vaudois; every art was employed to bribe the young; to arouse the pastors to a dangerous resistance; to disturb the harmony of families and fill the valleys with domestic strife. In Turin the Inquisition sat constantly, and before its hated tribunal were summoned the most noted of the Vaudois. If they failed to appear, their goods were forfeited, their lives in peril; if they came, they probably disappeared forever from human sight. The dungeon, the rack, and the *auto-da-fé* awaited those who denied the infallibility of the Pope.

But the Jesuits refused to be satisfied with these isolated persecutions;⁽¹⁾ they pressed the Duke of Savoy to complete the ruin of the Alpine Church. The world has witnessed no sadder spectacle than that long reign of terrors that was now spread over the peaceful valleys. In January, 1655, was issued

(¹) All the authorities unite in fixing the chief guilt of the massacres upon the Jesuits. See Leger, part ii., p. 72 *et seq.*

the famous order of Gastaldo, the opening of the dreadful struggle. By this degree, sanctioned by the court of Turin, every Vaudois in the towns at the lower extremity of the valleys was commanded either to attend mass or to abandon his home and fly to the upper villages. The whole heretic population were to be shut up within a narrow region around Bobbio and Angrogna. It was a winter of singular severity; the snow lay deep in the upper valleys; the torrents rolled down clad in ice; the fields were covered with inundations; the ravines were almost impassable. Yet the sad and long procession of faithful Christians were forced to leave their comfortable homes in Lucerna or St. Jean and bear the horrors of the wintry march. The aged, the sick, the once-smiling children, the feeble and the young, the gentle matron, the accomplished maid, set out in a pitiful throng on their dreadful journey.⁽¹⁾ They waded hand-in-hand through the icy waters, broke the deep, untrodden snows, climbed the wintry hills, and sought refuge with their impoverished brethren of the Alpine villages. Yet no one recanted; no native Vaudois would consent to escape the pains of exile by attending an idolatrous mass. Whole cities and villages in the lower valleys were nearly depopulated; families were reduced from ease and comfort to extreme and painful want; a fruitful region was desolated; but the Jesuits were disappointed, for the indestructible Church survived among the mountains.

Their next project was a war of extermination. A pretext was easily discovered: a priest had been found murdered in a Vaudois village; a convent of Capuchins, planted in one of the ruined towns, had been broken up by an impetuous pastor; the mass had been ridiculed; the exiled people sometimes stole back to their desecrated homes. Turin was filled with rage; the duke decreed the destruction of the Vaudois. Again a crusade began against the people of the valleys. The historian Leger, who was a Vaudois pastor, and saw the sufferings and the heroism of his countrymen, has described

(¹) Leger, part ii., p. 94 *et seq.*: "Se trouvant dans le cœur du plus rude hyver qu'ils aient jamais senti."

with startling minuteness the details of the persecution. The papal troops entered the valleys, roused by the priests and Jesuits to an unparalleled madness. Such cruelties, such crimes, have never before or since been perpetrated upon the earth; the French Revolution offers but a faint comparison; the tortures of Diocletian or Decius may approach their reality. The gentle, intelligent, and cultivated Vaudois fell into the power of a band of demons. Their chief rage was directed against women and children. The babe was torn from the mother's breast and cast into the blazing fire;⁽¹⁾ the mother was impaled, and left to die in unpitied agony. Often husband and wife were bound together and burned in the same pyre; often accomplished matrons, educated in refinement and ease, were hacked to pieces by papal soldiers, and their headless trunks left unburied in the snow. A general search was made for Vaudois. Every cave was entered, every crag visited, where there was no danger of resistance; every forest was carefully explored. When any were found, whether young or old, they were chased from their hiding-places over the snowy hills, and thrown from steep crags into the deep ravines below. No cliff but had its martyr; no hill on which had not blazed the persecutor's fire. In Leger's history, printed in 1669, are preserved rude but vigorous engravings of the malignant tortures inflicted by the papal soldiers upon his countrymen. There, in the Alpine solitudes, amidst the snow-clad summits of the wintry hills, are seen the dying matron; the tortured child; the persecutor chasing his victims over the icy fields; the virgin snows covered with the blood of fated innocence; the terrified people climbing higher and higher up the tallest Alps, glad to dwell with the eagle and the chamois, above the rage of persecuting man.⁽²⁾

The Pope applauded, the Duke of Savoy rejoiced in the

(¹) Leger, part ii., p. 110 *et seq.*: "Les petits enfans, impitoyablement arrachés des mamelles de leurs tendres mères, estoient empoignés par les pieds," etc. The narrative is that of eye-witnesses, and from depositions made soon after. Men of eighty and ninety years were burned.

(²) The narrative of the persecution is too dreadful to be repeated, too horrible to be remembered.

massacres of the valleys. The Jesuits chanted their thanksgiving in the ruined villages. The Capuchins restored their convent. The Church of Rome ruled over the blood-stained waste. But when the news of the unexampled atrocities of the Alps came to the great Protestant powers of the North, when it was told in London or The Hague that the harmless people of the valleys, the successors of the apostles, had been slain in their villages and cut to pieces on their native cliffs, horror and amazement filled all men. The reformers of every land had long looked with interest and affection upon the Alpine Church; had admired its heroism, had imitated its simplicity; that it should perish amidst the savage cruelties of the Jesuits and the Pope they could scarcely bear. A loud cry of disgust and indignation arose from all the Northern courts.⁽¹⁾ But one mind, the greatest and the purest that had descended upon the earth since the apostolic age, gave utterance to the common indignation. Milton was now Cromwell's secretary, and, although blind, watched over the affairs of Europe. His quick perception, his liberal opinions, his ready learning, his easy Latin style, have given to the foreign correspondence of the Protector an excellence never to be equaled in the annals of diplomacy. To the learned, the liberal, the progressive Milton the Alpine Church must ever have been singularly dear. It reflected all his own cherished opinions; his own simplicity, naturalness, and love of truth; it was clothed with a halo of historic association that, to his poetic thought, covered it with immortal lustre.

In one great sonnet Milton has condensed the indignation of the age.⁽²⁾ He cried to Heaven to avenge its slaughtered saints; he paints with a mighty touch the cold Alps, the dying martyrs, the papal monsters, the persecuted Church. No grander strain, no more powerful explication, has fallen from the pen of the lord of modern poetry. The stern enthusiast Cromwell shared Milton's indignation, and the poet and the soldier strove to preserve the Alpine Church. Milton

⁽¹⁾ See Gilly, *Excur.*; *Leger*, ii., 240.

⁽²⁾ "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," etc.

wrote, in the name of the Protector, a courtly but vigorous appeal to the murderous Duke of Savoy. Cromwell said that he was bound to the Vaudois by a common faith; that he had heard of their butchery, their exposure on the frozen Alps: he besought the duke to withdraw the edict of extermination. The letter was composed in Latin by Milton, and was copied, it is said, by one of his daughters. It is dated May 25th, 1655, soon after the news arrived. All England mourned for the slaughtered saints, and Cromwell appointed a day of fasting and prayer for their deliverance. Large sums of money were collected in London for their support, and the Hollanders were equally liberal. Milton's pen now knew no rest; he wrote to the various Protestant powers to intercede for the Vaudois; he appealed to Louis XIV. of France to give shelter to the exiles and to aid in their preservation. "The groans of those wretched men, the Protestants of Lucerna, Angrogna, and the other Alpine valleys," Cromwell said, "have reached our ears." When the persecutions still continued he wrote in stronger terms;⁽¹⁾ and the bold and stern Sir Samuel Morland⁽²⁾ was sent as envoy to the court of Turin to remonstrate against its enormities. The ambassador did not spare the papists, at least in words. He told the duke that angels were horrified, that men were amazed, and the earth blushed at the fearful spectacle. The Swiss cantons and the German princes united in a strong remonstrance. Said the Landgrave of Hesse: "Persecutions and butcheries are not the means to suppress a religion, but rather to preserve it." But no sense of shame reached the hearts of the monster duke and his Jesuit advisers; they pretended, with keen subtlety, to listen to the appeals of the Protestant powers, yet they still permitted the work of extermination to go on.

Safe in the shelter of the Italian court and certain of the sympathy of that of France, the Jesuits and the Pope heard with secret joy the grief and rage of the arch-heretic Cromwell and his allies of the North. They resolved to persist in their

(¹) Gilly, Narrative, gives the letters of Cromwell or Milton, p. 217-229.

(²) Gilly, Narrative, p. 229.

dreadful labors until no trace of heresy should be left upon Italian soil. It is probable that, had the Protector lived, the fleets of England might have avenged the Christians of the valleys; that the artillery of the Puritans might have startled the Italian potentates from their fancied security. But the great chief-tain died; the greater poet sunk into a happy obscurity, from whence was to shine forth the highest fruit of his genius; and all England was dissolved in fatal license under the dissolute reign of Charles. At his death the Jesuits rejoiced in the rule of James II., and confidently hoped to bring once more under the papal sway the land of Milton and Cromwell. It was a disastrous period for Protestantism. England no longer stretched forth its powerful arm to shield its weaker brethren. Holland seemed about to sink before the Catholic zeal of Louis XIV. Geneva trembled among its mountains. And at length the Jesuits prevailed upon the King of France to revoke the Edict of Nantes and commence a bitter persecution of the Huguenots. The best, the wisest, the most progressive of the French died in crowded prisons or by the arms of the papal butchers, or were glad to escape, impoverished, to foreign lands. A perfect religious despotism prevailed in France, from which it was only rescued by the convulsive horrors of its Revolution.

There was now no more hope for the Vaudois.⁽¹⁾ Friendless, except in the arm of Him who guided the avalanche and checked the raging torrent in its course, the poor and humble people, cheered by their gallant pastors, bore with patient joy the burden of a fearful existence. From 1655 to 1685 they suffered all the ignominies and all the cruelties that could be inflicted by the malevolent priests. The valleys were filled with monks and Jesuits, and bands of papal soldiers, who ravished the last loaf from the humble homes of the industrious Christians. Often the Vaudois, roused to resistance by some dreadful atrocity, would fly to arms and perform miracles of

⁽¹⁾ Muston began his valuable labors, ed. 1834, by asserting, "*La gloire des Vaudois est dans leur malheur.*" He had not yet looked forward to their present triumph.

valor amidst their native crags; war would rage again along the valleys; and great armies of papists would march from Turin or Pignerol and chase the people to the mountains. Then the old, the sick, women and children, would be carried by the strong arms of their sons and their brothers to some secluded cavern, known only to themselves, and there hide for months until the danger seemed past; in fact, the Vaudois learned, like the marmot, to make their homes in the living rock.

One of these singular natural retreats of safety has perhaps been discovered by a modern traveler. He had searched for many days for the famous cavern of Castelluzo. The memory of the place had been forgotten; it was only known that down some dizzy precipice, overhanging a dreadful abyss, a cave existed, opening into the solid rock, where three or four hundred Vaudois had once lived safe from the Pope and the Jesuits. At length his guides assured the traveler that they had found the forgotten retreat. On a fair day of the Alpine autumn, when the golden fields were smiling with the gathered harvests, the stranger ventured to enter, with extreme hazard, the dangerous scene. He could scarcely conceive how old men, women, and children, amidst the snows of winter, could have descended into their only home. The entrance lay over a projecting crag. Far below opened a deep ravine, from which shot up a wall of rock. The cave was cut by Nature's hand in the side of the precipice. A rope-ladder was provided and swung over the projecting cliff. It was made to rest on a slight ledge about fifty feet below. The guides descended, the traveler followed, and with great risk reached the grotto. It proved to be an irregular sloping gallery, formed by the overhanging cliffs. On one side a projecting crag sheltered it from the weather; before it opened the unfathomed abyss. A spring of water seemed to exist in one corner, and a few shrubs and plants grew in the interstices of the rock.⁽¹⁾ The cave was shallow, light, and almost safe from attack. Only a single person could enter it at a time, and a single

(1) Waldensian Researches, Gilly, p. 513.

stalwart Vaudois might here defy an army. Yet there were no traces of its having been inhabited; no smoke of Vaudois fires, nor remnants of arms or furniture; and the traveler left the place still in doubt whether he had really found the famous cave described by Leger, where nature had provided embrasures, windows for sentinels, an oven, and a secure retreat for three hundred of his countrymen.⁽¹⁾

At last, in 1685, came that fatal period so long anticipated with triumph by the Jesuits of Turin, when the voice of Christian prayer and praise was no longer heard in the valleys. The wonderful people had survived for six centuries the enmity of the papacy; but now the Alpine Church seemed forever blotted from existence. Louis XIV., the destroyer of the Huguenots and of France, pressed the Duke of Savoy to drive the heretics from his dominions. General Catinat, one of the best commanders of the time, led a well-appointed army into the valleys; the people took up arms, and, with their usual heroism, at first baffled and defeated the efforts of the French; then a lethargy seemed to pass over them, and they yielded to the foe. A dreadful punishment now fell upon them. The papal soldiers swept through the valleys, made prisoners of nearly the whole population, and carried them away to the dungeons of Turin. Fourteen thousand persons were shut up in a close confinement. The consequences were such as might have touched the hearts of Diocletian and Decius, but to the Jesuits and to Rome they were only a source of insane joy. The stalwart mountaineers, and their wives and children, shut out from their free Alpine air, starved and persecuted, pined in a horrible imprisonment. Diseases raged among them; a pestilence came; and of the fourteen thousand saints, the followers of Christ, only three thousand came, emaciated and pale, from their noisome dungeons. Eleven thousand had died to satisfy the malice of Rome.

There was now peace in the silent valleys; villages without inhabitants, homes without a family, churches no longer filled

(1) Leger, i., p. 9.

with the eloquence of supplication. A few Romanists alone occupied the silent scene. At length a colony of papists, gathered from the neighboring country, was sent in to take possession of the fields and dwellings of the Vaudois; the churches of the ancient faith were torn down or converted into Romish chapels; the Jesuits wandered freely from St. Jean to Pradel Tor. For the first time since the dawn of Christianity, the Virgin was worshiped beneath the crags of San Martino, and the idolatry of the mass desecrated the scene so long consecrated by an apostolic faith. For three years the rule of the papists remained undisturbed. The sad remnant of the Vaudois meantime had wandered to foreign lands. Several thousand climbed the Alps, and came, emaciated and wayworn, to the Swiss. Here they were received with sincere kindness, and found a momentary rest. Several of the pastors found a home in Holland; at Leyden, Leger composed his history of his country. A colony of exiled Vaudois came afterward to America, and settled near Philadelphia; others went to Germany or England. Some, perhaps, remained in the valleys, concealing their faith under a conformity with the Romish rule. And thus, in 1689, seemed forever dissipated that hal-
lowed race, that assembly of the faithful, over whose career in history had ever hung a spotless halo of ideal purity.

In the fearful winter of 1686-'87, when the Rhone was frozen to its bed and the Alps were incrustated with ice, the papists drove the surviving remnant of the prisoners over the precipitous passes of Mont Cenis. The aged, the sick, women, children, the wounded, and the faint, climbed with unsteady steps the chill waste of snows, and toiled onward toward Protestant Geneva. Many had scarcely clothes to cover them; all were feeble with starvation. The road was marked by the bodies of those that died by the way. The survivors staggered down the Swiss side of the mountains, pallid with hunger and cold; some perished as they approached the borders of the friendly territory; others lingered a while, and expired in the homes of the Swiss. But the people of Geneva, as they beheld the melancholy procession approaching their city, rushed out in generous enthusiasm to receive the exiles to their arms.

One-half the population went forth on the charitable journey. They contended with each other which should first give shelter to the poorest of the martyrs, and sometimes bore them in their arms from the frontiers to their comfortable dwellings. Geneva, the wonderful city of Calvin and Beza, revived in this period of woe the unbounded benevolence that had marked the early Christians in their conduct toward each other under the persecutions of Maximin and Galerius. As the exiles entered the town they sung the psalm of persecuted Israel, "O God, why hast thou cast us off?" in a grave, sad voice, and breathed out a melancholy wail over the ruin of their apostolic Church.⁽¹⁾

An aged man appeared among the throng who came out to meet them; it was Joshua Janavel, the exiled hero of the Vaudois. For many years Janavel had lived a fugitive at Geneva. Yet the fame of his wonderful exploits had once filled all Europe, and he still kept watch over the destiny of his native land. Had Janavel's advice been followed, the Vaudois believed that their country might yet have been free; had his strong arm not been palsied by age, there would yet remain a hope of its deliverance. In the wild wars that followed the massacre of 1655, when the Marquis of Pianessa was ravaging the valleys, Janavel became the leader of a band of heroes. Born on the mountains, he crept through their passes and sprung from cliff to cliff at the head of his pious company, and waged a holy but relentless warfare with the murderous assailants.⁽²⁾ With only six soldiers he surprised in a narrow pass a squadron of five hundred, and drove them from the hills. The next day, with seventeen men, he hid among rocks; the enemy approached in force, and pressed into the ambuscade; the crags were rolled upon them; musket-balls rained from every cliff; and as they fled, astonished, to the valley, the mountaineers, leaping from rock to rock and

⁽¹⁾ The music of the Vaudois is said to be sad, plaintive, and in a minor tone, as if the reflection of their life and persecution. Gilly, *Researches*, p. 221.

⁽²⁾ For anecdotes of Janavel see Gilly, *Narrative*, p. 194 *et seq.*

hiding behind the woodlands, pursued them with fatal aim. The Marquis of Pianessa, the chief of the propaganda at Turin, sent a still larger army against Janavel; he was shut up against the front of a tall cliff; and the Vaudois, with their backs to the rock, met the advancing foe. The popish army melted away like snow before them; the Christians charged upon them with a cry of faith; and again the enemy were broken, with dreadful loss.

Ten thousand men were next marched against the patriots. Meantime their commander, the Marquis of Pianessa, an excellent example of chivalry and feudalism, a bright ornament of his church and court, wrote as follows to the Christian leader: "To Captain Janavel,—Your wife and daughter are in my power. If you do not submit, they shall be burned alive." Janavel replied, "You can destroy their bodies; you can not harm their beloved souls."⁽¹⁾ The wild war raged all along the mountains. Janavel, and his famous associate, Jahier, beat back the great army of Pianessa, and avenged its terrible atrocities. Among those of the invaders most guilty of indescribable enormities was a band of eight hundred Irish Catholics. They had rejoiced to crush the heads of Protestant infants against the rocks, to hack in pieces gentle matrons and aged men, to fill blazing ovens with unresisting saints. Janavel now came upon them with a dreadful retribution. He surprised them in their barracks, and put them all to death. But Janavel was at last shot through the body. He recovered, and went, in 1680, an exile to Geneva; and here he lived to aid in that remarkable expedition by which the Vaudois were once more restored to their valleys and their homes.

While all Protestant Europe was lamenting the ruin of its oldest Church, suddenly there passed before the eyes of men a wonderful achievement—a spectacle of heroism and daring scarcely rivaled at Marathon or Leuctra.⁽²⁾ It was named by

⁽¹⁾ Muston, part ii., ch. viii., p. 363, vol. i.

⁽²⁾ Glorious Recovery, trans. from Henry Arnaud's account of his expedition; Gilly, *Excurs.*, p. 174–183; Muston, ii., p. 33. The journals of the period also notice the return.

the exulting Vaudois "The Glorious Return." The exiles at Geneva, tempted by various friendly invitations to emigrate to Protestant lands, still fondly lingered in the neighborhood of their native mountains. No promises of ease and opulence, no prospect of a foreign home, could allure them from the distant view of Mont Cenis and the snow-clad Alps. At length the enthusiastic people, inspired by the brave spirit of the aged Janavel, and their priest and warrior, Henry Arnaud, began to entertain the design of invading once more their ancient valleys — of reviving their apostolic Church. Yet never was a project apparently more hopeless. The Duke of Savoy, suspecting their design, had extended a chain of garrisons around all the mountain passes. The valleys were held by large armies of French and Savoyards, and a hostile population filled all the towns and hamlets in Perouse, Lucerna, and San Martino. If the exiles attempted to cross the Alps, they must cut their way through a succession of foes. When they reached the Germanasca and the Pelice, they would encounter the united forces of Italy and France.

But Janavel inspired them with his own boundless resolution. An expedition was prepared of nearly one thousand men; and on the night of the 16th of August, 1689, a fleet of boats bore the adventurers over the peaceful waters of Lake Lemman to the borders of Savoy. As they assembled in the forest of Nyon the aged warrior directed them all to kneel in fervent prayer. He could not go with them; he bid them choose, under the guidance of Heaven, a younger leader. It seems that a Captain Turrel was elected their commander.⁽¹⁾ The whole army was divided into nineteen companies; and the Vaudois began their swift march for the passes of the Alps. They evaded or dissipated the hostile garrisons, and swept rapidly up that memorable road by which Hannibal had crossed the unknown mountains. But the Vaudois were no strangers to the icy scene. They chose the most difficult paths to avoid the hostile soldiers, clambered from glacier to glacier, crept along the brink of the fearful precipice, dispersed the

(¹) Muston, ii., p. 38 *et seq.*

enemy by sudden attacks, and reached at length the pass of Mont Cenis. Here they captured the baggage of a Roman cardinal who was on his way to Rome.⁽¹⁾ Slowly and with unexampled endurance they climbed Mont Cenis, and, as they reached the top, sunk, incapable of motion, on the frozen snow. Their path now lay among the wildest and most inaccessible portions of the Alps. With scanty food, but frequent prayers, they pressed over the snows toward their native valleys. Soon their clarions sounded clearly from the summit of Tourliers, as they prepared to descend into the well-known scene and encounter the first shock of battle.

Eight hundred now remained — vigorous, agile, fearless — many of them natives of Lucerna, San Martino, or Angrogna. They descended the snowy hills in a narrow line, wading through deep ravines. Their food was only a few chestnuts and half-frozen water; their dress was torn and comfortless. They slept on wintry crags, but they held fast to their arms and their scanty powder; and their pastor and chief, Henry Arnaud, led them in fervent prayer, every morning and evening, as they clambered down the Alps. At length they approached their beloved valleys; but between lay the ravine of the Dora, crossed by a single bridge. Around was stationed a force of two thousand French, guarding the pass of Salbertrans. The eight hundred saw that they must fight their way across.⁽²⁾ It was a dim and misty night, and as they pressed on the Catholic settlers mocked them with evil tidings. When they asked them for provisions, they replied, "Go on, you will soon have no need of food." They knelt for a few moments, and then began the attack. Some one cried out, "The bridge is won!" The Vaudois rushed upon their enemy; the French, terrified by their energy, abandoned their station in sudden panic; and the eight hundred pressed over the bridge and cut down the enemy as they fled. None were spared; and in the dark, bewildering night the French soldiers wan-

(1) *Glorious Recovery*; Muston, ii., 45.

(2) Muston, i., p. 47, is fuller than Arnaud, and has used various unpublished letters, etc.

dered among the Vaudois, and were shot or sabred without resistance. The moon now rose over the Alps, and disclosed seven hundred dead lying around the dark ravine; of the Vaudois only twenty-two had fallen. Once more they knelt, but it was now in thanksgiving; they heaped together the ammunition they could not use, with all the remains of the French camp, and applied a torch to the pile; the explosion shook the mountains with an unaccustomed tremor, and as the sound died away a wild shout of joy arose from the Vaudois—a cry of “Glory to the God of armies!”

Worn with battle and victory, the exiles still pressed on the same night, often falling down in sleep, and then rousing themselves to climb over rocks and mountains, until, as the sun rose on the Sabbath morning, and the white peaks of the Alps were tinted with a bright rose-color, and the wide, wavy landscape gleamed before them, they saw the fair pinnacles of their own hills and the well-known valley of Pragela. They chanted a poetic prayer of thanksgiving on the mountain-tops, and descended to their home. The priests fled hastily from the valley; the patriots tore the images and the shrines from their ancient churches, and celebrated their simple worship in its accustomed seats. For a time all was victory. They drove the enemy from the Balsille and its impregnable rocks, expelled the new inhabitants of Bobi, burned hostile Le Perrier, and supplied themselves with arms at the cost of the foe. For food they found a resource in the plunder of French convoys, and in secret stores of corn and nuts which they had hidden in the earth before their expulsion. But the enemy was now chiefly engaged in an attempt to starve them on the mountains. The Duke of Savoy ordered the country to be desolated; the flocks and cattle were driven away from the open valleys, the fruit-trees cut down, the harvests burned upon the fields, and the magnificent groves of chestnut and walnuts despoiled of their autumnal product. The poor Vaudois, clinging to the cliffs and wandering upon the mountain-tops, still baffled the arms of the enemy; but often they had only a few roots to eat, and their manly vigor must slowly melt away in famine and fatigue. Prayer was still their chief

support, and among their native crags they constantly lifted their voices to Heaven. For two months they had resisted the attack of twenty thousand men led by the skillful Catinat; but by October 16th it seemed that the enterprise must wholly fail. Their numbers were diminished by desertions and death; many French refugees left them; even Turrel, the commander, despairing of success, fled from them secretly. Clothed in rags, feeding upon roots and herbs, the feeble Vaudois saw before them the approaching winter and the swiftly increasing foe. Their prayerful hearts were oppressed with an unaccustomed dread. Liberty of conscience seemed about to depart forever from the valleys; the Alpine Church was never again to rise from its desolation. But Henry Arnaud, pastor and chief, rose, in this moment of danger, to heroic greatness. He, at least, would never abandon his suffering country and the falling cause of freedom. He prayed, exhorted, celebrated the sacred feast in groves of chestnut, fought in the front of his followers, and was ready to die for their preservation.⁽¹⁾ In the midst of his calamities he remembered the counsels of the aged Janavel, who had advised the adventurers, in a moment of extreme need, to take refuge upon the rock of Balsille, and there prolong the contest until help should come from above.

In a wild portion of the valley of San Martino a pile of rock projects over an Alpine torrent, surrounded by huge mountains, accessible only from the bed of the stream below, and rising on three terraces against the sides of its lofty peak behind. It is called the Balsille. Swelled by the winter snows, a branch of the Germanasca sweeps around the singular promontory. A few shrubs cover its top; a little earth produces a scanty vegetation. The Balsille stands like an isolated column, yet on either hand it is commanded by the tall and almost inaccessible peaks of Le Pis and Guinevert. But in that wild and lofty region the climate is severe, the ravines and mountains almost perpetually covered with snow, the paths impassable except to the agile and daring Vaudois.

(1) Glorious Recovery, p. 133 *et seq.*, describes the Balsille.

Secluded amidst the wildest scenery of the valleys, the Balsille forms an almost impregnable fortress: the history of its siege and its defense is the crowning wonder of "The Glorious Return."

The exiles were now, October 22d, 1689, at Rodoret, surrounded by the enemy; to reach the Balsille they must pass through the midst of their foes, over a path that led along the brink of frightful precipices, but which they could only traverse by night. They prayed long and fervently, and then set out in utter darkness. No moon nor stars guided them as they crept on their hands and knees along the edge of the deep abyss. To distinguish their guides, they marked them with strips of white cloth or pieces of phosphoric wood.⁽¹⁾ Yet they passed safely, and in the morning trembled with affright as they saw over what a fearful path they had come. When they reached the Balsille they found only a bare and comfortless rock; they were forced to build at once a fortress and a dwelling; feeble and faint, they labored with incredible toil. They cut down trees, gathered huge stones, and formed seventeen intrenchments, rising one above the other, on the precipitous rock. They dug deep ditches, covered ways, and casemates to secure their lines. On the top of the Balsille they built a strong fort or castle, the centre of their defenses, surrounded by three high walls; and, to provide their homes in that wintry climate, they dug in the earth and rock of the terraces eighty caves or chambers, where they slept in innocence more calmly, perhaps, than pope or priest.

When they reached the rock they had no food for the next day, and lived upon a few vegetables they gathered in the neighborhood. At length they repaired a dismantled mill, and were enabled to bake bread. With joy and thankful hearts they discovered that the harvests of the last year lay buried beneath the snow in the valley of Pral, and reaped them through the winter by digging in the icy covering. But they were not suffered to remain undisturbed. On the 29th

⁽¹⁾ Glorious Recovery, p. 139. Muston has the narrative of a Vaudois officer—it adds something.

of October they saw the French troops approaching them on all sides; some climbed the precipitous peaks of Guinevert and Col du Pis; others approached the base of the fortified rock; a vigorous attack was made on the intrenchments; the sharp fire of the Vaudois marksmen scattered the enemy with great loss. The Alpine winter now came on. The French troops were driven from the mountains, with frozen limbs and fearful suffering, by the rigorous season; the deep snows of the valleys prevented all military operations; and the enemy withdrew, promising to return in the spring.⁽¹⁾

Winter passed on in peace with the garrison of Balsille. Alone in the midst of a thousand dangers, shielded only by the icy snows, the Alpine Church lived on its lonely rock. In his singular castle and temple Henry Arnaud still maintained the ancient ritual of the valleys; twice on each Sabbath he preached to an attentive assembly; morning and evening the voice of prayer and praise ascended to the peaks of Guinevert. The garrison was reduced to about four hundred, all native Vaudois, and their chief solace in their painful life was to join in the hymns and prayers they had learned from their mothers in their childhood.⁽²⁾ Yet they would not consent to remain unemployed. Frequent expeditions were sent out to levy contributions on the popish villagers, to climb from crag to crag along the secure mountains and descend in sudden forays into the well-known valleys. They penetrated far down the banks of the Germanasca, and disturbed the repose of Lucerna and Angrogna. Meantime no help came from abroad; the expeditions formed in Switzerland for their relief were intercepted by the enemy; and, as the spring drew on, Arnaud and his pious company prepared to engage once more the united armies of France and Savoy.

In April the Marquis De Pareilles sent them offers of liberal terms if they would surrender. A council was held on the rocks, and a unanimous refusal was decided upon. Arnaud wrote to the marquis a defense of his countrymen; he said they had been seated from time immemorial in their val-

(1) *Glorious Recovery*, p. 143.

(2) *Id.*, p. 148.

leys; that they had paid every impost, performed all the duties of good subjects; that they had led lives of singular purity; that they fought only for self-preservation.⁽¹⁾ On the last day of the month, a Sabbath morning, as Arnaud was preaching to his garrison, the troops of Catinat were seen closing around the solitary fortress. With a rare endurance, scarcely surpassed by the native Vaudois, the French and Savoyards had cut their way through the deep snows of the ravines and climbed the frightful precipices. A whole regiment, amidst blinding sleet and icy winds, had fixed themselves on the pinnacle of Guinevert, overlooking the Balsille. Another appeared on the top of Le Pis, and opened a distant fire on the fort. In the valley in front Catinat ordered a chosen band of five hundred men to climb the steep ascent of the Balsille, and charge the rude intrenchments of the Vaudois.⁽²⁾ The French attacked with singular gallantry; they strove to tear away the felled trees behind which their enemy was sheltered, and climbed the rude wall of stone; but a rain of balls came from the Vaudois, a shower of rocks rolled upon the assailants; their ranks were soon broken, and they fled down the hill. Great numbers were slain; the Vaudois leaped from their works, and destroyed nearly all the detachment. Its commander, Colonel De Parat, was wounded and taken prisoner. The next day the Vaudois cut off the heads of their fallen foes and planted them along the line of their first palisade. It was a symbol of unchanging defiance.

Arnaud defends with vigor the severe policy he had adopted. He killed the prisoners, he says, because it was impossible to hold them; he spared every non-combatant, and never retaliated the cruelties endured by his countrymen. Once more, May 10th, the French army, under De Feuquières, gathered around the Balsille. They numbered about thirteen thousand men. A battery of cannon had been placed, with great labor, on the side of Guinevert; the hills around were filled with troops, and the rock itself was surrounded on ev-

⁽¹⁾ *Glorious Recovery*, p. 159, gives the number of the enemy as 22,000.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*, p. 167.

ery side by the hostile forces. The French commander made a last effort to persuade the Vaudois to submit.⁽¹⁾ He offered each man five hundred louis and a free passage from the country; but his great bribes were rejected, and the garrison determined to persist in a vain resistance. With prayers and holy songs they prepared for the final contest. In a first attack the French were repulsed with signal loss. But at length the batteries began to play on the works of the Vaudois, and their feeble fortifications crumbled to the earth. The enemy slowly made their way up the height; the Vaudois were even driven from the castle, and fled to a higher part of the rock. Night fell, and the French commander ceased his assault, resolved to capture the whole garrison in the morning.

Clustered like hunted chamois on the pinnacles of the rock, the Vaudois now sought eagerly for some method of escape.⁽²⁾ But as yet there seemed no prospect of deliverance. The enemy lay encamped on every side of the Balsille; his watch-fires dispelled the darkness of the night, and sentinels, posted thickly around, closed up every avenue of flight. Arnaud and his brave companions were guarded by a circle of foes who had resolved that no Vaudois should be left alive upon the mountains. But, as the night advanced, a friendly mist, sent in answer to their prayers, slowly rose from the deep glens and covered the whole valley with a humid veil. The agile mountaineers, led by a skillful guide, crept down the slippery rocks, climbed in single file over the deep chasms of the Germanasca, and reached the base of Guinevert. Here they cut steps in the hardened snow, and, with terrible suffering, dragged themselves on their hands and knees up the steep declivities, until at length they stood on a wide glacier, far above the reach of the enemy. A clamor of thanksgiving arose from the little company as they felt once more that they were free. The morning broke. The French sprung up the hill to seize their certain prey; they found only the bare rock, the empty

(1) *Glorious Recovery*, p. 175. The French re-appear May 10th.

(2) *Id.*, p. 179.

castle, and hastened, in their rage, to follow the Vaudois along their mountain-path.⁽¹⁾

Here, however, they were easily eluded by their active foe. The Vaudois kept upon the loftiest of the mountains, feeding on the foliage of the fir-trees and drinking the half-melted snow. Sometimes they leaped down in fierce forays upon the fertile valleys; often they shot down the invaders from some lofty crag, or swept away the flocks of the Savoyard settlers. Still they hovered fondly over their native scenes, and lingered, with scarcely a hope in the future, above the torrents and the crags they had loved in youth. To their simple and tender hearts these last arduous days must have seemed the saddest and most cheerless of all. From their post on the mountains of Angrogna they might look down into the fairest of the Italian vales. They saw the softly swelling hills encircle the fertile fields; the laughing torrent; the budding groves of mulberry and chestnut; the grateful gardens around their early homes; the silent churches; and the blossom-covered lawns. But all these they were to enjoy no more. An active foe pursued them from peak to peak, and they must soon fly to their most secret caves.⁽²⁾

But in a moment all was changed, and the Glorious Return was accomplished by a sudden revolution. On the 21st of May, 1690, as Arnaud and his heroes lingered around Angrogna, they learned that the Duke of Savoy had joined the alliance of England and Holland against France. The duke now needed the aid of all his subjects, and the heroic valor of the Vaudois showed that he had none so worthy as they. He sent a messenger to Arnaud, inviting him to join his service, with his followers, and granting permission to the Vaudois to return to their native valleys.⁽³⁾ Arnaud obeyed his sovereign; and his soldiers were as active and courageous in the war against the French as they had ever been in defense of

⁽¹⁾ Glorious Recovery, p. 180.

⁽²⁾ Muston abounds in details of the incidents of the expedition, but adds little to the account of Arnaud, ii., p. 74.

⁽³⁾ *Id.*, ii., p. 76.

their native vales. Soon the exiled Vaudois heard of the happy change, and came in glad troops over the Alps to occupy the homes of their fathers. No hope of gain or prospect of advantage could detain the gentle race in foreign lands. They left their thriving plantations in Brandenburg, their farms in Germany, or their factories in England, and with psalms of triumph hastened to revive their apostolic Church in its ancient seat. Lucerna, San Martino, and Perouse were again filled with a rejoicing people; and the lovely landscapes of the sacred vales shone in new beauty, the temples of an untarnished faith.

Such was the Glorious Return. But for the valor of the eight hundred, the wisdom and piety of Henry Arnaud, and the counsels of the aged Janavel, the Vaudois might still have wandered in foreign lands, and their lovely vales have remained in the possession of strangers. But they were now firmly seated in their ancient home, never to be driven from it again. The Jesuits and the Popes still plotted their ruin; and when the war was over Victor Amadeus, with his usual bad faith, revived the persecution in the valleys. In 1698, a Jesuit and a number of monks visited all the vales, and made their report to the Pope.⁽¹⁾ In consequence, the duke issued a decree expelling all the French Protestants from the country, and forbidding the Vaudois from having any intercourse, on matters of religion, with the subjects of Louis XIV. Three thousand persons were driven from the valleys by this cruel edict. The various disabilities now imposed upon the Vaudois served to render their lives painful, and expose them to the penalties of the hostile courts. They were forbidden to exercise certain professions, to purchase property beyond certain limits, to settle out of their valleys even for trade, to oppose the conversion of their children to Romanism, or to make proselytes themselves. They were held in a kind of bondage, and treated as an inferior race. It was a common practice with the priests of Turin to carry off the children of the Vaudois and educate them in the Romish faith. In 1730, severe instructions were

(¹) Muston, ii., p. 109.

issued against the people of the valleys; and throughout the eighteenth century the Church of Rome labored by every art to extirpate its rival church upon the Alps. The Jesuits renewed their activity; the Vaudois were often imprisoned, and their pastors ill-treated. The jealous Popes looked with superstitious dread upon the gentle moderators of the blooming valleys.

Nor was this without reason; for as the age advanced in liberality the Alpine Church became to Italy an example and a teacher. From Pra del Tor had descended, in the Middle Ages, a band of Vaudois missionaries; in the eighteenth century it was still the centre of advancing thought. Within the circle of the Alps the Church flourished with singular vigor. Persecution failed to check its growth; the churches multiplied; the schools increased; the people of the valleys were better educated than those of Turin or Rome. Poor, feeble, an isolated and hated race, shut out from the common privileges of their fellow-subjects, from colleges, schools, hospitals, and the liberal professions, the Vaudois were still a power whose influence was often felt where it was not seen. The people of Turin saw constantly before them the spectacle of a Church that never persecuted nor reviled; of a race that steadily advanced in moral and intellectual vigor; of a nation of heroes who had ever defended liberty of conscience when all Italy besides had bowed in servitude to Rome. The Vaudois grew popular with the scholars of Sardinia, with the people, and even with the court. They were still oppressed by unjust laws; yet toward the close of the century a Vaudois Church had sprung up at Turin, and the liberal ideas of the valleys were penetrating the North of Italy. The moderators of the Alps became the leaders of an intellectual movement that was destined to spread from Balsille to Tarento.

Yet the only period of real freedom the Vaudois had ever known since the papal usurpations sprung from the conquests of the first Napoleon.⁽¹⁾ The impulsive hero was touched by their history, listened to their complaints, and granted them

(1) Muston, ii., p. 308 *et seq.*

all they required. For the first time, perhaps, since the days of Hildebrand, a perfect religious freedom prevailed in the valleys, and the iron tyranny of Rome and the Jesuits was crushed by the offspring of revolutionary France. A century before, Louis XIV. had nearly secured the destruction of the Alpine Church; in 1800 it sprung up into new vigor under the shelter of the French arms. The pastors of the valleys returned Napoleon's favors with sincere gratitude, and lamented his final defeat as that of a friend. It is probable that the unsparing conqueror had no more truthful admirers than the pure and lofty spirits whom he had set free upon their mountains.

With the restoration of 1814-'15, Victor Emanuel IV. came to the throne of Sardinia, and the Vaudois once more sunk to the condition of a subjugated race, alien and oppressed. They were known to be advocates of freedom and advance; the Pope and the Jesuits again ruled at Turin; the Church and State again united to destroy the Church of the mountains.⁽¹⁾ From 1814 to 1848 the Vaudois suffered indignities and deprivations scarcely surpassed in the earlier persecutions. All the ancient oppressive laws were revived. They were forbidden to hold any civil office, to pursue their labors on Catholic festivals, to hold land beyond a certain limit, to make proselytes, or build new churches except in the least favorable locations, to marry into papist families, or to give, sell, or lend their Bibles to Catholics. Romish missions were established in their midst, and a convent and a church were built at La Tour to complete the conversion of the people. When Dr. Gilly visited the valleys in 1822 he was struck by the beauty of their landscape, the simplicity and purity of the people: he was touched and grieved to find that they still labored under a rule of persecution; and that liberty of conscience, for which they had ever sighed, was still denied them by unforgiving Rome.

But the Church of the Alps was now to rise from its desolation, and to shine out with new lustre in the eyes of all Eu-

(¹) Muston, ii., p. 349.

rope. The free principles it had always inculcated, the liberty of conscience it had ever defended, were become the ruling ideas of every cultivated Italian. Turin and Sardinia had learned to look with wonder, admiration, and remorse upon the lovely valleys they had so often desolated, and the innocent people they had so constantly tortured and oppressed. The Sardinian king, Charles Albert, stood at the head of the Italian reformers. He was resolved to give freedom to the Vaudois; to atone, if possible, for the crimes of his ancestors; to make some faint return to the people of the valleys for their long lesson of patience, resignation, and truth. Amidst the acclamations of his subjects, he prepared (1847) to extend freedom of conscience to the churches of the Alps. A patriotic excitement arose in their favor. A petition was drawn up at Turin urging the king to enfranchise the Vaudois and the Jews. Its first signer was the poet, artist, and statesman, the Marquis D'Azeglio; and his name was followed by a long list of professors, lawyers, physicians, and even liberal ecclesiastics and priests. Cheers were given for the Vaudois at public dinners in Pignerol and Turin, and all Piedmont wept over their history and rejoiced in their approaching triumph. On the 17th of February, 1848, the royal decree was issued giving freedom to the valleys.⁽¹⁾

It was received by the simple and generous Vaudois with a limitless gratitude. A thrill of joy ran over the beautiful vales, and Lucerna, San Martino, and Perouse resounded with hymns of thanksgiving upon the return of that stable freedom which had been ravished from them eight centuries ago. In every village there were processions of the young, with banners and patriotic songs; the blue colors of renewed Italy shone on every breast; the gentle race forgot all their injuries and their woes, to mingle freely with their Romish brethren, and to celebrate their victory in unbounded love. At night the wonderful scenery of the valleys was set off by a general illumination. Pignerol glittered with light; St. John and La Tour shone at the opening of the defiles; far up, as-

(1) Muston, ii., p. 391 *et seq.*

ending toward the Alps, every crag and cliff had its bonfire, and the gleam of a thousand lights startled the wild mountains, and flashed in caves and ravines where Janavel and Henry Arnaud had once hid in perpetual gloom. The snow-clad peaks and the icy torrents glowed in the illumination of freedom. But a still more remarkable spectacle was witnessed at Turin. There for three centuries the Jesuits had labored and waited for the extermination of the Vaudois. In the public square, amidst its splendid palaces, had died a long succession of martyrs, the victims of its priests and kings. In its dreadful dungeons, noisome with disease, thousands of the people of the valleys had pined and wasted away. What unuttered woes had been borne in its prisons for freedom's sake no tongue could tell, no fancy picture. Its convents had been filled with the stolen children of the Vaudois ; its stony walls had heard the vain complaints of parents and brothers without relenting. From its gates had issued forth those dreadful crusades, whose hosts of brigands, soldiers, priests, Inquisitors were so often let loose upon the valleys to do the work of fiends. From Turin had come the impalers of women, the murderers of children ; the Spaniards, who flung old men over beetling crags ; the Irish, who surpassed even the enormities of the Italians ; the Jesuits and Franciscans, who urged forward the labor of destruction ; the nobles and princes, the pillars of chivalry, who looked on and applauded crimes for which Dante could have found no fitting punishment amidst the deepest horrors of his pit.

And now all Turin, repentant and humble, resolved to do honor to the Alpine Church. A day of rejoicing had been appointed for liberated Piedmont, and a deputation from the Vaudois was sent to the capital. As they issued from the valleys they were saluted everywhere with loud *vivas* for "our Vaudois brothers," for "liberty of conscience."⁽¹⁾ The citizens of Turin received them with unbounded hospitality, and the gentle Vaudois took part in the grand procession : they were preceded by a group of young girls, clothed in white,

(¹) Muston, ii., p. 392.

adorned with blue girdles, and each bearing a little banner. Six hundred persons composed the Vaudois deputation, the most noted in the stately pageant. To them, as a mark of especial honor, was assigned the first place at the head of the procession as it moved through the streets of Turin. The persecuted of a thousand years walked the leaders of Italian freemen. The city rang with cheers for the Vaudois; flowers were showered upon them from the balconies; men rushed from the crowd to salute, to embrace the patient mountaineers; even liberal priests cheered them as they went by; the women of Turin smiled upon the daughters of the valleys. Yet, as the Vaudois moved through the squares hallowed by the torments of their early martyrs, beside the prisons where their ancestors had died by thousands, the palaces where Jesuits and princes had often planned their total extirpation, they were amazed at the startling contrast, and listened with grateful hearts to the glad congratulations of the people of Turin.⁽¹⁾ They breathed out a silent thanksgiving, and prayed that the blessing of Heaven might ever rest upon their pleasant native land.

Their modest prayers have been fulfilled. The festival of their liberation was followed by a wave of revolution that swept over all Europe. The Jesuits and the propaganda were banished from Turin; France became suddenly a republic; the Pope was exiled from Rome, to be restored only by the French armies to his ancient tyranny; and Italy was for a moment free. If for a time the cloud of war rested over the valleys, yet the victories of Napoleon and the swift triumph of Garibaldi have given freedom to the peninsula, and safety to the Alpine Church. To-day Lucerna, Perouse, and San Martino shine forth in perpetual beauty. The torrents gleam through the sweet vales of Angrogna,⁽²⁾ and roar against the cliffs of Balsille. In Pra del Tor, the citadel of the Vaudois

⁽¹⁾ Muston, ii., p. 393. Who would have said, wrote a Vaudois, that we would have seen all this?

⁽²⁾ Gilly, Narrative, p. 138, describes the scenery of Angrogna as unmatched in Italy or Switzerland.

has become a cultured field, and the chestnut groves where Henry Arnaud and his pious soldiers celebrated their holy rites are still rich with abundant fruit; the landscapes of Lucerna glow with the soft products of the Italian clime; in the wilder valleys the avalanche leaps from the snow-clad mountains, the chamois feeds on his icy pastures, the eagle screams around the peaks of Guinevert. To-day the primitive Christians assemble in peace in churches that were founded when Nero began his persecutions, or when Constantine gave rest to the tormented world. The Vaudois moderator gathers around him his humble pastors in their sacred synods, as the elders of the Middle Ages assembled at Pra del Tor. The schools of the Vaudois, from which the Bible has never been excluded since the dawn of Christianity, flourish with new vigor; their colleges no longer hide in the caverns of Angrogna. The long struggle of centuries has ended, and the gentle people of the valleys have found freedom to worship God.

Thus the moderator of the Alps has triumphed over the persecuting Pope of Rome, and liberty of conscience reigns from the valleys to the Sicilian Straits. Yet one dark scene of tyranny still remains—one blot on the fair renown of Italy. In the City of Rome the Jesuits and the Pope still rule. Still they point with menacing gestures to the people of the valleys; still they would snatch the Bible from their schools, and crush their consciences with mediæval tyranny. In Rome alone persecution for religion's sake still continues; Rome alone, of all European cities, cherishes a shadow of the Inquisition,⁽¹⁾ and still asserts its right to govern the minds of men by brutal force. Enthroned by foreign bayonets over a murmuring people,⁽²⁾ the vindictive Pope proclaims his undying hostility against the wise and the good of every land. But should the Holy Father and the society of Loyola turn their eyes to the Vaudois Alps, they may read their doom graven

(1) See a decree of the Inquisition (1841) directed against heresy in the Papal States with all its ancient severity. *Italy in Transition*, p. 460, Appendix, with other documents. The Syllabus and the Canons still defend the use of force in producing religious unity.

(2) Until 1870.

on each heaven-piercing peak. There may be seen a spectral company of the hallowed dead writing with shadowy fingers a legend on the rocks; the tiny babe crushed beneath the soldier's heel; the fair mother hewed to pieces on the snow; the old man of ninety burned to ashes on the fatal pyre. They write, "Whoever shall harm one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were drowned in the depth of the sea!"

THE HUGUENOTS.

THE barbaric dream of chivalry proved singularly attractive to the imaginative people of France. The strength and glory of the nation were wasted in endless wars. The same impulse that leads the Comanche to butcher the Sioux, or the King of the Guinea Coast to burn the villages of his neighbors, drove the French kings and nobles to fierce inroads upon Germany and a constant rivalry with Spain. Glory was only to be won upon the battle-field; he who fought was a noble; the honest laborer was his inferior and his slave. To murder, to waste, and to destroy were the proper employments of kings and princes; while the Church of Rome aroused anew the worst elements of human nature by preaching a series of ruthless crusades, and by its example of a general persecution.⁽¹⁾

Chivalry, the offspring of barbarism and superstition, culminated in the person of Francis I. By historians Francis is usually called gallant, but his gallantry consisted only in an intense selfishness and an utter moral corruption.⁽²⁾ He was the scourge of France, the destroyer of his people; and if, in this respect, he was no worse than his contemporaries, Charles V., Henry VIII., and the Popes of Rome, he was more guilty, because more highly endowed. Nature had been singularly bountiful to the chief of the house of Valois. His form was tall and graceful; his mind had been fed upon romance and song. He was a poet, the author of sweet and plaintive

(1) De Felice, *Hist. Protestants in France*; D'Aubigné, *Reformation in Europe*, book ii., c. x.; Martin, *Hist. Fran.*, ix. See Gassier, *Histoire de la Chevalerie Française*, i., p. 277, for the cruel traits of chivalry; so, too, i., p. 360, for the origin of constables and marshals.

(2) For this period Smiles, *The Huguenots*, and White, *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, may be consulted with advantage. Capefigue, *François 1^{er}*, enlarges on "*cet esprit chevaleresque*," etc., i., p. 209.

verses; a hero, longing to renew the exploits of Amadis and Charlemagne; the friend of Leonardo da Vinci, the patron of Clement Marot.⁽¹⁾ Yet, with all these softening impulses and tastes, Francis lived the life of a savage. At home in his splendid palace, the Louvre, he was plunged in the coarse pleasures of a profligate court; abroad he rushed like a madman from battle-field to battle-field, never happy unless surrounded by carnage. Under the rule of its chivalric king France knew every woe of which nations are capable. Whole districts were desolated by the tax-gatherer, the conscription, the invasion of the enemy, the hand of persecution. Famine, disease, poverty, bloodshed, were the gifts of Francis to his people; and while the king and his mistresses were borne in pomp from banquet to banquet beneath canopies of velvet seamed with gold, the mothers of Languedoc saw their children die of hunger in once prosperous towns, and the holy men and women of Merindol were butchered by thousands to soothe the venal bigotry of their master.⁽²⁾ It is sometimes said that the crimes of kings and popes, like Leo X., Henry VIII., and Francis, are to be palliated by the general barbarism of their age; it might be easily shown that they were usually the most vicious and corrupt of their contemporaries. In France were thousands of wise, pure, honorable, and gifted men, well fitted to rule a nation, who saw with shame and horror the cruelties and the vices of the unhappy Francis and his persecuting court.

In the dawn of this disastrous reign the Huguenots first appear. They were the direct offspring of the Bible.⁽³⁾ As the sacred volume, multiplied by the printing-presses of Germany, first made its way into France, it was received as a new revelation. Before Luther had published his theses it is said that there were Protestants at Paris, and wherever the Bible came it was certain to found a church. But it was chiefly among the men of labor and of thought that its teachings were ever

(1) Schmidt, *Geschichte von Frankreich*, ii., p. 293, and ii., p. 693, note: "Le protecteur de Marot en est souvent l'heureux rival."

(2) De Felice, p. 32; White, *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, p. 13.

(3) Smiles, *Huguenots*, p. 23.

welcome. Labor, flying from the decaying cities of Italy and the disturbed dominions of Charles V., had found a new home in many of the towns of France; accomplished workmen in silk and linen, iron or clay, had stimulated the prosperity of Lyons and Tours, Saintes and Meaux; painters, sculptors, architects, and poets had sprung up amidst the barbarism of chivalry. Paris was as renowned for its painters as for its goldsmiths; and the College of France spread liberal learning among the ambitious students of the day. To the cultivated artisan and the classical scholar the gross corruptions of the Church, and the open vices of monks and priests, were singularly odious; for the one had learned the charm of virtue by practicing a regular life, the other by a study of Socrates and Cicero. When, therefore, the Bible, in its modern translation, was laid before the people, a wonderful religious revolution swept over France. Nearly the whole working-class became Protestants.⁽¹⁾ The great manufacturing towns were converted at once from Romanism to the faith of St. Paul. Almost every eminent artisan or inventor was a Huguenot. Stephen, the famous printer; Palissy, the chief of potters; the first French sculptor, Goujon; the great surgeon Paré, and a throng of their renowned companions, shrunk from the mass as idolatrous, and lived by the precepts of the Bible.⁽²⁾ The professors of the College of France and the ablest of living scholars adopted the principles of reform. The impulse spread to nobles and princes. The house of Bourbon and of Navarre were nearly all Huguenots. Marguerite, the sister of Francis, became the chief support of the Reformers, and the king himself seemed for a moment touched and softened by the sacred language of inspiration. The Bible ruled over the rejoicing

(1) Archives Curieuses, 1^{er} sér., vol. ii., p. 459, La Rebaïne de Lyon, a contemporary tract, denounces the new faith as the cause of the independent spirit of the workmen of Lyons. Until now they had obeyed their masters (1529). "Mais, depuis la venue de ceste faulce secte nouvellement non trouvée mais renouvelée de ces maudictz Vauldoys et Chaignartz venans de septentrion, unde omne malum et iniquitas, le peuple a prinse une elevation et malice," etc. The people began to doubt the divine right of their princes to rule.

(2) Smiles, Huguenots, p. 37.

French. Of the wonderful power of this wide reform it is impossible to speak without enthusiasm. Swiftly there spread over the manufacturing towns of France a reign of saintly purity. Men once more shrunk from vice and clung to virtue. The gross habits of the Middle Ages were thrown aside; the taverns and theatres were deserted, the morris-dancers and *jongleurs* no longer amused; the rude dissipation of the peasantry, the licentious *fêtes* of priests and nobles, awakened only disgust; but in every village prayer-meetings were held, and the Bible was studied by throngs of eager students, who, for the first time, were now enabled to listen to the voice of inspiration.

The Reformation began, it is said, at Meaux, a small manufacturing town on the borders of Flanders, which had learned from its Flemish neighbor industry and independence.⁽¹⁾ Its people had been coarse and rude, its priests vicious, indolent, and dull, and the little town had found its chief recreation in drunkenness and barbarous license. Its inhabitants were wool-carders, fullers, cloth-makers, and mechanics, living by the product of their daily labor, and grasping eagerly at every uncultivated pleasure. Jacques Lefèvre, the translator of the Bible into French, a man of nearly seventy, and the young and brilliant Farel,⁽²⁾ his faithful associate, preached to the working-men of Meaux and distributed among them copies of the Gospels. At once the mass was deserted, the priest contemned, and eager throngs listened to the daring missionaries who ventured to unfold the long-forgotten truth.⁽³⁾ A swift and graceful transformation passed over the busy town. No profane word was any longer uttered, no ribaldry nor coarse jests were heard. Drunkenness and disorder disappeared; vice hid in the monastery or the cloister. In every factory the Gospels were read as a message from above, and the voice of prayer and thanksgiving mingled with the clamor of the shuttle and the clash of the anvil. The rude and boisterous artisans were converted into refined and gentle be-

⁽¹⁾ De Felice, p. 19.

⁽²⁾ Said Farel: "Je viens prouver la vérité de mes doctrines, et je le ferai au peril de ma vie." See *Histoire Genève*, par A. Shoarel, ii., p. 89.

⁽³⁾ See De Felice, p. 19.

lievers, ever seeking for the pure and the true; and the sudden impulse toward a higher life awakened at Meaux by the teachings of Farel and Lefèvre stirred, like an electric shock, every portion of diseased and decaying France. A moment of regeneration seemed near, a season of wonderful advance.

At a later period Palissy, the potter, has left a pleasing account of a similar transformation. In the busy town of Saintes, where he was pursuing with incredible toil and self-denial one of the chief secrets of his art, Palissy became the founder of a church. Too poor to purchase a copy of the Bible, he learned its contents by heart, and every Sunday morning exhorted or instructed nine or ten of his fellow-townsmen who assembled in secret to hear the Word of God. The little congregation soon grew in numbers.⁽¹⁾ For some time they met at midnight, and hid from persecution. At length the purity of their lives and the earnestness of their faith won the respect of the people of Saintes; a pastor was procured; the people crowded to the Protestant assembly; a revival spread over the town, and a sudden reform in morals made Saintes a haven of rest and peace. Coarse plays and dances, extravagance in dress and license in living, scandal, quarrels, and lawsuits, says Palissy, had almost wholly passed away. Instead of profane language and idle jesting were heard only psalms, prayers, and spiritual songs.⁽²⁾ The religion ruled over the happy town, and even the priests and monks, stirred by the general impulse, began to pray and preach with honest fervor, and to emulate the purity of the zealous reformers. A gentle harmony prevailed between the rival churches; for the moment the evil passions of men were charmed into repose. Then, adds Palissy, might be seen, on Sundays, bands of work-people walking cheerfully in the meadows, groves, and fields, singing spiritual songs together, or reading to one another from the sacred volumes; young girls and maidens chanting hymns beneath the pleasant shade; boys, with their teachers, full of a steadfast purpose to live a noble life. The

(1) Palissy, *Œuvres Complètes, Recepte Véritable*, p. 108.

(2) Smiles, *Huguenots*, p. 39-42.

very countenances of the people, he asserts, were changed ; the coarse lines of sensuality had been swept away, and from every face shone only benevolence and truth.

The picture of the reformed village, drawn by the honest pen of the gentle artisan, reads like an idyllic dream amidst the dreadful story of the reign of the chivalric Francis. It seems scarcely more probable than Livy's narrative of the Golden Age of Numa, or Homer's legend of the gentle Phæacians. Yet it was no doubt true. In many towns and cities of martial France similar scenes were witnessed. More than two thousand churches sprung up in the apparently ungenial soil. The early Huguenots were noted for their austere virtues, their truthfulness, their love of peace. They lived together, a happy brotherhood, joined in a common faith, a similar purity of life. Men trusted the word of a Huguenot when the oath of the Catholic noble awakened only distrust. They brought honesty into commerce, and the domestic virtues into every home. They softened their enemies by a tolerant patience ; they strove to convert rather than to destroy ; their brilliant leaders, adorned by rare talents and eminent virtues, attracted the admiration of the age ; and it seemed possible that the tide of reform might sweep unchecked over France, subdue by its gentleness the hostility of the Gallican Church, and restrain, with a mighty force, the barbarous instincts of the feudal princes and the impulsive king.

But France was not permitted to reform itself. It was the slave of an Italian master and of a throng of Italian priests. From their distant thrones a series of cruel and vicious Popes awoke the fires of discord in the progressive nation, denounced the gentle Huguenots as the enemies of Heaven, and demanded their extirpation.⁽¹⁾ The French priests, roused to madness by the intrigues of Rome, began the fatal labor of persecution ; the uncultivated nobles and the immoral court yielded to the fierce anathemas of the Italian potentate ; robbers and

(1) The Romish Church has always advocated the extirpation of heresy, where it can be accomplished with safety to itself. De Castro, *De Justa Hæret. Punitione*, 1547, p. 119 : "Jure divino obligantur eos extirpare, si absque majori incommodo possint." So "fides illis data servanda non sit."

assassins were let loose upon the peaceful congregations of reformers; the horrors inflicted by the popish Inquisitors awoke retaliation, and the dawning hope of France was forever lost in the unexampled terrors of its religious wars.

The Pope gave the signal for a perpetual St. Bartholomew's. Francis obeyed, perhaps reluctantly, the Italian priest. A general crusade began against all those flourishing Protestant communities where sanctified labor had lately borne Hesperian fruit. In 1525, Clement VII. sanctioned or created the French Inquisition, endowing it with "apostolical authority" to try and condemn heretics. A series of royal edicts followed, enjoining the public officials to extirpate the reformers; and in every part of France it became the favorite pastime for the idle and the dissolute to plunder the houses of the Huguenots, burn their factories, desolate their homes by dreadful atrocities, and bind them with malevolent exultation to the stake.⁽¹⁾ At the command, by the instigation of Clement, Paul, Julius, Pius, the successors of St. Peter, every Romanist in France was made an assassin, every faithful adherent of the Pope was enjoined to rob or murder an unoffending neighbor.⁽²⁾ The era of reform, which had lately seemed so near, vanished before the malevolent interference of the Italians; the commands of Rome checked the advancing tide of civilization. Bands of plunderers, blasphemers, ravishers, murderers, obeyed the Holy Father, and sprung upon the Protestant communities. No more was heard the chant of holy songs on Sundays in the pleasant groves; no longer fair young girls made sacred music in the forest; no more the manly youth planned lives of generous purpose. The austere, benevolent Huguenot was cut down at his forge or his shuttle; his wife and children became the victims of the papal soldiers; every village rang with blasphemy and the jests of

(1) D'Aubigné, *Ref. in Europe*, i., p. 552-557. Francis was hired by the clergy to extirpate the Huguenots. See J. Simon, *La Liberté de Conscience*, p. 128 *et seq.*, for the cruelties of the king.

(2) *Relations des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens*, Doc. Inéd., *Hist. France*, i., p. 520: "Fu introdotta questa peste in Francia," etc. It was a horrible poison the Catholics wished to expel.

demons; every enormity was perpetrated in obedience to the orders of the Pope.

Palissy has described, with simple truthfulness, the effects of the papal interference upon his once prosperous church at Saintes. The town had been invaded by a band of papal persecutors. "The very thought of those evil days," he exclaims, "fills my mind with horror."

To avoid the spectacle of the robberies, murders, and various crimes perpetrated in the town, he concealed himself for two months in his own house. During all this long period the work of persecution went on, until all the reformed had fled from the hapless neighborhood. It seemed to Palissy as if Satan had broken loose, and raging demons had suddenly taken possession of Saintes. Where lately had been heard only psalms and spiritual songs and exhortations to a holy life, now echoed on every side abominable language, dissolute ballads, profanity, and execrations. Led by their priests, "a band of imps," he says, issued from a neighboring castle, entered the town with drawn swords, and shouted, "Where are the heretics? We will cut their throats at once." They rushed from house to house, robbing and murdering; they uttered blasphemies against both God and man.⁽¹⁾ Palissy himself soon after escaped to Paris. Here he was employed for many years by Catherine de' Medici and her children; was at last sent to the Bastille for heresy, and by dying in prison escaped the stake. His narrative of the events of Saintes, of the horrors of the papal persecution, may be accepted as an accurate picture of what happened in every Protestant village or town in France by the direct command of the Pope at Rome.

There now began a remarkable contest between the Romish Church and the Bible—between the printers and the Popes.⁽²⁾ For many centuries the Scriptures had been hidden in a dead language, guarded by the anathemas of the

(1) Smiles, *Huguenots*, pp. 44, 45.

(2) *Relat., Amb. Vén., Doc. Inéd.*, ii., p. 139. Correro thinks the heresies might have been repressed if Francis had been more active. Yet it was during this period that Montaigne was writing his essay upon "Cruelty," and teaching wisdom from history.

priests from the public eye, and so costly in manuscript form as to be accessible only to the wealthy. A Bible cost as much as a landed estate; the greatest universities, the richest monasteries, could scarcely purchase a single copy. Its language and its doctrines had long been forgotten by the people, and in their place the intellect of the Middle Ages had been fed upon extravagant legends and monkish visions, the fancies of idle priests, the fables of the unscrupulous. The wonders worked by a favorite image, the virtues of a relic, the dreams of a dull abbot or a fanatical monk, had supplanted the modest teachings of Peter and the narrative of Luke. Men saw before them only the imposing fabric of the Church of Rome, claiming supremacy over the conscience and the reason, pardoning sins, determining doctrines, and had long ceased to remember that there was a Redeemer, a Bible, even a God. A practical atheism followed. The Pope was often a skeptic, except as to his own right to rule. The Church and the monasteries teemed with the vices depicted by Rabelais and Erasmus. Then, in the close of the fifteenth century, a flood of light was poured upon mankind. The new art of printing sprung into sudden maturity, and great numbers of Bibles were scattered among the people. They were sought for with an avidity, studied with an eagerness, received with an undoubting faith, such as no later age has witnessed. Arrayed in the charm of entrancing novelty, the simple story of the Gospels and the noble morals of the epistles, translated for the first time into the common dialects, descended as if newly written by the pen of angels upon the minds of men.

Every honest intellect was at once struck with the strange discrepancy between the teaching of the sacred volume and that of the Church of Rome.⁽¹⁾ No religion, indeed, seemed less consistent with itself than that of mediæval Romanism.

(1) To the sellers of indulgences the New Testament was particularly odious. It stopped their trade. So Lyndesay's pardoner or indulgence-seller exclaims:

"I give to the devill with gude intent
This unsell, wickit New Testament,
With thame that it translaitit."

Satyre of the Three Estates.

The Mohammedan of the fifteenth century still clung with tenacity to the minute requirements of the Koran; the Jew obeyed in every particular the injunctions of the Decalogue; the Greeks and Romans had suffered few alterations in the rituals of Jupiter and Diana. But it was found, upon the slightest inspection, that there was no authority for the Romish innovations in any portion of the Scriptures. There was no purgatory, no mass, no papal supremacy, no monasteries, no relics working miracles, no images, no indulgences to be found in the book that contained the teachings of Christ and his apostles. The inference was at once everywhere drawn that the theories of the Roman Church were founded upon imposture; and when, at the same time, the shameless lives of its priests and Popes were brought before the public eye by satirists and preachers, its gross corruption was believed to be the necessary result of its want of truthfulness; its cruelty and violence seemed the offspring of its unhallowed sensuality and pride. The Bible alone could now satisfy the active intellect of France; the Bible awoke anew the simple Church of the apostolic age.

To the Bible the Popes at once declared a deathless hostility. To read the Scriptures was in their eyes the grossest of crimes; for they confessed by their acts that he who read must cease to be a Romanist.⁽¹⁾ Not murder, robbery, nor any other offense was punished with such dreadful severity.⁽²⁾ The tongues of the gentle criminals were usually cut out; they were racked until their limbs parted; they were then forced to mount a cart, and were jolted over rough streets, in agony, to the stake. Here they were burned amidst the jeers of the priests and the populace. Yet the Bible sustained them in their hour of trial, and they died ever with hymns of exultation. Great wars were undertaken to drive the sacred volume from schools and colleges. The Inquisition was in-

(1) Said Paul IV.: "A heretic never repents; it is an evil for which there is no remedy but fire."

(2) Said Montaigne, *Essay on Cruelty*: "I live in a time abounding in examples of this vice; we see nothing in ancient histories more extreme than what we meet with every day."

vested with new terrors, and was forced upon France and Holland by papal armies. The Jesuits were everywhere distinguished by their hatred for the Bible. In the Netherlands they led the persecutions of Alva and Philip II.; they rejoiced with a dreadful joy when Antwerp, Bruges, and Ghent, the fairest cities of the working-men, were reduced to pauperism and ruin by the Spanish arms; for the Bible had perished with its defenders. "There are above forty thousand Protestants in this town," wrote Sir Thomas Gresham from Antwerp in 1666, "which will die rather than that the Word of God shall be put to silence." A few years later their heroic resolution had been fulfilled: they had nearly all perished by famine, disease, and the sword of Alva.

To burn Bibles was the favorite employment of zealous Catholics. Wherever they were found the heretical volumes were destroyed by active Inquisitors, and thousands of Bibles and Testaments perished in every part of France. Yet the fertile press soon renewed the abundant fruit, and the skillful printers of Germany and Switzerland poured forth an incessant stream of French, Dutch, and English Bibles, besides an infinite number of tracts and treatises by eminent reformers. The demand for these books could never be sufficiently supplied. At Nuremberg, Mentz, and Strasburg there was an eager struggle for Luther's smallest pamphlets. Of his catechism one hundred thousand were sold. The sheets of his tracts, often wet from the press, were hidden under the purchasers' cloaks and passed from shop to shop. The most hated and the most feared of all the agents of reform, in this remarkable period, by priest and Pope, was the humble colporteur or Bible-seller. Laden with his little pack of Bibles, Testaments, and Protestant treatises, the godly merchant made his way from Antwerp or Geneva into the heart of France, and, beneath the hot summer sun or in the snows of winter, pursued with patient toil his dangerous traffic.⁽¹⁾ He knew

(1) De Felice, p. 73. Reading the Bible to a congregation unauthorized by law is still a criminal offense in France, or was so in 1857. See M. Jules Simon's *La Liberté de Conscience*, p. 27. His treatise may be read with instruction.

that if detected he must die; he felt that the keen eyes of Inquisitors and priests were everywhere watching for his coming. Yet, often disguised as a peddler of ribbons and trinkets, he made his way into the castles of the nobles or the homes of the working-men, and cautiously exposed his forbidden wares. They were bought with eagerness, and read by noble and peasant. But not seldom the daring missionary was discovered and punished; his little stock of Bibles was dragged forth and burned by rejoicing priests, and the humble Bible-seller was himself sacrificed, in fearful tortures, to the dreadful deity at Rome.

Between the printers and the Popes the war now began that has never ceased. The clank of the printing-press had to the ears of the Italian priesthood an ominous sound. "We must destroy printing," said an English vicar, "or it will destroy us." The Sorbonne of Paris denounced the printers in 1534, and burned twenty of them within six months, and one woman. A printer of the Rue Saint Jacques was condemned for publishing Luther's works; a book-seller was burned for having sold them. At last the Sorbonne, the council of the papal faction, in 1535, obtained a decree from the king for the total suppression of printing.⁽¹⁾

Robert Stephens was one of the most eminent printers and scholars of the age. From his accurate press at Paris had issued Latin Bibles and Testaments of singular excellence and beauty. But he was a Huguenot, and even the favor and protection of the king and the court could not shield him from the rage of the Sorbonne. It was discovered that in the notes to his Latin Bible of 1545 he had introduced heretical doctrines. He was prosecuted by the Faculty of Theology, and fled from France to escape the stake. His contemporary, the poet, printer, and scholar, Dolet, was burned for atheism in 1546. Yet the bold printers in Protestant Geneva, Germany,

(1) A. F. Didot, Paris Guide. "C'est ainsi," says Didot, a good authority, "que traitait l'imprimerie celui qu'on a voulu surnommer le Père, ou le Restaurateur des Lettres," p. 296. The French are slowly discovering the absurdity of their received histories.

and the Low Countries defied the rage of Popes and Inquisitors, and still poured forth an increasing tide of Protestant tracts and Bibles. The press waged a ruthless war upon the Antichrist at Rome. It founded the republic of Holland, the central fount of modern freedom; it reformed England and the North. It filled the common schools with Bibles, and instructed nations in the humanizing lessons of history. From age to age it has never ceased to inflict deadly wounds upon the papacy; until at length even Italy and Spain have been rescued from the grasp of the Inquisition and the Jesuits, and have proclaimed the freedom of the press. In the city of Rome alone, under the tyranny of an infallible pope, the printer lay chained at the mercy of his ancient adversary until a recent period: from the dominions of Pius IX. the Protestant Bible, the source of modern civilization, was excluded by penalties scarcely less severe than those imposed by Pius V. And as once more the Italian priests prepare to renew their warfare against the printing-press and the Bible in the cities of free America, they will encounter, though with new arts and new arms, their successful adversary of the Old World. The printer once more defies the Pope. He points to the ashes of his martyrs, scattered in the waters of the Seine or the Scheldt in the sixteenth century; to the prisons of Bologna or of Rome, so lately filled with the dying advocates of a free press in the nineteenth; to the crimes of Pius IX., no less than those of Pius V., as his gage of battle.⁽¹⁾

More than thirty years of ceaseless persecution, filled with scenes of horror, of flourishing seats of industry sacked and blighted, of holy men and women martyred with incredible sufferings, of dreadful atrocities perpetrated in every town and village by the emissaries of the Popes, had passed over the patient Huguenots before they resolved to take up arms in self-defense. Their gentle pastors, with persistent magna-

(1) The present Pope began his reign by promising a free press and liberal reforms to his people. He violated all his promises; and there is no existing government that has shown such excessive severity to its political opponents as that of Pius IX. See Facts and Figures from Italy, and Italy in Transition.

nimity, inculcated theories of non-resistance. Calvin himself, rigid and severe, still urged upon them obedience to their merciless kings. He was content to meet the savage barbarism of the Inquisition with spiritual arms. From his stronghold at Geneva he organized his Bible societies, and poured an incessant stream of reformed literature over every part of France. He cheered the martyrs with austere exhortations; his Bible-sellers were seen in every secluded path and by-way, stealing with fearless faith from congregation to congregation; his presses at Geneva were never idle; his "Institutes" were scattered widely over his native land. During this period of suffering, the Huguenots continued to increase in numbers. Yet their congregations were often forced to meet in caves and forests, and to chant in subdued tones their sacred songs, lest their persecutors might break in upon them with fire and sword. Often the pious assembly was discovered in its most secret retreat, and men, women, and children were massacred by hordes of priests and brigands.

At Meaux, the birthplace of reform, fourteen persons were burned alive in the market-place. In the South of France two Protestant towns, Cabrières and Merindol, were razed to the ground: every house was destroyed, and the unoffending people were murdered in the streets. Four or five hundred women and children, who had taken refuge in a church, were butchered at once; twenty-five women, who had hidden in a cave, were smothered by a fire kindled at its entrance by the papal legate. At Paris, on the night of September 4th, 1537, a congregation of Protestants were gathered in secret at a private house in the suburbs.⁽¹⁾ Many of them were refined and pious men and women from the cultivated classes of society; some were noble and connected with the court. But, united by a common piety, they celebrated the communion and listened to the exhortations of a faithful pastor.⁽²⁾ They

(1) White, *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, p. 40-43.

(2) The Huguenots fled from Paris in great numbers. The streets resounded with the cry of the ban proclaimed against them. J. Simon, *La Liberté de Conscience*, p. 131.

were startled by the cry, outside the door, of "Death to the Lutherans!" A wild mob of papists surrounded the house and besieged all night the terrified women, who were guarded alone by the swords of the gentlemen who attended them. In the morning the police arrested the whole Huguenot congregation and dragged them through the streets to the filthy dungeons of the Châtelet, where they had room neither to lie nor sit down. By the strict law their lives were forfeited. They were offered pardon if they would go to mass. But not one consented. A long and terrible imprisonment passed away before they were brought to trial. Among the captives, the fate of Philippa de Lunz—a refined and high-bred woman, only twenty-two years old, a widow, possessed of wealth and influence—is singularly illustrative of the papal theories. She was examined, and refused to recant. She was next led out for execution. In the gay city of Paris, in September, 1558, a throng of papists assembled around a pile of fagots in the Place Maubert, dancing, singing, and calling for the victims. The king, it is said, looked on from a distance; the courtiers were not far off; the priests were, no doubt, all present. At length a cart drove into the square, on which were seen Philippa and two Huguenot companions. Their tongues had already been cut out. But Philippa had laid aside her widow's weeds, and was dressed in her best attire. For she said, on leaving prison, "Why should not I rejoice? I am going to meet my husband."

She witnessed the horrible convulsions of her two friends as they expired amidst the flames. She was lost in fervent prayer. The executioners roughly seized her, tore off her outer dress, and held her, with her head downward, in the fire. Her feet had already been burned off. She was then strangled, and her great soul escaped to heaven.⁽¹⁾

Several others of the prisoners were executed. But their fate now awakened the attention of Europe. Calvin wrote to the survivors a letter of encouragement; at his entreaty the princes of Germany interceded for them. The younger prison-

(1) White, *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, p. 43.

ers were carried to monasteries, from whence they were afterward allowed to escape; others were pardoned upon making an apparent recantation; and it is possible that even the French king and court were satisfied with the woes already inflicted upon the pious congregation of Paris. But the Pope was enraged at the lenity shown to the Huguenots, and denounced the faint trace of toleration on the part of the king. He complained, he remonstrated. He was discontented because every prisoner had not been hung with his head downward in the flames, and strangled, like Philippa de Lunz.⁽¹⁾

I have sketched the fate of the Protestants of Paris as an illustration of the Roman doctrine of employing force in preserving religious unity. The Popes and the Italian priests still defend that theory of persecution by which Philippa de Lunz was strangled; by which every country of Europe has been filled with woe; by which, if honestly accepted, every devout Roman Catholic might be converted into an assassin.⁽²⁾

Silenced and overpowered, their congregations broken up, their pastors driven from France, the Huguenots still expressed their religious impulses by a singular expedient. Music came to their aid. Clement Marot translated the Psalms of David into French verse, and soon the inspired songs of the Jewish king were chanted in every city of the realm. They resounded in plaintive melodies from the caves and forests where the Huguenots still ventured to assemble; they made their way into the palace and the castle; and Francis, Henry II., Catherine de' Medici, and Henry of Navarre, had each a favorite psalm. Catherine, with some propriety, selected "O Lord, rebuke me not;" Diana of Poitiers, the mistress of Henry II., delighted in the *De Profundis*. The Huguenots sung the Psalms as a substitute for divine worship; and often, as throngs of Parisians were walking on summer evenings in the pleasure-grounds of Pré aux Clercs, some daring reformer

(1) Laurent, *Le Catholicisme et la Religion de l'Avenir*, Paris, 1869, p. 577 *et seq.*, shows that the Holy Office is still defended by the Romish bishops.

(2) The Syllabus still asserts that heresy must be repressed by force. The infallible Pope still wields the sword of persecution.

would strike the key-note of a psalm of Marot, and the strain, caught up by innumerable voices, would swell over the gay assemblage. The King and Queen of Navarre often went to the fashionable walk to hear the singing. But the priests at length procured an edict forbidding the practice, and the voice of sacred melody was finally hushed in the horrors of St. Bartholomew.

King Francis, the chivalric, died of his own excesses; his son, Henry II., succeeded, the husband of Catherine de' Medici. He was even more vicious and cruel than his father; he persecuted with Italian severity; he died amidst the thanksgivings of the Huguenots, pierced by the lance of a rival knight, at a magnificent tourney. His death made way for the rule of his widow, Catherine de' Medici, and their three miserable sons. Nor can one reflect without a shudder of disgust upon that wretched group of depraved men and more monstrous women into whose hands now fell the destiny of the Huguenots and of fair and progressive France. Touched by the genial impulse of reform, filled with a brilliant generation of poets, scholars, accomplished artisans, and gifted statesmen, such as the world has seldom known, the unhappy realm was checked in the moment of its advance by the follies and the crimes of Catherine, the Popes, and the Guises. Rome ruled at Paris, and in the peaceful and holy communities described by Palissy and Beza was soon aroused a dreadful discord that ended in their destruction. The workman fled from his forge or his loom to die upon the battle-field; the scholar, the musician, and the poet carried the fruits of their genius to foreign lands; the Italian prelate, with malevolent touch, blighted the dawning civilization of France.⁽¹⁾

Catherine de' Medici led the revelries, the fashions, and the politics of the age. Her youth had been singularly unfortunate.⁽²⁾ No friendly voice, no fond or tender counsels,

(¹) A Romish view of the persecution of the Huguenots is given by De Sanelières, *Coup d'Œil sur l'Histoire du Calvinisme en France* (1844). This author palliates the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and exults over the Revocation.

(²) *Vita di Caterina de' Medici*, Alberi, softens the portrait of Catherine: "La gran figura de Caterina domina intera un' epoca importantissima," etc.

had awakened in her cold heart a trace of filial or maternal love. Her father, Lorenzo de' Medici, had deserved by his vices the miseries he endured; her mother was no less unhappy; and Catherine, the descendant of the wealthiest mercantile house in Europe, was born penniless and a child of evil omen. It was foretold of her at her birth that she would bring destruction to the city where she was born; the townspeople of Florence would have exposed the infant in a basket to the balls of their enemies. But she was preserved alive, was shut up in a convent, and in the school of Macchiavelli and of Rome learned dissimulation and self-control. Her uncle became Pope; and Francis I., anxious to win the support of Clement, married his son Henry to the portionless orphan, then a girl of fourteen. But misfortune still followed the child of evil omen. The Pope, her uncle, soon died; Francis reaped no benefit from the hasty marriage; and Catherine came into the family of Valois only to be neglected by her husband for Diana of Poitiers, and to be contemned by her regal relatives as the impoverished descendant of a race of merchants.

For many years she lived powerless and obscure, the nominal wife of a depraved king.⁽¹⁾ Yet she was singularly beautiful. Her brilliant complexion, her large and lustrous eyes, the inheritance of the Medicean family, her graceful form, her hand and arm that no painter or sculptor could imitate, were set off by manners so soft and engaging as to win the esteem even of her foes. Few left her presence without being charmed by that graceful courtesy which had descended to her from Lorenzo the Magnificent; few could believe that her placid countenance concealed the passions, the resentments, the unsparing malice of the most ambitious of women. From Lorenzo Catherine had inherited, too, a love for exterior beauty in dress or form, a taste for lavish elegance. She shone at tourneys, and glittered in stately processions. From him, perhaps, came that passion for political intrigue that seemed the only vigorous impulse of her placid nature, and for which

(¹) Alberi, p. 45.

at times she became a murderess, reveling in the spectacle of her bleeding victims, or meditated and prepared the corruption, the degradation, or the death of her own sons.

By some ardent Roman Catholic writers Catherine is adorned with all saintly virtues as the guardian and defender of the Church; by most historians she is looked upon as an incomprehensible mystery.⁽¹⁾ Not even her contemporaries could penetrate that chill and icy heart, where no maternal or friendly affections ever dwelt, where pity and compassion never came, which was dead to the sufferings of others, and even to her own, and discover the secret springs that guided her erratic policy of vacillation and crime. Yet it is possible that the true mystery lay in her boundless superstition. For the common modes of belief she had nothing but skepticism. She toyed with the Huguenots; she was not afraid to cajole or defy the Catholics and the Pope. But before the sorcerer or the fortune-teller all her narrow intellect was bowed in abject submission.⁽²⁾ Her credulity was, perhaps, the cause of her impassive cruelty. She obeyed implicitly the decrees of the stars; she consulted with awe the famous seer of Salon, Nostradamus, whose name and writings are still cherished by the lovers of curious mysteries, and whose rude oracles were freely purchased by the noble and the great of his superstitious age. She wore a mystic amulet or chain that still exists; she kept around her astrologers and alchemists, and possibly believed that in all her cruelties and crimes she was governed by an overruling fate. It is probable that a secret insanity clouded the active mind of the French Medea. Yet at the age of thirty-nine Catherine held in her unsteady hand the destiny of France.

By her side had grown up into rare beauty and equal dissimulation and pride a woman scarcely less mysterious than herself. The character of Mary Queen of Scots is still the subject of animated debate. She was the wife of Francis II.,

(1) The Venetian ambassador, Suriano, 1569, describes her as "femme sage, mais timide, irrésolue, et toujours femme."—*Relations*, etc., vol. i., p. 559.

(2) Capefigue, *François 1^{er}*, ii., p. 8.

Catherine's eldest son, now King of France.⁽¹⁾ He was a feeble, mindless boy of sixteen; but the acute and brilliant Mary was a year or two older, full of graces and accomplishments, of ambition and pride. In the splendid dawn of her mournful career Mary was rightful Queen of France and Scotland, and the popish claimant of the crown of England. She seemed the most powerful and prosperous of living women, and, in the petulance of youthful pride, was accustomed to taunt her mother-in-law, Catherine, whom she hated, with being the daughter of a race of Florentine shop-keepers. The two acute and heartless women struggled for power; but the contest was soon ended by the death of Francis and the reluctant retreat of Mary from the palaces and revels of Catholic France to the barren wilds of her Northern kingdom.

At the head of the violent faction of the Catholics stood the ambitious family of the Guises. The feeble kings, and even the aspiring Catherine, were forced to submit to the impetuous and overbearing policy of these devoted adherents of the papacy. It was the favorite aim of the Guises to exterminate the Huguenots, and to lay at the feet of the Roman pontiff France, purified by a general massacre of his foes. Yet the power of the Guises was only of recent origin. Their father, Duke Claude, had come up to the French court an impoverished adventurer, and had died leaving enormous wealth, the fruit of a corrupt but successful career. His family of six sons were the inheritors of his fortune and power. His daughter was the mother of Mary of Scotland. His eldest son Duke Francis, ruled over the family, the court, and the king; the second, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, had engrossed innumerable benefices, and was almost the Pope of France; his rare eloquence and vigorous intellect were employed with fatal effect in the cause of persecution; his sonorous voice had chanted at the Council of Trent a perpetual anathema against heresy. The two Guises, Duke Francis and the cardinal, were called by their contemporaries "the butchers."⁽²⁾

⁽¹⁾ Alberi, p. 59.

⁽²⁾ White, *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, p. 85. The Duchess of Guise nearly fainted at one of these exhibitions.

Nothing stirred their savage breasts with such real joy as the spectacle of Huguenots dying by torture. It was the custom of the cardinal, after a stately dinner at his regal palace, to show his guests a fair array of martyrs executed for their entertainment, or sometimes to hang up a tall and stalwart reformer in the banqueting chamber itself. Such monsters as the Guises, Catherine, or her children, have never been produced in any form of Christianity except the Roman Catholic, and are the necessary result of the Romish doctrine of force.

As if in happy contrast to Catherine and Mary, two women of singular piety and decorum ruled over the chiefs of the Huguenots. Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre and mother of Henry IV., governed her little kingdom with masculine vigor, expelled the priests and the mass, corresponded with Calvin, and scoffed at the malice of the Pope.⁽¹⁾ To Jeanne the Huguenots owed their best counsels and their final success; for she educated her son in the valleys of the Pyrenees to bear toil and hunger, to feed on the coarsest food, to play barefoot and bareheaded with the children of the villages, and to prepare himself by early deprivations for the duties of camp and court. Henry descended from his native mountains robust, tall, strong in mind and will, tender-hearted, and benevolent, the direct opposite of the three malicious and degraded kings, his predecessors, who had been molded by the corrupting hand of their mother, Catherine de' Medici. Another pure and courageous woman, Charlotte de Laval, wife of the great Coligny, inspired the most eminent of the Huguenots with her own heroic zeal. She urged, she implored her husband to take up arms in defense of reform; and when Coligny pointed out to her, with wise and tender words, the dangers and sufferings that must fall upon them both if he yielded to her advice, she nobly promised to bear all without a murmur. The Huguenot mothers, in fact, in this hour of danger, seemed to emulate the heroism of Jeanne d'Albret

(1) De Felice, p. 14: "Jeanne introduced into Bearn a puritanic austerity. She was learned, bold, severe, the most eminent woman of her age."

and the wife of Coligny, and bid their husbands and their sons go forth to battle, followed by their blessings and their prayers.

Yet the Huguenots were fearfully outnumbered. They formed scarcely a twentieth part of the population of France. Paris, the chief city of the realm, was intensely Catholic. The court and the Guises held in their power the capital and the government of the nation. Calvin and the Protestant pastors urged submission upon the persecuted Huguenots, and it was with sincere reluctance that Coligny and the chiefs of his party raised at last the standard of a religious warfare. A terrible atrocity suddenly aroused them to action.⁽¹⁾ On Sunday, March 1st, 1562, the bells rang for service in the little town of Vassy, in Champagne, and a congregation of twelve hundred Huguenots had gathered in a large barn to celebrate their simple worship. Duke Francis of Guise rode into the village at the head of a party of soldiers on his way to Paris.⁽²⁾ The peal of the Huguenot bells enraged the fanatical chief, and after dinner he led out his soldiers to disturb or destroy the peaceful worshipers. They broke into the barn; the Huguenots, unarmed, threw stones at the intruders, and one struck the duke on the cheek. He gave orders for a general massacre of the Protestants; men, women, and children were cut down or shot by the merciless assassins; few escaped unharmed from the dreadful scene; the duke, covered with the blood of innocence, rode on in triumph to Paris. He was received in the most Catholic city as the avenger of the Church. Surrounded by a body-guard of twelve hundred gentlemen(?) on horseback, he entered the city by the St. Denis gate amidst the applause of a vast throng of citizens; the streets rang with songs and ballads composed in his honor. He was from this time the consecrated leader of the papal party; and the priests and bishops from every

(¹) Even De Saclières admits the long patience of the Huguenots: "Se soumit, quoique avec beaucoup de peine, à se laisser punir," etc. Yet sees in them only "cette secte turbulente."—*Coup d'Œil*, p. 4.

(²) For the massacre at Vassy, see Martin, *Hist. France*, x., p. 110: "Les gens du duc commencèrent à insulter les Huguenots."

pulpit celebrated that "noble lord" who had instigated and guided the massacre of the heretics at Vassy. A year later the duke lay on his dying bed, his ambition stilled forever, his furious rage quenched in the last agonies; and in the varying accounts of his dying hours it is at least certain that there rose up before him the picture of the pious congregation he had so ruthlessly destroyed—a memory of the wickedest of all his evil deeds.

At the news from Vassy the Huguenots rose in arms, and for ten years all France was filled with civil discord; the factories were closed, the seats of industry sunk into decay, and the vigor of the nation was wasted in a useless warfare; the Duke of Guise, fierce, ambitious, full of physical and mental power, fell, in the opening of the contest which he had begun, by the hand of an assassin. His death was charged upon Coligny, who denied the accusation, but scarcely condemned the act. The war raged with new violence, and the Huguenots repaid, with dreadful retaliations, the savage deeds of their foes. Frequent truces were made; the nation sighed for peace; and even Catherine herself would have consented to grant toleration to reform, would have aided in giving harmony and prosperity to France. But the Pope and the Italian faction still ruled in the divided nation, and saw without a sentiment of pity or regret the horrors they had occasioned, the fierce passions they had aroused, the holy impulses they had stifled forever. They called incessantly for the total extermination of the Huguenots;⁽¹⁾ they lamented every truce as impious, denounced every effort toward conciliation; they inculcated a merciless cruelty, an undying hatred. Paul IV., maddened with strong wine and the insanity of a corrupt old age, had instigated the latest persecutions that led to the civil wars of France.⁽²⁾ His successors, Pius IV. and V., fanned the fires of strife, and called incessantly for blood; they aim-

(1) Pius V. to Catherine, April 13th, 1569, urged the complete extirpation of the Huguenots. He pressed Charles IX., March 28th, 1569, to destroy them. Yet to the papal historians this barbarian is a model of decorum. See Platina, *Vitæ Pont.*, p. 390, etc.

(2) Ranke notices Paul's excessive indulgence in wine.

ed the assassin's dagger, or roused the evil passions of devout Catholics, by insisting upon the duty of repressing heresy by force; nor can there be found in history, except, perhaps, among their own predecessors, three sovereigns who have so increased the sum of human misery—three potentates, in any age, who have less deserved the name of Christians.

The teachings of the Popes and the violence of the Catholic faction led to the massacre of St. Bartholomew.⁽¹⁾ Catherine de' Medici, weary of incessant civil war, guided, perhaps, by her malignant star, had resolved to gratify the court of Rome, the Guises, and the Parisians by a total extermination of all those eminent and generous chiefs who had so long defied the armies of their Catholic foes. Within her dark, inscrutable breast had been matured a plot of singular efficacy for drawing into her toils the leaders of the Huguenots; and the lessons she had learned in the school of Macchiavelli were exemplified with matchless power. It is impossible, indeed, to believe that St. Bartholomew was not premeditated;⁽²⁾ it seems certain that a rumor of the approaching horror had filled the extreme faction of the Catholics with secret joy. A hollow pacification had been arranged. Catherine proposed to Jeanne d'Albret and the Huguenot chiefs to complete the union of the two parties by marrying her daughter Marguerite with young Henry of Navarre. Catherine's son, Charles IX., consented to the match, and pressed it in spite of the opposition of the Pope; and in the summer of 1572 the ominous wedding was celebrated at Paris with rare pomp and boundless ostentation.

Young Henry of Navarre, at nineteen, frank, generous, a Huguenot in faith if not in practice, was brought up by his mother, Jeanne, Queen of Navarre, to be married to the daughter of her bitterest foe, and to mingle with a society and a court whose profligacy and corruption she had ever shrunk

⁽¹⁾ De Felice, p. 167.

⁽²⁾ Most modern writers have abandoned the theory of premeditation; but the proof is strong on the other side. See an able and learned article in the *North British Review*, St. Bartholomew, October, 1869; and Martin, *Hist. de France*, x., p. 553.

from with disdain. It would have been well for the austere queen had she still repelled the advances of her rival. But Jeanne seems to have yielded to the arts of Catherine, and to have believed that some trace of womanly tenderness lingered in the breast of the new Medea. She consented, for the sake of the oppressed Huguenots, to suffer her son to marry the child of the house of Valois, and ventured to come up to Paris, the citadel of her foes. Her death soon followed. Whether premature age filled with sorrows and doubts had weighed her down, sudden disease, or secret poison, the annalists of the period could not determine; but among the Huguenots, shocked at the suddenness of their loss, arose a dark suspicion that their favorite queen had died by the Italian arts of Catherine. It was said that the mother of the expected bride had poisoned the mother of the bridegroom by presenting her with a pair of perfumed gloves, prepared with a deadly powder; it was believed that the austere and spotless Queen of Navarre had been lured into the Circean circle of the French court to be made away with the more securely. Yet Jeanne d'Albret died, as she had lived, a stern reformer, an example and a warning. The corrupt ladies of Catherine's court, who visited her in her last hours, saw with wonder that the courageous queen needed none of the customary ceremonies of the Papal Church. She asked only the prayers of the Huguenot pastors and the simple rites of the apostolic faith.⁽¹⁾

Meantime Paris was filled with a throng of the bravest and noblest of the reformers, who had been lured into the centre of their foes.⁽²⁾ Coligny, loyal, and trusting the word of his king, rode boldly into the fatal snare. Wise and faithful friends had warned him of his imprudence; a devoted peasant woman clung to his horse's rein and begged him not to trust to the deceivers; but no entreaties or warnings could shake his resolution. He was followed by his companions in arms, the heroes of many a brilliant contest. But it was noticed that as the Huguenots entered the city no cheer of reconciliation arose from the bigoted citizens; that the streets were

(¹) *Mém. Marguerite*, p. 24.

(²) *Sully, Mem. i.*, p. 21-30.

filled with menacing faces; that every eye was averted in hatred and gloom.⁽¹⁾ Henry of Navarre and his cousin, the Prince of Condé, came to Paris in the first days of August, and were lodged in the palace of the Louvre. Coligny and his followers occupied an inn or hotel on the street of Bresse. The king, Charles IX., Catherine, and the young Duke of Guise received their victims with eager civility, and Charles welcomed Coligny almost as a father. The city rang with revelry; the young princes, Henry, Condé, the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon, and Charles IX., joined with ardor in the revels and sports; and Catherine, surrounded by a corrupt train of beautiful women, inspired the dreadful hilarity.

Paris, in the sixteenth century, possessed few of those attractions that have made it, in the nineteenth, the most magnificent of cities.⁽²⁾ It was renowned chiefly for its narrow and filthy streets, not paved or lighted, the perpetual haunt of fever or plague; for its sordid and often starving population; and for the fierce superstition of its monks and priests. Several grand hotels of the nobility, each a well-garrisoned fortress, arose amidst its meaner dwellings. The new palace of the Louvre, lately built by Francis I., was the residence of the court;⁽³⁾ but the Tuileries was unfinished, and the Palais Royal did not yet exist; and high walls, pierced by lofty gates, shut in the mediæval city from the free air of the surrounding plains.⁽⁴⁾ Yet in the hot summer of 1572 its streets were filled with a brilliant multitude come up to witness the marriage of Henry and Marguerite, of the Protestant and the Catholic, and every eye was fixed with curiosity and expectation upon the preparations for the splendid ceremony. Henry, the generous son of the mountains, was already renowned for his courage and his manly grace; Marguerite was known only as the

(¹) The Catholic writers deny premeditation, on the testimony of Anjou, Marguerite, and Tavannes. See De Saucières, p. 236. But Sorbon, the king's confessor, proclaims it; so Capilupi, Salviati, and Michiel.

(²) Paris Guide, p. 557, *Le Palais du Louvre*.

(³) Yet we could scarcely call the Louvre a sanctuary, with De Lasteyrie: "C'est un sanctuaire," p. 557.

(⁴) Paris Guide, p. 560.

child of the corrupt Catherine. Her life had been passed in ceaseless terror under the iron sway of her mother, the enmity of her brother of Anjou, and the doubtful favor of Charles. Yet she had wit and talent, a pleasing manner, a graceful person, a natural duplicity encouraged by her early training; and few of the virtues of her namesake, the elder and purer Marguerite, had descended to her luckless grandniece. But the young pair were still in the bloom of youth when all Paris attended their nuptials.

The wedding was celebrated on the 18th of August, beneath a pavilion richly adorned, in front of the Church of Notre Dame. It was performed with neither Protestant nor Catholic rites.⁽¹⁾ Henry, attended by the king, Charles IX., and the two royal dukes, all dressed alike in yellow satin, covered with precious stones, and followed by a long array of princes and nobles, attired in various colors, ascended the platform; the king led in his sister, who was robed in violet velvet, embroidered with the lilies of France and glittering with pearls and diamonds. Catherine de' Medici followed, surrounded by a fair, frail circle of maids of honor. A bright summer sun shone on the gay pageant and gleamed over the towers of Notre Dame. The ceremony was performed by the Cardinal Bourbon; but no sooner was it ended than the bride left her husband to witness mass in the cathedral, while Henry turned sternly away from the unscriptural rite. In the evening a grand entertainment was given in the Louvre; maskers and royal and noble revelers filled its wide saloons, and for several days afterward Paris was a scene of strange merriment, and of feasts and tourneys, upon which the wiser Huguenots looked with grave disdain.⁽²⁾

But the dreadful day was near when the secret purpose of the wild revels was to be perfectly fulfilled. The week which had opened with the wedding-feast and the carousal was to close in more than funereal gloom. Charles and Catherine

⁽¹⁾ Sully, i., p. 21.

⁽²⁾ Marguerite, Mémoires, Guessard, éditeur, p. 25-27, has described with minuteness the splendor of her dress and of the pageant.

had constantly assured the Pope that the marriage was only designed to insure the destruction of the Huguenots. Orders were sent to the Governor of Lyons to allow no couriers to pass on to Rome until the 24th of August. It was intended that the news of the wedding and the massacre should reach the Holy Father at the same moment.⁽¹⁾ The Huguenots, unconscious of danger, still remained in Paris. On Friday, the 22d, they were startled from their security by the first deed of crime. Coligny was shot at by order of the young Duke of Guise, and was borne back to his inn wounded, though not mortally, amidst the rage of his companions and the secret joy of his foes. In the hot days of August, amidst the noisome streets of Paris, the admiral lay on his couch, surrounded by his bravest followers in arms. He was surprised by a visit from the king, who came to express his sympathy for his suffering friend—his rage at his treacherous foe. But with him came also Catherine, who wept over the wounded Coligny, and the Duke of Anjou, apparently equally grieved, but who were only spies upon the impulsive king. They feared that the wise and good Coligny might succeed in awakening the better element in the nature of the unhappy Charles.

From this moment a gloom settled upon the crowded city, and its Catholic people, no doubt, felt that the hour of vengeance drew near.⁽²⁾ On Saturday, the 23d, the Huguenots could scarcely go into the streets without danger. They gathered around the bedside of Coligny, or in the chamber of Henry of Navarre, but seem never to have thought of escape. They breathed out threats against the assassin, Guise; yet they still trusted to the professions of Catherine and the word of the king. Nor does Charles seem to have been altogether resolute in his horrible design. He wavered, he trembled, he was weary of bloodshed. His feeble, imperfect intellect seems still to have turned to his friend Coligny for support, and

⁽¹⁾ Martin, *Hist. Fran.*, x. This letter seems of itself to prove premeditation.

⁽²⁾ *Le Tocsin contre les Autheurs*, etc., *Archives Curieuses*, 1^{er} sér., vol. vii., p. 42-50.

Catherine saw with secret rage that some traits of humanity and softness still lingered in the breast she had striven to make as cold and malevolent as her own.⁽¹⁾

The August night of the 23d sunk down over Paris, and upon its narrow streets and gloomy lanes a strange stillness rested. The citizens awaited in silence the signal for the massacre of the Huguenots and the perfect fulfillment of the constant injunctions from Rome. Every Catholic, every Parisian, knew that the Popes had never ceased to inculcate a general destruction of the heretics. The king's body-guard had been stationed under arms in the city; the citizens were provided with weapons at the public cost; the houses of the Huguenots were marked to guide the murderers to their doors; the Catholic assassins were enjoined to wear a white cross to distinguish them from their victims. But while all was still without, in a retired chamber of the Louvre a scene of human passion and wickedness was exhibited such as can scarcely be paralleled in history. A mother was urging her half-insane son to an unequalled deed of crime. Charles hesitated to give the final order. Soon after midnight Catherine had risen, perhaps from sleep, and gone to the king's chamber. She found Charles irresolute, and excited by a terrible mental struggle. He was probably insane. At one moment he cried out that he would call upon the Huguenots to protect his life; at another he overwhelmed with reproaches his brother Anjou, whom he hated and feared, and who had now entered the room. The other members of the guilty council—Guise, Nevers, and their associates—followed and gathered around the king. He still paced the room with rapid steps, incapable of decision. But Catherine, roused to a fierce rage, her voice filled with sinister meaning, told Charles that it was too late to recede, and that the order must be given. The king,⁽²⁾ still scarcely twenty-two years old, accustomed from infancy to

⁽¹⁾ White, Mass., p. 396.

⁽²⁾ Marguerite, *Mémoires*, p. 29, describes Charles as "très-prudent, et qui avoit esté toujours très-obeissant à la royne ma mère, et prince très-Catholique," p. 31.

tremble before his mother's glance, his mind enfeebled by dissipation and crime, conscious that if he disobeyed that menacing tone his own life was not safe, and that Catherine might remove him by her secret arts to place her favorite Anjou on his throne,⁽¹⁾ in a sudden access of terror or of frenzy, gave the fatal command. From this moment all that was gentle in his nature died forever, and he became the chief promoter of the general massacre, the active instrument in the hands of unsparing Rome.

Guise at once went swiftly from the room to begin the labor of death by the murder of Coligny.⁽²⁾ The clash of his horse's hoofs resounded in the still Sabbath morning as he led a party of soldiers to the admiral's quarters. Catherine, Charles, and the other conspirators, terrified at what they had done, kept closely together, and gathered at a window overlooking the tennis court. "We were smitten," says Anjou, "with terror and foreboding." Catherine, it is said, even sent to recall Guise; but he replied, "It is too late." Coligny had been stabbed in his bed-chamber, and his body thrown out of the window into the court below. Many Huguenots perished with him. The death of the chief of the reformers roused the conspirators to new energy, and Catherine gave orders that the signal for the general massacre should be given before the appointed hour. The clock of the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois sounded over silent Paris.⁽³⁾ Its ominous peal awoke an awful clamor, such as the earth had never witnessed before. A clang of bells responded from every tower and belfry; the adherents of the Pope seized their arms, rushed to the houses of the Huguenots, and murdered every inmate, from the sleeping infant to the gray-haired grandsire and the helpless maid. The city had been suddenly illuminated, and from every Catholic house the blaze of torches lighted up the labor of

(1) Henri de Valois, par De Noailles, pp. 1, 2, describes the endless schemes of Catherine to make Anjou king.

(2) Martin, *Hist. Fran.*, x., p. 567; De Felice, p. 164-167; Sully, *Mem.*, i., p. 25. They cut off Coligny's head and brought it to Catherine.

(3) Le Tocsin, *Archives Curieuses*, 1^{re} sér., vol. vii., p. 54: "Toute la ville fut en un instant toute remplie de corps morts de tout sexe et âge."

death. Beneath their rays were seen women unsexed, and children endowed with an unnatural malice, torturing and treating with strange malignity the dying and the dead. It is impossible, indeed, to narrate the details of this awful event, over which Catholic kings and priests rejoiced, and for which the infallible Pope at Rome gave public thanks to God.

Within the palace of the Louvre itself, where a few days before every saloon had rung with festivity, and where mask and dance and throngs of gallant knights and maidens had greeted the nuptials of Henry and Marguerite, now echoed the groans of the dying Huguenots, and the shrieks of the terrified queen.⁽¹⁾ In the evening Marguerite had been driven by her enraged mother from her presence and from the arms of her sister Claude, who would have detained her, and was forced to go, trembling, to the apartment of her husband, lest her absence might excite suspicion. She lay awake all night, filled with a sense of impending danger. She pretended that she knew nothing of the approaching event. Henry's rooms were filled with his companions in arms, who passed the night in uttering vain threats against the Guises, and planning projects of revenge. Toward morning they all went out in company with the king; and Marguerite, weary with watching, sunk into a brief slumber. She was aroused by a loud cry without of "Navarre! Navarre!" and a knocking at the door.⁽²⁾ It was thrown open; a man, wounded and bleeding, pursued by four soldiers, rushed into the room, and threw his arms around the queen. He clung to her, begging for life. She screamed in her terror. The captain of the guard came in and drove off the soldiers, and the wounded Huguenot was allowed to hide himself in her closet. Marguerite fled hastily across the halls of the Louvre to her sister's room, and, as she passed amidst the scene that had so lately rung with the masks and revels of her wedding night, she saw another Huguenot pierced by the spear of his pursuer, and heard

(1) *Mémoires, etc., de Marguerite de Valois*, par. M. F. Guessard, éditeur, p. 32. Marguerite's narrative may be relied on for personal details.

(2) *Mém. Marguerite*, p. 34.

the clamor of the general massacre. Faint and trembling, she went to her mother and the king, threw herself at their feet, and begged the lives of two of her husband's retainers.

Meantime, when Henry of Navarre had left his room in the morning, he had been arrested, and carried to the king's chamber; but of the band of Huguenots who had attended him in the night only a few escaped. Each man, as he passed out into the court, between two lines of Swiss guards, was stabbed without mercy. Two hundred of the noblest and purest reformers of France lay piled in a huge heap before the windows of the Louvre; Charles IX., Catherine, and her infamous train of maids of honor inspected and derided them as they lay dead. All through that fearful Sabbath day, the feast of St. Bartholomew, and for two succeeding days, the murders went on; the whole city was in arms; every hat or cap was marked with a white cross, and every Catholic was converted into an assassin.⁽¹⁾ Charles, a raging lunatic, rode through the streets, laughing and jesting over the fallen. The streets were filled with corpses; the Seine was turned to blood; many Catholics grew rich by the plunder of the Huguenots; and it was believed that the king and his brother, Anjou, shared the spoils of opulent merchants and skillful goldsmiths. The papal nuncio, Salviati, overjoyed at the spectacle, wrote to the Pope that nothing was to be seen in the streets but white crosses, producing a fine effect; he did not see the heaps of dead, nor the scenes of inexpiable crime. Charles IX. shot at the flying Huguenots from his bedroom window. The rage of the murderers was chiefly turned against women and infants.⁽²⁾ One man threw two little children into the Seine from a basket; another infant was dragged through the streets with a cord tied around its neck by a crowd of Catholic children; a babe smiled in the face of the man who had seized it, and played with his beard, but

(1) Le Tocsin, a contemporary account, describes how poor shoe-makers and tailors died for their faith; how women and children were thrown into the Seine, p. 57. The particulars can not be repeated.

(2) Le Tocsin, p. 54-57.

the monster stabbed the child, and, with an oath, threw it into the Seine.

For three days the massacre continued with excessive atrocities. A month later, Huguenots were still being murdered in Paris. It is computed that several thousand persons perished in that city alone. In every part of the kingdom, by orders of the king, an effort was made to exterminate the Huguenots; and Lyons, Orleans, Bordeaux, and all the provincial towns ran with blood. Four thousand reformers are said to have been killed in Lyons. At Bordeaux, Auger, the most eloquent of the Jesuit preachers, employed all his powers in urging on the work of slaughter. "Who," he cried, "executed the divine judgments at Paris? The angel of the Lord. And who will execute them in Bordeaux? The angel of the Lord, however man may try to resist him!" The number of the slain throughout France has been variously estimated at from ten to one hundred thousand. History has no parallel to offer to this religious massacre, even in its most barbarous periods.

The Pope, Gregory XIII., received the news of the fate of the Huguenots with unbounded joy.⁽¹⁾ The wish of his heart had been gratified, and Charles IX. was now his favorite son. Rome rang with rejoicings. The guns of the Castle of St. Angelo gave forth a joyous salute; the bells sounded from every tower; bonfires blazed throughout the night; and Gregory, attended by his cardinals and priests, led the magnificent procession to the Church of St. Louis, where the Cardinal of Lorraine, the brother of the Duke of Guise, chanted a *Te Deum*. The cry of the dying host in France was gentle harmony to the Court of Rome. A medal was struck to commemorate the glorious massacre; a picture, which still exists in the Vatican, was painted by Vasari, representing the chief events of St. Bartholomew. The Pope, eager to show his gratitude to Charles for his dutiful conduct, sent him the Golden Rose; and from the pulpits of Rome eloquent preachers celebrated

(1) Le Tocsin, p. 76: "Louant Dieu qu'à son advenement à la papauté une si bonne et heureuse nouvelles s'était présentée."

Charles, Catherine, and the Guises as the new founders of the Papal Church.⁽¹⁾

But from every Protestant land one cry of reproach and detestation arose against those royal murderers and assassins who had covered with infamy their country, and even their age. The intelligent were affrighted at a barbarity that seemed worthy only of an Attila or an Alaric; the humane and the good looked upon the massacre in France as something portentous and almost incredible. Clothed in mourning, with every eye turned away in gloom and aversion, the English court and its Protestant queen received the French ambassador, La Mothe Fénelon, after the intelligence of the fatal event; and the envoy himself, touched with shame, confessed that he blushed for his country. The mild Emperor of Germany, Maximilian II., lamented that his son-in-law, Charles IX., had incurred such an overwhelming load of guilt. The Protestant powers of the North joined in the general condemnation. Philip II. of Spain alone laughed aloud—for the only time, it is said—when he heard how well Catherine had performed her task. Yet Catherine herself soon found that her bloody deed was only injurious to herself. She hated the Guises, she feared Philip II., she despised the Pope; but to them alone could she now look for support and countenance. New dangers thickened around her. The Huguenots, enraged at the massacre, rose once more in arms; the sympathy of England encouraged the revolt; Catherine endeavored to excuse or explain her share in the massacre, and discovered that she had committed a great crime in vain.⁽²⁾

But upon the feeble intellect of her unhappy son the effect of the dreadful deed he had witnessed and directed was fatal. The fierce excitement had scarcely passed away when his health began to decline. His mind was torn by remorse and

(¹) It was the working-men who had chiefly suffered by the massacre. At Meaux "une grand nombre d'artisans" suffered. The murders were joined with general robbery. See Alberi, *Vita Cat. Med.*, p. 147.

(²) Alberi, p. 382. She makes Charles IX. declare that it was a political conspiracy that produced the massacre; to Philip II. she wrote on the 29th of August, thanking God for his mercy.

terror; his conscience never slept. Around him in the air he heard strange noises like the voices of the dying Huguenots. The ghosts of the murdered stood by his bedside; his room seemed suffused with blood. His nurse who had reared him when an infant was a Huguenot, and now watched over him as he was dying. "Oh, nurse!" he cried to her, amidst sobs and tears, "what shall I do? I am lost! I am lost!" She tried to soothe him with the hope that repentance and a Saviour's righteousness might save his guilty soul. Catherine came to him soon after with the good news of the capture of one of her enemies. "Madame," he said, "such things concern me no longer. I am dying." He received the last rites of the Roman Church, and died soon after. Catherine's favorite son, the Duke of Anjou, for whom she had plotted and schemed with incessant labors, now became king, and it was believed that the miserable Charles had been carried off by poison administered by his mother.

Catherine died, her son was assassinated, her guilty race faded from the earth, and Henry of Navarre became King of France. In 1598 the Edict of Nantes gave peace to the Huguenots, and once more a period of progress and reform opened upon the prosperous realm. In the dawn of the seventeenth century there was still hope for France. Vigorous, energetic, industrious, intellectual, the Huguenot element in the nation began rapidly to sweep away the barbarism of the age. The reformers were everywhere active. They inculcated industry, and soon in every part of France grew up flourishing manufactures and a valuable trade.⁽¹⁾ The moral vigor of the people was renewed; honesty, purity, and mental culture supplanted the barren dreams of chivalry and the corruption and indolence of the Catholic rule. Great Protestant churches were erected, in which immense congregations listened to their accomplished preachers and heard lessons of virtue and self-restraint. To be as "honest as a Huguenot"

(1) Smiles, Huguenots, p. 130. "The Huguenots were excellent farmers; manufactured silk, velvet, paper, and a great number of other articles. See Weiss, Hist. of the French Protestant Refugees, p. 27.

was a common proverb. To be industrious, frugal, generous, sincere, was discovered to be far better than to be a Condé or a Montmorency. The period of progress continued long after the death of Henry IV.; and even Richelieu, who crushed the Huguenots forever as a political party, never sought to extirpate them wholly. In the dawn of the reign of Louis XIV. the nation still advanced under the influence of Huguenot principles, and the most eminent men of the age belonged to the party of reform. The wise Colbert was a Huguenot;⁽¹⁾ the poets, orators, and authors of the day reflected the vigor of the new movement; the Protestant schools and colleges inspired with new life the fading intellect of France.⁽²⁾

Then once more the tyrannical hand of Rome was stretched forth to crush the rising impulse of reform. But it was now the disciples of Loyola and Lainez that aroused the last great persecution of the Huguenots. Louis XIV., in the latter period of his reign, guided by the counsels of the Chancellor Le Tellier and the Jesuit Père La Chaise, resolved to win the favor of Heaven by a complete destruction of the heretics. Madame De Maintenon, herself once a Huguenot, confirmed the malevolence of the king, and grew rich by the plunder of the reformers. Slowly the cloud of ruin gathered around all those fair and prosperous communities that had sprung up under the influence of the new faith. The Huguenots foresaw with hopeless alarm their own final destruction. They held in their hands the commerce, manufactures, and the wealth of the nation; but they were comparatively few in numbers, and had no longer any hope of resistance. Their churches were torn down; their printing-presses were silenced; they were forbidden to sing psalms on land or water; were only allowed to bury their dead at night or at day-break; and were oppressed by all the malicious devices of the Jesuit fathers. Yet they submitted patiently, and still hoped to soften the rage of their enemies by holy lives and Christian charity. Stricken by a mortal disease, Chancellor Le Tellier, from his bed of death,

(1) Smiles, *Huguenots*, p. 135. Colbert was honest, and died poor.

(2) Martin, *Hist. Fran.*, xiv., p. 667 *et seq.*; Stephens.

prayed the king to revoke the Edict of Nantes, and extirpate the Huguenots.⁽¹⁾ He died rejoicing that he had once more awakened the fires of persecution. Louis XIV. obeyed the commands of the Jesuits, and repealed (1685) the edict of toleration that had alone given hope to France. A wide scene of horror spread over the flourishing realm. Every Huguenot dwelling was invaded by fierce dragoons,⁽²⁾ the wealth of the industrious reformers was snatched from them by the indolent and envious Catholics; the manufactories were deserted, flourishing cities sunk into ruin; and such crimes were perpetrated by the savage soldiers of Louis as can only be paralleled in the various persecutions instigated by the Popes of Rome. Yet the king and his courtiers found only a cruel joy in the sufferings of the people. Even literature, the faded product of the corrupt age, celebrated Louis as the destroyer of heresy; and the infamous band of gifted preachers who adorn and disgrace this period of human woe united in adoring the wisdom of their master and the piety of the Jesuits. Bossuet, with rare eloquence and singular inhumanity, triumphed in the horrors of persecution; Massillon repeated the praises of the pitiless Louis; Fléchier, the pride of the Romish pulpit, exulted in the dreadful massacres; Bourdaloue was sent to preach in the bleeding and desolate provinces, and obeyed without remonstrance; and the whole Catholic priesthood were implicated in the fearful crimes of that fatal period.⁽³⁾ The wise, the good, the gentle Huguenots became the prey of the vile, the cruel, and the proud.

⁽¹⁾ Sismondi, xxv., p. 514.

⁽²⁾ "Les dragons ont été de très-bons missionnaires," wrote Madame De Maintenon, Sismondi, xxv., p. 521; and she bought up at a low price the estates of the exiled Huguenots.

⁽³⁾ Hist. Fanat., 1692, par M. De Brueys; Archives Curieuses, vol. ii., p. 318. Bossuet, Oraison funèbre de Michel Le Tellier, p. 333. Fléchier boasted that Le Tellier had given the last blow to the dying sect. Oraison funèbre de M. Le Tellier, 1686, p. 354. The inhumanity of Massillon, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Fléchier makes them responsible for the horrors of the dragonnades. Eminent in eloquence, in cruelty they were still barbarians. Fénelon alone protested against the persecution. Racine ventured to assail covertly the persecutor.

Nothing is more remarkable in history than the constant hostility the Church of Rome has always shown toward the working-classes — the fatal result of Catholic influence upon industry and thrift. Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp, under the rule of Alva and the Jesuits,⁽¹⁾ saw their commerce and manufactures sink forever, and their laboring-classes fly to Amsterdam and Leyden. Spain and Italy, under the destructive activity of the Popes and the Inquisition, were soon reduced from the highest prosperity to a low rank in commerce and trade. Swarms of monks and nuns took the place of honest laborers, and industry was extirpated to maintain the corrupted Church. It was only when England ceased to be Catholic that it began to lead the world in letters and in energy. It was when Germany had thrown off the papal rule that it produced a Goethe and a Schiller, and in the present day the traveler is everywhere struck by a remarkable dissimilarity. In Catholic Ireland all is sloth and decay, empty pride and idle superstition. In Protestant Ireland all is life, energy, and progress. A Catholic canton of Switzerland is always noted for its degraded laboring-class, their indolence and vice. The Protestant cantons abound in all the traits of advance. The Romagna and the Papal States, so long as they remained under the rule of the Popes, were the centres of sloth, improvidence, and crime, and brigands ruled over desolate fields that might have glowed with abundant harvests. In France, under Louis XIV., the whole energy of the Jesuits and the king was directed to the ruin of the laboring-classes, and their vigorous efforts were followed by a signal success. Seldom has so dreadful a revulsion fallen upon the industrial population of any nation. It was as if the factories of Lowell or Manchester were suddenly closed, and half their population murdered or sent into exile; as if every Protestant were driven from New York, and every warehouse plundered in Boston. Hundreds of factories were destroyed, many villages were deserted, many large towns half depopulated, and great districts of the richest land in France

(¹) See *Relation d'Antoine Tiepolo*, p. 143. They had revolted to save their commerce and industry.

became once more a wilderness.⁽¹⁾ At Tours, of forty thousand persons employed in the silk manufacture, scarcely four thousand remained; the population of Nantes was reduced one-half; it is estimated⁽²⁾ that one hundred thousand persons perished in Languedoc alone, one-tenth of them by fire, strangulation, or the rack! Such was the victory of the faith over which Massillon, Bossuet, and Bourdaloue broke forth into loud applause; for which they celebrated the miserable king, with whose vices they were perfectly familiar, as the restorer of the Church. "Let our acclamations ascend to heaven," said Bossuet, "let us greet this new Constantine, this exterminator of the heretics, and say, 'King of heaven, preserve the king of earth.'" "At the first blow dealt by the great Louis," cried Massillon over the general massacre, "heresy falls, disappears, and bears its malice and its bitterness to foreign lands."⁽³⁾

Rome and the Pope, too, were eloquent in congratulation over the ruin of the working-classes of France. *Te Deums* were sung; processions moved from shrine to shrine; the Pope addressed a letter to Louis filled with his praises.⁽⁴⁾ The whole Romish Church rejoiced in the slaughter of the heretics. Public thanksgivings were offered at Paris; medals were struck to commemorate the fortunate event; a brazen statue was erected to Louis on the Hôtel de Ville, with a brief Latin inscription, "To the asserter of the dignity of kings and of the Church." During the Revolution it was converted into cannon, to be aimed against the throne and the priesthood.

There now occurred in the course of their annals that wonderful spectacle of heroism and devotion, the flight of the Huguenots from France.⁽⁵⁾ The pure, the wise, the good, the no-

(1) Smiles, Huguenots, p. 169. Weiss, i., p. 116.

(2) By Boulainvers, De Felice, p. 340.

(3) I have abridged the eloquence of the two inhuman preachers. *La Liberté de la Conscience*, J. Simon, p. 186, ventures to mention their disgrace.

(4) Weiss, i., p. 125.

(5) Weiss, *Hist. des Réfugiés Protestants de France*, describes the period from Henry IV., the revocation, the emigration. He has been freely used by later writers.

ble, the wealthy or the poor, animated by a common resolution to preserve their faith at the cost of all they held dear, resolved to abandon their native land and throw themselves upon the charity of strangers. From every part of France, in mournful processions, in secret, by night, in strange disguises, and in fearful sufferings and dangers, great companies of men, women, children, made their way to the frontiers. No severity could restrain them; no offers of emolument or favors could induce them to accept the Romish creed. Louis and his priestly advisers dispatched the fierce dragoons in pursuit of the fugitives, and filled the galleys and the prisons with their helpless captives. The unparalleled enormities inflicted upon the flying Huguenots can scarcely be described in history.⁽¹⁾ Yet still the wonderful flight went on. Powerful nobles, the owners of great estates, left their ancestral homes, and, through a thousand dangers, escaped impoverished to Germany and Switzerland. Fair and gentle women, accustomed to the ease and luxury of the château and the city, stole forth disguised, often in the midst of winter, and thought themselves happy if, clambering over the snow-clad hills, and wandering through the wild forest of Ardennes, they could at last reach, with broken health and exhausted resources, a shelter in the free cities of Holland. Two young ladies of Bergerac, disguised as boys, set out on the perilous journey. It was winter; yet they plunged bravely into the forest of Ardennes, on foot, and with wonderful constancy pressed on beneath the dripping trees, along the woodland roads, oppressed by hunger, cold, privation; and for thirty leagues joyfully pursued their dangerous way. Their constancy never wavered; they were sustained by the hope of approaching freedom. But the guards seized them as they approached the frontier, and threw them into prison. Their sex was discovered; they were tried, condemned, and shut up for the remainder of their lives in the Convent of the Repentants at Paris.

The Lord of Castelfranc, near Rochelle, with his wife and family, set out in an open boat to escape to England. He was

(1) See *Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères*.

overtaken. Three of his sons and three of his daughters were sent as slaves to the Caribbean Islands; three other daughters were held some time in confinement, and were then allowed to escape to Geneva. The slaves were finally liberated, and the family were afterward reunited in England. The two Misses Raboteau, who lived near Rochelle, refused to become converts to Romanism, and were then offered the alternative of marrying two Roman Catholics or being shut up for life in a convent.⁽¹⁾ They resolved to fly. Their uncle, who was a wine-merchant, inclosed each young lady in a large cask, and thus conveyed them on board one of his ships. They reached Dublin in safety, married, and several eminent and gifted Englishmen trace their origin to the brave fugitives.

Geneva, the city of Calvin, showed unbounded generosity to the distressed Huguenots, and from its narrow resources contributed large sums to maintain the hapless strangers. The Catholics looked upon it with singular aversion. The inhuman saint, Francis de Sales, had in vain called out for its destruction. "All the enterprises," he exclaimed, "undertaken against the Holy See and the Catholic prince have their beginning at Geneva."⁽²⁾ To destroy Geneva, he thought, would dissipate heresy. But Holland, Prussia, and at length England, were scarcely less active, and in every part of Protestant Europe the industrious Huguenots planted the germs of prosperity and reform. Huguenots filled the army with which William of Orange invaded England; they fought in the campaigns of Marlborough, and aided in bringing to shame the last days of their persecutor, Louis. They wandered to America, and founded prosperous settlements in New York and South Carolina.

A Protestant seigneur, Dumont de Bostaquet, has described the sufferings of a noble Huguenot family in the reign of Louis XIV. His ancestral château stood amidst the richest fields of Normandy.⁽³⁾ Around it on all sides spread out the wide

(1) Smiles, Huguenots.

(2) Vie de St. François de Sales, Lyons, 1633, pp. 120, 121.

(3) Mémoires inédites de Dumont de Bostaquet, Paris, 1864. These memoirs were preserved by the author's descendants, and have but lately been published.

and splendid domain of his ancient race. The château was adorned with costly hangings and the rarest furniture; its pleasure-grounds and gardens sloped gradually away and were lost in a girdle of woodlands. His plate was of great value; his stable filled with horses of unrivaled speed; his gilded coach, attended by outriders and musketeers, was conspicuous at the gatherings of the provincial nobility of Normandy.

For thirty years the life of the Protestant lord had glided on in opulence and ease; a family of sons and daughters had grown up around him, gifted, intelligent, refined; and his stately château was often the scene of masks and gay carousals. It does not seem that the Huguenot chiefs were marked by any puritanic austerity. The family at Bostaquet were fond of merry entertainments and Christmas revels; the hunting-horn often sounded through their broad domains; and young ladies, queens of the chase, gave the last blow to the panting stag. The château resounded with mirth and gallantry, with music, dance, and song; and the Protestants mingled without distinction with their Roman Catholic neighbors.

At length, in 1687, the storm of persecution broke over the quiet scenes of Normandy; a line of dragoons surrounded the Protestant district; each avenue of escape was closed; and the alternative was offered to every heretic of recantation or imprisonment, and perhaps death. The dragoons committed the most horrible atrocities; the Huguenot châteaux were sacked and burned; the noblest families were often treated with barbarous indignities until they accepted the Romish faith. Bostaquet at first yielded to the powerful temptation. He looked, perhaps, on his wife and happy children; on his fair estate he had so loved to enlarge; on his pleasure-grounds and gardens, planted under his care; on the scenes of his youth and his ancestral home; and obeyed the commands of the persecutors. For the first time in the château of Bostaquet the priest and the Jesuit ruled unrestrained, and the unhappy family were even compelled to attend mass.⁽¹⁾ But

(1) The Jesuits were always the leaders in all the worst persecutions. *Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères*, p. 3: "Les Jésuites et les prêtres—ces impitoyables et acharnés persécuteurs."

conscience awoke; the saddened countenances of the seigneur and his sons and daughters showed their abhorrence of the feigned conversion; and parents and children watched for the happy moment when, abandoning their home and ancestral lands, they might escape, impoverished exiles, to England.

One fair summer day, from the ancient château set out a band of pilgrims, on whom rested the radiance of a perfect faith. At the head went the Seigneur Bostaquet; his mother, eighty years old, rode by his side, and was the most ardent of all the pious company; his sons and daughters, of various ages, followed; many friends and fugitives joined the cavalcade as they made their way to the sea-coast. The evening was charming; the moon shone bright and full; the emigrants moved on cheerfully in the cool night air, and rejoiced at the prospect of the sea. The old lady of eighty, with her daughters and her grandchildren, sat on the shingle of the beach watching beneath the moonlight for the ship that was to carry her away forever from her native land.

A loud outcry arose, and a band of robbers, or coast-guards, attacked the unprotected Huguenots. Bostaquet and his friends seized their pistols, and drove off their assailants. But they soon came back; Bostaquet was wounded, and was forced to abandon his family and ride for life toward the frontier. Accompanied by a friend, he made his way over the hostile country, often aided, however, by generous Catholics; crossed mountains, woods, and rivers, and reached at length the shelter of friendly Holland. The ladies on the beach were seized by the coast-guard and shut up in convents, from whence they afterward escaped to England. Bostaquet's large estates were confiscated, his servants sent to the galleys, his family ruined; but he distinguished himself as an officer in the army of William III., and lived prosperously for many years in Ireland.

A yet more dreadful fate than loss of home and country awaited those unlucky Huguenots who were arrested in their efforts to escape.⁽¹⁾ They were condemned at once to the gal-

(1) De Felice, p. 337.

leys. The French galleys were vessels usually a hundred and fifty feet long and forty wide. They were employed to guard the coasts, and sometimes to attack English cruisers that approached the shore. Along each side of the galley ran a bench or seat, to which the slaves were fastened by an iron chain around one leg, and of sufficient length to allow them to sleep on the deck beneath. Here they remained night and day, exposed to the torrid heat or the winter's cold, half fed, and urged on by blows and imprecations in the painful task of pulling the heavy oars. In these floating dungeons, surrounded by convicts and criminals of the deepest guilt, the pure and gentle Huguenots sometimes continued for ten or twenty years, chained to the bench, or often died of exposure or the enemy's shot, and were flung ignominiously into the sea. Old men of seventy years or boys of fifteen or sixteen soon yielded to the fearful toil; but others, more vigorous and mature, endured long years of torture, and were at last released at the instance of the Protestant powers. The captains of the galleys usually treated their galley-slaves with barbarous severity. They scourged their bare backs to make them row with speed; they threw them on the deck, and had them beaten for trivial faults. Emaciated, faint, and feeble, the poor slave often sunk beneath the blows and died, happy to escape from the intolerable torments inflicted by the state-ly and gracious Louis.

But the most unsparing of their tormentors was usually the chaplain or priest of the galley.⁽¹⁾ He was almost always a Jesuit. The disciples of Loyola were thought peculiarly fitted for this unattractive task. It seems to have been the duty of the chaplain to see that the Huguenots were not spared in any one of their sufferings, and to strive to induce them to recant by incessant cruelty and blows.⁽²⁾ Yet such was the wonderful constancy of these faithful martyrs that they chose

⁽¹⁾ *Les Forçats pour la Foi*, par A. Coquerel Fils, Paris, 1866.

⁽²⁾ *Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères*, p. 362. The missionaries or disciples of St. Vincent de Paul seem to have been equally cruel with the Jesuits.

rather all the pains of their sad condition than to accept an idolatrous mass. With one word of recantation, they were offered a release from all their sufferings; with one feigned submission, they might have been free. No promises moved them from their resolution; no artful insinuations could deceive them into insincerity. "You must know," said Father Garcin, a priest, to the maimed and bleeding Marteilhe, who has left an account of his imprisonment—"you must perceive that the Church has no share in this matter. You are punished for disobedience to the king." "But suppose," he replied, "we wish for time to reflect, could we not be set free?" "By no means," said the priest; "you shall never leave the galleys until you recant." And he ordered their torments to be redoubled. It was the Church that instigated the barbarity of the king.⁽¹⁾

In the galleys might be seen for many years a sacred company of the purest, the most refined, and the most intelligent of the French. The men who might have saved and reformed the nation were chained, in horrible torture, amidst robbers and assassins. Marolles, once counselor to the king, by the express order of Louis, was secured by a heavy chain around his neck, and compiled his "Discourse on Providence" while fastened to the oar.⁽²⁾ Huber, father of three illustrious sons, was also a galley-slave. The Baron De Caumont, at the age of seventy, labored with the rest. But few ministers of the reformed faith were found among the number, since, if captured, they were usually put to death. More than a thousand Huguenots appear on the list of galley-slaves, and it is believed that the real number has never been told. At length, in 1713, at the solicitation of Queen Anne, the sad remnant of the saintly band were set free from their tortures, and came, maimed and feeble, to Geneva. That noble and ever-honored city received the miserable exiles with fond congratulations

(1) *Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères*, Paris, 1864, p. 362. "On peut voir," says Marteilhe, "parlà le caractère diabolique de ces missionnaires fourbes et cruels."

(2) Weiss, i., p. 100.

and overflowing bounty. The magistrates, the clergy, and a large part of the population came out from the gates and welcomed the galley-slaves as they approached the walls; they were covered with honors and glad felicitations; and every citizen took to his arms some one of the band of martyrs, and bore him proudly and fondly to the comfort and luxury of his Protestant home. With the flight of the Huguenots a general decay settled upon France, and in the last days of the persecuting Louis his vain, aspiring nature was borne down by a thousand humiliations. No Protestant Turenne any more led on the French armies to victory; no Huguenot Colbert saved, by careful economy, the resources of the nation. The best soldiers of France were fighting in the ranks of Marlborough and Eugene; its rarest scholars—a Descartes, a Bayle, a Jurieu—spoke through the printing-presses of Leyden or Amsterdam; its artisans had fled to England, Holland, and America; its people were chiefly beggars.⁽¹⁾ All over France, under the Catholic rule, men, women, children, fed on roots and grasses, and browsed with the beasts of the field. Paris became one vast alms-house, and it is estimated that, at the breaking-out of the Revolution, two hundred thousand paupers claimed charity from the hands of the king. The Jesuits alone flourished in the decaying nation, and ruled with dreadful tyranny over churches and schools, the prisons and the galleys. Literature declined; the mental despotism of the Church gave rise at last to Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists; the Jesuits were overthrown by the indignation of the age; but their fall came too late to save from an unexampled convulsion that society which they had subjected only to corrupt.⁽²⁾

Under the rule of the Jesuits (1700–1764) the Huguenots who remained in France are still supposed to have numbered nearly a million. But they were no longer that bold and vigorous race who, in the sixteenth century, had nearly purified the nation. The Jesuits watched them with restless vigi-

(¹) *Le Détail de la France*, 1695, Archives Curieuses, has a clear account of the embarrassments of trade, p. 311.

(²) Weiss, i., p. 100, describes the depopulation of France.

lance.⁽¹⁾ They were forced to hide their opinions in cautious silence, to study the Scriptures at the peril of death. Yet they still maintained their church organization in secret, and elders, deacons, and evangelists still held their yearly meetings in lonely places, sheltered by the forest or the cave. The religious services of the Huguenots were held with equal difficulty and danger. Driven from the cities and public places, the devoted people would wander to the utter solitude of some unfrequented woods, or gather in great throngs beneath a fissure in the rock. Sometimes at night they assembled on the sea-shore, or climbed among inaccessible hills, where no hostile eye could follow.⁽²⁾ The Huguenots were noted among the Catholics for their love of solitary places, and their sect was called the "Church in the Desert." Here, in the heart of rocks and wilds, they ventured once more to chant the Psalms of Marot, and heard the plaintive eloquence of their persecuted preachers with fond and eager attention. Yet often the Jesuits pursued them to their retreats with malignant eyes, and broke in upon them in the midst of their supplications.⁽³⁾ It was the favorite occupation of the active disciples of Loyola to follow the Church to its home in the desert, and bring to justice the bold criminals who still refused to worship at the shrine of Mary; they were still resolved to extirpate every trace of heresy in France. Eighteen Huguenot pastors were executed or burned in the reign of Louis XV.; their dying voices were often hushed in a loud beating of drums. The galleys and the prisons were still filled with reformers; some perished, forgotten, in lonely dungeons; some died in chains or torture. The Jesuits, who knew the power of books and of the press, strove to destroy every trace of Protestant literature or libraries; they would have read throughout all France only history as sanctioned by the Popes, or morals as treated by the casuists; a decree was issued (1727) ordering all "new con-

(1) Martin, *Hist. France*, xviii., p. 19.

(2) *Hist. des Églises du Désert*, C. Coquerel.

(3) Martin, *Hist. Fran.*, xviii., p. 21. Sometimes the Huguenots turned upon their persecutors and killed a Jesuit.

verts" to give up their Protestant books; in every town and village of France bonfires were fed with Bibles and Testaments, or other "pernicious" treatises;⁽¹⁾ the reformed libraries were wholly destroyed; and the Huguenots, once the most learned of their contemporaries, sunk low in mental culture. The French intellect was fed on the brilliant sophisms of Rousseau, the sharp diatribes of Voltaire, the historical fables of Bossuet and the Jesuit fathers.

One of the latest and most remarkable of the scenes of Romish tyranny in France was the tragedy of Jean Calas. In the Holy City of Toulouse, in the year 1761, still lingered a few heretics, distinguished for their peaceful lives and spotless morals. Yet to their Catholic neighbors they were ever objects of suspicion and dislike. Toulouse, indeed, had long been renowned for its rancorous bigotry. It was called the Holy City because in one of its crypts might be seen the skeletons of seven of the apostles, and in its bosom the cruel Saint Dominic had first conceived or applied the machinery of his Holy Inquisition. The spirit of Dominic ruled over the people, and Toulouse had been hallowed, in the eyes of Popes and Jesuits, by several massacres of the Huguenots seldom equaled in savage cruelty. In 1562, a Protestant funeral procession was passing timidly through its streets; it was assailed by an angry band of Catholics; a general slaughter of the heretics followed, and three thousand men, women, and children were torn to pieces by their Romish neighbors. The Pope, Pius IV., applauded the holy act; an annual fête was instituted in honor of the signal victory; and every year, until 1762, a magnificent spectacle, attended by the blessings and the indulgences of successive Popes, kept alive the rage of bigotry and inspired the thirst for blood.⁽²⁾

Jean Calas, a quiet Protestant merchant, lived (1761) among this dangerous population.⁽³⁾ He was sixty-three years old,

(1) Smiles, *Huguenots*, p. 342, and note.

(2) *Histoire de Toulouse*, Aldéguier, iv., p. 315.

(3) Jean Calas, et sa Famille, Paris, 1858, par Athanase Coquerel Fils. M. Coquerel has done valuable service to the cause of historical truth by his various researches among the Huguenot annals.

respected for his honesty and his modest character; with his wife, six children, and one maid-servant, a Catholic, he lived over his shop, which stood on one of the best streets of the city. He had four sons and two daughters, and the eldest of his sons, Marc-Antoine, the cause of the ruin of his family, was now about twenty-six. He was a moody, indolent, and unhappy young man, who had sought admission to the bar, and been rejected because he was a heretic. He had sunk into melancholy in consequence, and had apparently meditated suicide. Yet in October, 1761, no shadow of gloom rested on the innocent family. It was evening. The shop was closed and barred; a visitor came in, and the Huguenot family gathered round their modest supper-table and passed the evening in cheerful conversation. Meantime, Marc-Antoine left the table to go below. "Are you cold, monsieur?" said the servant to him. "No," he answered; "I am burning with heat." He passed on and went down-stairs. About ten o'clock the younger son, Pierre, went to conduct their visitor to the door, and found his brother suspended by a cord, and quite dead. He had hanged himself.

The father, stricken with grief, took the body of his son in his arms; a physician was called, who could do nothing; an irreparable woe had fallen on the gentle household; the mother wept over her first-born.⁽¹⁾ But common sorrows were not to suffice for the fated family, and a dreadful bigotry was to make their names renowned over Europe and in history. A curious crowd gathered around the barred door of the shop, and a suspicion arose among the Catholics that the Calas family had put their son to death to prevent him from abjuring his faith. The wild fancy grew into a certainty; the papists broke into the shop; the father, mother, the son, and the servant were arrested and hurried to a close confinement; the Church, the Government, and the people of Toulouse assumed their guilt; and the dead Marc-Antoine, a Protestant and a suicide, was buried in solemn pomp as a martyr, attended by all the clergy of the city, followed by a

(1) *Histoire de Toulouse*, Aldéguier, iv., p. 297-302.

vast and splendid procession, and covered with all the honors and blessings of the Roman Church.

All Toulouse, now mad with religious hatred, called for the punishment of the Calas family.⁽¹⁾ It was asserted that all Protestants were assassins; that they made away invariably with their children, if necessary, to prevent their conversion to the Romish faith. It was believed that the whole Calas family had been engaged in the murder of Marc-Antoine; that father, mother, his brothers, and even the sisters, had united in the secret immolation. Jean Calas, after a long process, was tried and convicted. But no evidence of any value had been produced against him, and his own clear proofs of his innocence were excluded by a fanatical court. The maid-servant, a Catholic, who could have shown that he was absent from the room where the fatal event occurred, was never suffered to be examined. Calas appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse; the Church ruled over the highest tribunal, and Calas was sentenced to a horrible death. He died on the rack, still declaring his innocence. "Wretch," cried one of his persecutors to him as he lay in torture, "you have but a moment to live. Confess the truth." Calas, unable to speak, made a sign of refusal, and the executioner drew the cord around his neck.

But all Europe soon rang with the barbarous deed.⁽²⁾ Voltaire took up the cause of the Calas family; friends at court aided in reversing the judgment of the fanatics of Toulouse. In vain the whole Roman Church assumed the defense of the murderers of Calas, or Dillon, the Irish Archbishop of Toulouse, showered indulgences and honors on the guilty counselors: public opinion for the first time in France condemned persecution, and the corrupt Church trembled before it. Rose Calas, the widow, the bereaved mother, the most unfortunate of women, went up to Paris, and was received with sympa-

⁽¹⁾ Hist. de Toulouse, iv., p. 307: "Tout ce que pouvait être dit à la charge de la famille Protestante," etc.

⁽²⁾ De Felice, p. 428. Rochette and three companions were executed at Toulouse the same year.

thetic attention by the court and the king; a new trial was ordered; the innocence of the Calas family was shown by conclusive proof; the judgment was reversed, and a late justice was done to the unhappy Huguenots. Yet the Catholic Church, confident in its infallibility, never abandoned its belief in the guilt of its victims, and its falsified manuals of history will continue to assert that Marc-Antoine Calas was a martyr for the faith as long as the papacy endures.

The Revolution soon followed, and the example of persecution which the clergy of France had exhibited for so many ages was now retorted upon them with signal vigor. The scaffolds ran red with the blood of the priests. The galleys and the prisons, once crowded with Huguenots, were now filled with their persecutors. Chained to the bench and toiling at the oar, the Roman Catholic clergy experienced all those woes their Church had so freely inflicted on the gentle heretics. A general emigration of priests and nobles took place. France lost, for a time, a large proportion of its people; yet it is impossible not to be struck with the unimportant effect of this later emigration compared with that wide scene of disaster and national decay that followed the flight of the Huguenots. When the gay nobles and the corrupt clergy crossed the frontiers no flourishing manufacturing cities fell into decay; no fertile districts returned to their native wildness; no intellectual dullness or moral decline succeeded a period of unwonted progress. It is probable, it is certain, that the destruction of a single centre of industry and trade by the intrigues of the Jesuits under Louis XIV.—the exile of its pious artisans and their well-trained families—was more injurious to France than the expulsion of all its nobility and the fall of its monarchy and its Church. In the one case, it lost a centre of moral advance; in the other, only the sources of religious and political decay.

Under Napoleon the Huguenots experienced the toleration of a despot; at the Restoration they became nominally free. They were no longer forced to worship in caves and deserts. The last massacre and persecution occurred at Nîmes in 1815.⁽¹⁾

(1) De Felice, p. 478.

But the Catholic powers of France and the Popes of Rome have never ceased to oppress by ingenious devices the rising intellect of the reformers. The Bourbons strove to suppress the dissidents;(1) even Louis Philippe was forced, in obedience to the Romish supremacy, to deny equal rights to his Protestant subjects. And in our own day(2) a cloud of danger still hangs over the future of the Huguenots. France once more, as in the days of Louis XIV., has fallen under the control of the Jesuits.(3) Slowly the society of Loyola has spread like a miasma over the land it so often desolated. The schools and colleges have been transferred to Jesuit teachers; the Protestant teachers are persecuted and trampled down. The Gallican Church has abandoned its feeble show of independence, and is the strong defender of the persecuting faction at Rome; the politics of France are, perhaps, controlled by the chief of the order of the Jesuits. A strange mental darkness is settling upon the nation, and in most of the French schools and colleges it is openly taught that Louis XIV. was a magnanimous king; that the persecution of the Huguenots was a righteous act; that, as the Jesuit Auger declared, or Bossuet and Massillon implied, it was "the angel of the Lord" that presided at the massacre of St. Bartholomew and directed the horrors of the dragonnades.(4)

(1) De Felice.

(2) J. Simon, *La Liberté de la Conscience*, p. 217, shows that as late as 1850 Protestant meetings were suppressed, Protestant schools broken up, by unjust laws. It is doubtful if things have improved since then.

(3) M. Athanase Coquerel thinks a new persecution impossible in France (*Les Forçats*, p. 142); yet he suggests a doubt (p. 143). If, as M. Jules Simon tells us, it is a criminal act to read the Bible to an assembly without permission from the Government (see *La Liberté de la Conscience*, p. 217), or to establish and maintain a Protestant school in a Catholic neighborhood, the Huguenots can scarcely be thought secure (see p. 218, note).

(4) The history authorized by the French Government and the Romish Church misrepresents all the leading facts in the religious wars. The massacre of Vassy appears as a quarrel between the two religions; the Duke of Guise is full of benevolence and honor! See *Simple Récits d'Histoire de France* (1870), the State history for secondary schools, p. 141. The massacre of St. Bartholomew is made to seem "un coup à l'Italienne;" the horrors of the reign of Louis XIV. are extenuated.

The Huguenots, therefore, are still in peril in their native land; their ancient foes, the Jesuits, rule over the Church, and are plotting their destruction. An infallible Pope sits on the throne of St. Peter, who proclaims, as the direct revelation from heaven, the persecuting doctrines of Pius IV. and Pius V.;⁽¹⁾ who has himself filled the dungeons of Rome and Bologna with the advocates of the Bible and of a free press. It is possible that France may prove the last battle-ground between the Jesuit and the reformer, the Bible and the Pope. It is certain that in such a struggle the printing-press will not be silent; that the printer will still defy his natural foes; that the public sentiment of the age will rise in defense of truth and honesty; and that the lessons of history will dissipate forever the lingering delusions of chivalry and of the Middle Ages.⁽²⁾

We have thus imperfectly reviewed the sad but instructive story of the Huguenots. The tale of heroism is always one of woe. Yet the impulse toward reform began at Meaux by Farel and Lefèvre has never been lost, and the energy and the sufferings of their disciples have everywhere aided the progress of mankind. It would not be difficult to trace the beneficent influence of Huguenot ideas in the prosperity of England, Holland, America, or France.

(¹) In a somewhat extensive work, by Professor Laurent, of Ghent, *Le Catholicisme et la Religion de l'Avenir*, may be found a clear statement of the mediæval tendencies of Rome. The Pope still threatens persecution, defies governments, annuls their acts, and only waits for an opportunity to destroy all his foes. See pp. 362, 411, 568, etc.

(²) At the congress of the Roman Catholic bishops of Germany, France, Belgium, and England, at Malines, in 1863, Archbishop Deschamps excused the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and defended persecution. No Roman Catholic dares denounce the Inquisition, or to relate true history. He is obliged to repeat the feeble ideas that flow from the diseased intellect of the Romish Propaganda. See Laurent, *Catholicisme*, p. 574, and book xi., on Traditional Religion.

THE CHURCH OF JERUSALEM.

IN the first century of the Christian era the civilized world rested in unexampled peace. It was the most tranquil period Europe has ever known. No general war disturbed the prosperity of Gaul, Italy, or the East; no wide-spread revolution carried carnage and desolation to the populous provinces of imperial Rome.⁽¹⁾ It was a golden, autumnal season of classic civilization, when the ripened fruits of long years of material and mental progress were showered upon mankind, and when the internal decay of the mighty empire was hidden in its exterior and splendid tranquillity. Compared with the later centuries, the first was singularly frugal of human life. In the seventeenth century, all Europe was torn by fierce religious wars, and men died by myriads to gratify the fanatical malice of kings and priests. In the eighteenth, the obstinate vanity of a Louis, a Frederick, or a George III. covered land and sea with slaughter. In the dawn of the nineteenth, millions of the human race perished by the iron will of Napoleon; and the young generations of Europe and America have seldom known any long repose from the dreadful duties of the camp. But in the first century no battle of civilized men occurred equal in importance to Sadowa; no siege, except that of Jerusalem, as destructive as that of Sebastopol. Under its imperial masters, whether madmen, philosophers, or monsters, the Roman world almost forgot the art of warfare, and, weigh-

(1) Under Augustus and Tiberius Italy was at peace, and their successors were satisfied with distant conquests. The Vitellian wars filled Rome and Italy with massacres, but were soon terminated by Vespasian. Tacitus, *Hist.*, iii., 72, laments the Capitol. From the Jewish war we must abate much of the exaggeration.

ed down by a general tyranny, gave itself languidly to the pursuits of peace.

A magnificent form of civilization at once grew up. Men everywhere clustered together in cities, and surrounded themselves with the countless appliances of a luxurious life. The theatre and amphitheatre, the aqueduct and bath, the graceful temples of yellow marble, the groves and gardens, the triumphal arches, the forums filled with statues and lined with colonnades, were repeated in all those centres of artistic taste that sprung up, under the fostering care of successive emperors, from the Cæsarea of Palestine to the distant wilds of Britain or Gaul. The Roman empire embraced within its limits a chain of cities fairer than the proudest capitals of modern Europe—a series of municipalities destined to become the future centres of Christian thought. At the mouth of the venerable Nile stood Alexandria. Its population was nearly a million. It controlled the commerce of the world, and its vast fleets often covered the Mediterranean. It was the Paris of the East—gay, splendid, intellectual; its university and its library, its philosophers and critics, filled the age with active speculation. Antioch, on the Syrian shore, still retained its prosperity and its luxurious charms. In the midst of its apocalyptic sisters, Ephesus glittered with artistic decorations, and maintained in all their magnificence the Temple and the ritual of Diana. Greece boasted the corrupt elegance of Corinth, the higher taste of incomparable Athens. Far to the west, Carthage had risen from its ruins to new importance. Spain was adorned with the temples and the aqueducts of Saragossa⁽¹⁾ and Cordova; the banks of the Rhine and the wilds of Gaul were sown with magnificent cities; and the camps of Britain swiftly grew into populous capitals and peaceful homes. In the midst of the series of provincial towns stood conquering Rome, the mistress of them all, slowly gathering within her bosom the wealth, the luxury, the corruption of the world.

But of all the imperial cities the most wonderful was still

(1) Cæsar Augusta.

Jerusalem.⁽¹⁾ In a mysterious antiquity none of them could rival her. The towers of Salem had been contemporary with those of Belus or Semiramis, of the glory of Thebes and the youth of Memnon. Jerusalem had seen the splendors of her conquerors of Babylon and Egypt sink into decay. A thousand years had passed since David founded the city of Mount Zion, and still, in the first century, with a singular vitality, the holy site was covered with magnificent buildings, and a new Temple had risen on Mount Moriah to surpass the glory of that of Solomon. When the Seven Hills of Rome had been a desolate waste, and the Acropolis the retreat of shepherds—when all Europe was a wilderness, and savage hunters roamed over the site of its fairest cities, Jerusalem had shone over the East a beacon of light, and had observed, and perhaps guided, the progress of Italy and Greece. She had been often conquered, but never subdued. More than once leveled to the ground, she had risen from her ashes.⁽²⁾ For a thousand years the priests had chanted the Psalms of David from Mount Moriah, unless in captivity or exile, and still the Jerusalem of Herod and Nero was, in her magnificent ritual and her sacred pomp, the rival and the peer of Athens and Rome.

In the minds of her contemporaries⁽³⁾ the Jewish capital seems to have excited an intense dislike. The Jews were noted for their bigotry and their national pride.⁽⁴⁾ Even in their captivity they despised their conquerors; they turned with contempt from the polished Greeks and Romans, and refused to mingle with them as equals or as friends. To the austere Pharisee a Cicero or an Atticus was a pariah and an

(1) Tacitus, *Hist.*, v., 8: "Hierosolyma genti caput. Illic immensæ opulentiae templum." He sketches imperfectly the history of the famous city. "Dum Assyrios penes Medosque et Persas Oriens fuit despectissima pars servientium." See Josephus, *Ant.*, vii., 3, 2.

(2) Josephus, *Ant.*, x., 10; xii., 5, 3. Under Antiochus the finest buildings were burned, the Temple pillaged.

(3) Tacitus, *Hist.*, v., 5, recalls this feeling: "Adversus omnes alios hostile odium."

(4) Cicero, *Pro L. Flacco*, 28: "Quod in tam suspiciosa ac maledica civitate," etc. He speaks of their barbarous superstition, and argues like an advocate.

outcast, and the chosen people, as far as possible, shrunk from the unholy society of the Gentile. But this exclusiveness seemed to their cultivated contemporaries barbarous and rude; they repaid it by a shower of ridicule and sarcasm. The Roman writers, from Cicero to Tacitus, paint the Jews as the degraded victims of a cruel superstition. The Roman satirist accused them of worshipping the empty air or the passing cloud;⁽¹⁾ the people of Rome, of adoring the vilest of animals;⁽²⁾ and no author of that intellectual age had discovered that the lyrics of the Jewish king were more sublime than those of Pindar; that the conflicts and the trials of a human soul were nobler themes than the Olympic sports or the triumphs of Hiero. No Roman writer had studied with care the Jewish Scriptures, or had contrasted the Sibylline oracles with the prophecies of Isaiah.

Yet even to the Greeks and Romans a mysterious awe invested the Holy City. They heard with wonder of that inner shrine where no image of a deity was seen, but within which no profane eye was allowed to gaze; of the golden candlestick, the priceless veil; of the pompous worship of an invisible God.⁽³⁾ They knew that to the austere Jew the fairest statues of Phidias, the most glorious representations of Jupiter and Apollo, were only an abomination. They had learned that the despised Israelites were looking forward to the advent of a prophetic Messiah whose reign should be universal, and who should subject all nations to his sway; and emperors and kings had been startled and roused to cruelty by their unflinching faith. But no heathen writer could have supposed that the promised Messiah was to be a God of boundless love;⁽⁴⁾ that from the heart of the abject and hated race was to come forth a generous sympathy for the suffering and the sad of

(1) Juvenal, Sat., xiv., 100 *et seq.*: "Nil præter nubes et cœli numen adorant."

(2) Tertullian, Apol., cxvi: "Petronius et porcinum numen adoret."

(3) Tacitus, Hist., v., 9.

(4) Unless we trace the prophecy of Virgil to a Jewish source. The harsher traits of Judaism were well known to the Romans. See Martial, v., 29; xi., 95. Persius, Sat., v., 180. Ovid, De Arte Am., i., 76, 416.

every land; that from mysterious Jerusalem was to descend upon the world a faith that taught the common brotherhood of man, a charity as limitless as its celestial source.

This remarkable mental revolution took place within the first century. In a brief period Jerusalem was transformed from a centre of bigotry and intolerance to become the joy and hope of nations. The Church of Christ arose. Scarcely thirty-five years elapsed from the death of the Divine Teacher until the final ruin of the Holy City; yet in those few years grew up a society of inspired missionaries, equal in power, in gifts and grace, who carried the tidings of hope and faith to the distant capitals of heathendom. The Church of Jerusalem, the Church of Christianity, was formed upon the simplest and most natural plan. Its affairs were discussed and determined in a general assembly of all the faithful. It knew no earthly master, acknowledged no temporal head. The apostles themselves, full of humility and love, yielded to each other's opinions, and consented to be bound by the decisions of their own body or of the united Church.⁽¹⁾ Peter, whose vigorous faith formed for a time the chief support of his companions, was sometimes governed by the Hebraic impulses of the austere James, and was afterward softened by the generous remonstrances of Paul. James himself, the brother of the Lord,⁽²⁾ at the apostolic council urged compromise and peace. The apostles laid no claim to infallibility; they trembled lest they themselves might become castaways. The Church was a true republic, in which, in his unaffected humility, no man sought authority over another, and where all were equal in a common faith, an overpowering love. Its ritual was the natural impulse of a believing heart. The Christians met in private rooms or on the flat tops of houses, and joined at regular intervals in prayer and praise. The sermon of the presbyter and the apostle was usually unpremeditated, and pointed to

(¹) Clem. Roman., about 97, disapproves of the people removing blameless presbyters. First Epistle to Corinthians, c. xlv.

(²) James is called "the brother of the Lord" in the Scriptures; tradition has sought to make him a cousin. See article *Brothers*, in M'Clintock and Strong's Biblical Cyclopædia.

the sacrifice of Calvary. No painted robes, no gorgeous rites, no pagan censers or chanting priests, disturbed the season of divine communion. The commemoration of the last sad supper was performed by carrying the bread and wine from house to house; and when the inspired missionaries set out, full of joy and faith, to bear their good tidings to splendid Antioch or gilded Ephesus, their dress was as plain as their Master's, their poverty as conspicuous as his. From Jerusalem, which had till now heaped only anathemas upon the Gentiles, the early Church descended, the teacher of self-denial, benevolence, and hope to man.

The Holy City of the first century was not that scarred and stricken waste that now meets the traveler's eye.⁽¹⁾ It was gay with palaces of marble and streets of costly houses; with the homes of the wealthy Sadducees who had won their fortunes in trading with Eastern lands, and of that priestly aristocracy who had engrossed the high offices of the Jewish Church. Above the deep ravines of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom the hill of Zion rose to the southward,⁽²⁾ covered with fine buildings and the palaces of its Idumæan kings. On the west and north the lower Acra was perhaps the home of the laboring class. Farther northward, the new suburb of Bezetha, which had grown up under the successors of Herod the Great, was no doubt filled with the warehouses and the rich dwellings of the Jewish merchants. On the eastern precipice, that overhung the vale of Jehoshaphat and the brook of Kedron, stood that magnificent Temple which, to the impassioned Jew, seemed to surpass in splendor as in holiness every other earthly shrine. A tall and shapely building of pure white marble, seated on the high top of Mount Moriah,⁽³⁾ was the central fane where the Almighty was believed to dwell. It was seamed with golden plates, and covered by a roof of gilded spikes, lest the birds of the air might rest upon it. To the pilgrim afar off,

(1) Robinson, *Biblical Researches*, i., p. 380 *et seq.*; Tobler, *Topographie von Jerusalem*.

(2) Derenbourg, *Essai sur l'Histoire et la Géographie de la Palestine*, i., p. 154.

(3) Mischna, iii., 334. "Mons ædis erat quadratus."—*De Mensuris Templi*.

on the north or east, it glittered in the bright sunlight of Judæa with an effulgence that seemed divine. Within were two chambers. One was that Holy of Holies into which no profane eye was allowed to gaze. It was wreathed in rare workmanship of the purest gold; and before its golden doors hung a veil, priceless in value, woven with the rarest skill of Jewish and Babylonian maids.⁽¹⁾ The outer chamber contained the golden candlestick whose seven lamps were the seven planets; the twelve loaves that marked the passing year; the fragrant spices that declared the universal rule of God. Here, too, the walls and roof were covered with golden vines, and huge bunches of golden grapes hung on every side. The Jewish taste for costly ornaments lavished itself on the Holy House.⁽²⁾ Its doors were of pure gold; its whole front was covered by immense plates of gold; at the entrance hung a second veil of Babylonian workmanship, embroidered with mystical devices in scarlet, purple, or blue.

Such was the Holy House, the earthly resting-place of Him who had thundered from Sinai or spoken by the prophets. The approach to it was through a succession of magnificent terraces.⁽³⁾ Around the sacred precinct, at the foot of the hill, ran a wall of immense stones, wrought into each other, and embracing a circuit of several thousand feet. The inner side of the wall was a portico supported on huge pillars of marble, beneath whose shelter the sellers of doves and the money-changers held a busy traffic. The whole area was called the Court of the Gentiles, and was the common resort of the Greek, the Roman, and the Jew. But within it, at the base of an ascending terrace, was drawn a graceful balustrade of stone-work, upon whose pillars was inscribed a warning that none but the pure Jew could pass, under pain of death. No Greek nor Roman might enter its exclusive barrier. Above it, a flight of steps led to a second court or square, surrounded

(1) *Mischna*, iii., 362.

(2) The *Mischna* is filled with details of golden ornaments and costly wood, iii., 362.

(3) It is impossible to reconcile the different accounts of the Temple in Josephus and the *Mischna*. I have therefore given a brief outline.

by a magnificent wall. It was the outer sanctuary, and within was provided a separate place for women. Still higher rose a third court, with gates of gold and stones of costly workmanship, containing the altar from which the perpetual smoke curled up to heaven, and the Holy House with the candlestick, and the Holy of Holies.

To the north of the Temple, and joined to it by a bridge or stairs, stood that well-known tower upon which no Jew could look without a silent curse upon the Gentile. The Castle of Antonia was at once a palace, a prison, a fortress. Within its massive walls, that seem to have covered a wide surface, were inclosed a series of magnificent rooms, courts, barracks for soldiers, and perhaps dungeons for the refractory Jew.⁽¹⁾ Here St. Paul found shelter from the angry crowds of the Temple, and, by the care of the Roman captain, escaped the fate of Stephen. The tower was always guarded by a Roman garrison; its turrets overlooked the excited host of worshipers in the courts of the Temple below, and the glitter of foreign spears upon its impregnable walls reminded every Jew that the kingdom of David and Solomon was no more. The hill of Zion was profaned by a heathen master; the God of Jacob seemed abased before the idols of the Gentiles.

Deep down below the eastern side of the Temple walls, the chasm or ravine of Jehoshaphat, a rift, apparently cloven by some fierce convulsion, separated the hill of Moriah from the Mount of Olives.⁽²⁾ The head grew dizzy in looking down from the Temple walls into the bed of the Kedron. Yet the Mount of Olives was only a few hundred feet distant from the sacred precinct; its sides were carefully cultivated, and belonged, perhaps, to the wealthy priests;⁽³⁾ from its top could be seen the city lying extended below; and far to the east might be traced the glittering line of the Dead Sea.⁽⁴⁾ Along

(¹) Josephus, *De Bell. Jud.*, v., 5, 8.

(²) Robinson, *Bib. Researches*, i., p. 326.

(³) Derenbourg, i., p. 467. See Tobler, *Topographie von Jerusalem*, who quotes vol. ii., p. 987, *La Cité de Jerusalem*, a description written in 1187.

(⁴) Robinson, i., p. 349. "The waters of the Dead Sea lay bright and sparkling in the sunbeams."

the side of the mountain spread the olive groves of the Garden of Gethsemane. Its peaceful walks were no doubt a favored retreat for the contemplative, the silent, and the sad.

Peace and prosperity seemed once more within the walls of Zion. Its people, always industrious and frugal, were advancing in wealth and ease. Jerusalem was a hierarchical city, and resembled, upon an extensive scale, an English cathedral town.⁽¹⁾ Its topics of conversation, its subjects of interest, were all religious. At the front of its society stood a few priestly families, possessed of great wealth and influence, who engrossed the chief offices of the Church. Ananias, Caiaphas, and Eleazer were the leaders of a narrow aristocracy distinguished for its bigotry and pride, its luxury and pomp. The splendor of their dress and their wasteful extravagance are noticed with severity in the Talmuds. Of Ismaël ben Phabi it is related that he wore but once a magnificent robe worked for him by his mother, and then gave it to an attendant. Eleazer had one so splendid and so transparent that his colleagues refused to allow him to use it.⁽²⁾ The priests feasted together at costly banquets, and lavished their wealth in pompous ceremonies and useless display. A congregation of priests and doctors of the law governed the city.⁽³⁾ It was called the Sanhedrim, or the Seventy, and its intolerance and cruelty were felt by all the apostles. It was a high-priest who ordered Paul to be smitten in the face; it was to the corrupt and fallen churchman that the apostle cried out, "Thou whited sepulchre!"

The city was filled with a busy and prosperous population. Every Jew was taught in his youth some useful trade. The perpetuity of the race is due in great part to its habits of industry and frugality. Amidst the crowds that filled the shops and warehouses and the quiet homes of Jerusalem were seen the wealthy Sadducee, to whom the present life seemed the end of all; the austere and formal Pharisee, who practiced the minute requirements of the law; the Jew from Alexandria or Cæsarea, softened by the contact of Greek philosophy;

(1) Derenbourg, with the aid of the Talmud, has given new light upon the condition of Jerusalem, i., p. 140.

(2) Derenbourg, i., p. 232.

(3) *Id.*, i., p. 141.

the wild Idumæan ; and the fanatical zealot. When the great paschal feast called the faithful to the Temple, its wide area was filled with the united descendants of Benjamin and Judah, and a fierce religious excitement ruled in the sacred city that the Roman garrison itself could scarcely restrain. It was often a period of tumult and disorder. Strong patriotic impulses stirred the fanatical multitude. The children of Israel, gathered in their holy seat, saw before them the habitation of the Most High, and in His strength fancied themselves invincible.

To the eye of History twelve sad yet hopeful men, charged with a heavy task, stand out distinctly amidst the busy throngs of Jerusalem. The bold and ardent Peter, the fond and tender John, the faithful James, led back their companions to the beautiful city.⁽¹⁾ They wandered together through the crowded streets ; they preached in friendly houses ; they met often in the Temple to pray. They were Jews, and they had resolved that Jerusalem should be the centre of that wide religious reform which they felt was to flow from their teaching. It was in the city of David rather than of Romulus that the Christian Church was to find its model and its source.⁽²⁾ In some plain house belonging to the mother of John lived the Holy Virgin, cherished, tradition relates, by him who had been the best beloved of her Divine Son, and by her whose bounty had often fed and clothed the houseless Saviour. Her children seem soon to have gathered around her. James, according to the spurious epistle of Ignatius,⁽³⁾ which, however, may retain some trace of legendary truth, resembled in appearance his Lord and brother. In character he was so eminently pure as to be known as James the Just. He lived in honorable poverty. He wore the plainest dress and fed on the simplest food. His name was renowned for perfect honesty and truth. He was a Hebrew of the strictest sect, and performed with

(¹) Acts i., 12. Neander, *Kirchengeschichte*, i., p. 329, describes the invisible church of Paul and James. The first epistle of Clement. Rom. may be looked at as showing the sentiment of his age.

(²) Acts i., 4.

(³) To St. John. See Hefele, *Migne*, v., p. 626, for an account of Ignatius.

rigid care every requirement of the Jewish law.⁽¹⁾ His knees grew callous from his constant attitude of prayer; his heart was full of intense love for the departed Lord; his life was spent in visiting the widow and the fatherless and in keeping himself unspotted from the world. It was natural, therefore, that the disciples should turn with unaffected reverence to the representative of the family of their Master, and James assumed the position of the head of the early Church. By later writers he is called bishop; but no title or authority was annexed to his office.⁽²⁾ He was but an elder or adviser, counseling the faithful in their difficulties, guiding the deliberations of the inspired assemblies, and leading his followers to a holy life.

Around the home of the Virgin were probably assembled her younger children, the brethren and sisters of the Lord. But of them we hear nothing until after the martyrdom of James, when Simeon, his brother or his cousin, becomes his successor. Yet it is pleasant to fancy, with the old tradition, that Mary staid long in the house of the gentle John, that her last years were cheered by his constant care, and that she was able to bear witness to the world that all the marvels told of her Divine Son were surpassed by the truth. In the spurious Ignatian epistles a letter of Mary is inserted. It is a reply to an invitation of Ignatius, the martyr bishop, to visit him at Antioch.⁽³⁾ Its simplicity and its purity might almost affirm its authenticity; it has neither the superstition nor the grossness of the papal age. The Virgin gently assures the good bishop that all he had heard of Christ was true; that she would gladly visit him in company with John; and exhorts him to stand fast in persecution.⁽⁴⁾ The romance of the cor-

(1) Eusebius, H. E., ii., 23, quoting Hegesippus, *Δια δέχεται την ἐκκλησίαν—ὁ ἀδελφὸς τοῦ κυρίου Ἰάκωβος*.

(2) Eusebius, ii., 1. The title is not Scriptural.

(3) Migne, Pat. Græc. Migne's uncritical and partial collection should be read with caution, v., pp. 942, 943. Le Nourry, in his Prolegomena, and the Romish writers, reject these epistles, partly because Mary is called the mother of Jesus, and not of God.

(4) Migne, Pat. Græc., v., p. 943. She is made to say, "De Jesu quæ a Joanne audisti et dedicisti, vera sunt." She calls herself "humilis ancilla Christi Jesu."

respondence between Mary, John, Ignatius, seems to carry us back into some humble and happy home at Jerusalem, where, amidst the harsh strife of the corrupt city, a boundless purity, a limitless love, shed over its modest scene the peace of heaven.

A frequent visitor at the house of John and Mary was no doubt the impetuous but true-hearted Peter. In history there are two St. Peters. One is the ambitious, the unscrupulous, the cruel, and tyrannical creation of the Church at Rome. Every unhallowed and worldly impulse was gradually numbered among the attributes of the great apostle. In the third century his Roman defamers began to invest him with an ambitious design of subjecting all other bishops. In the fifth, Leo openly demanded for him a universal primacy of authority that was denied both at Chalcedon and Constantinople. At a later period he was made a temporal prince, ruling over the Roman States by force and fraud. In the eleventh century the haughty Hildebrand, in the hallowed name of Peter, proclaimed himself the temporal and spiritual master of the world. In the thirteenth, Innocent III., to enforce the authority of Rome, filled Europe with bloodshed, and exterminated the heretics of Provence. St. Peter was now made the author of the Inquisition, the champion of the Crusades, the oppressor of the humble, a universal persecutor. Still later, he was represented by the horrible vices of a Borgia. At the Reformation he was held up to mankind as the foe of rising knowledge, the patron of a dull conservatism. He was supposed to have inspired the bitter malevolence of the Council of Trent, and to have countenanced every crime of Charles V. or Philip II. In the nineteenth century, his name is once more invoked by the Bishop of Rome in exciting a new assault upon human freedom. Priests and Pope, in their final council, present once more to mankind their traditional St. Peter—ambitious, cruel, tyrannical—and declare his infallibility.⁽¹⁾

(1) Baronius, *Ann. Ecc.*, sees nothing but Peter in the early age, i., p. 283: "Petrus a Christo primatu in omnes est auctus," etc. "Quidnam est, quod oculi omnium convertuntur in Petrum?" Within a brief period all eyes were turned on Paul.

Very different was the true St. Peter of the Gospels and the Acts. He was ever lamenting his own fallibility. In a moment of terror, at the thought of death, he had denied his Saviour. On him the eye of affection had been turned reproachfully; to him had been spoken the words of indignation, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" His fervent love had won forgiveness; he was the rock on which the Church was built. Again he had denied his Master when he strove to enforce the Mosaic law on the followers of Christ; again, he yielded, conscience-smitten, to the intercession of James and the fierce denunciation of St. Paul. At the sacred supper it was not Peter that leaned on the bosom of the Lord, and only his age and his rude eloquence gave him any precedence among the disciples. Often the first to act or speak, his advice was not always followed. To James the Just, to John and Peter, the Lord, after his resurrection, communicated a divine knowledge;⁽¹⁾ and Peter seems to have paid a willing deference to the family of his Master.

His true greatness, his inspired eminence above mankind, lay in the humility with which he subdued his own impetuous nature, in the lessons of gentleness and purity which he so freely inculcates upon his disciples. To him the worship paid to a modern Pope must have seemed a shocking idolatry. "I am but a man," he cried to the Roman convert who would have adored him. He could scarcely have presided at an *auto-da-fé*, for his language is ever merciful and forbearing. For himself he disclaimed all superiority, and would be only an elder among elders.⁽²⁾ Instead of the vicar of Christ, the lord of kings, the keeper of the sword of persecution, he would have all men humble themselves to one another. "Love as brethren," he cried; "be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil." "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble."⁽³⁾ To such a nature the vain strife of contend-

(¹) Eusebius, H. E., ii., 1. So in the fragments of Papias, Andrew is named before Peter, iii., 39.

(²) 1 Peter v., 1.

(³) 1 Peter v., 5. So the epistles of Clement and Polycarp reflect the humility of the apostles.

ing bishops, the pretensions of priests to spiritual and temporal despotism, the unhallowed splendors of the mediæval Church, the horrors of the Inquisition and the massacres of the religious wars, the pride of a Hildebrand, the cruel rage of an Innocent III., must have seemed the orgies of evil spirits clad in a sacred robe.

With St. Peter is constantly associated the gentler John. Together they had fished upon the Sea of Galilee, had left their nets at the call of the Master, and followed him in his wanderings through Judæa. Together they had beheld the crucifixion; together they had wept through the night of nights; they had run together in the morning to the sepulchre. But the tender love of the faithful John had urged him on swifter than Peter, and he had first seen that the stone was rolled away. Together they were to suffer imprisonment and persecution; preached in Samaria; performed miracles; and were at last parted to die in foreign lands and by a different death.⁽¹⁾ St. John represents, if possible, a higher form of human excellence than his ardent companion. The Saviour, we are told, loved him above all other men. In his boundless affection his Master had discovered no flaw; on him the divine countenance had never turned reproachfully. St. John's life and writings are filled with that intense sentiment of tenderness and compassion which is the soul of Christianity, and which was to flow in a full tide over the human race.⁽²⁾

His youth was apparently passed in active labor. He was a fisherman, like his father; but he had inherited some property, and was possibly able to obtain a better education than fell to the lot of the other apostles. His writings show traces of an acquaintance with Greek philosophy. Of the other members of the sacred company scarcely any thing is told. Tradition has vainly striven to follow them in their missionary toils, and has sent them forth to found churches in India and

⁽¹⁾ Eusebius, H. E.

⁽²⁾ Neander, *Denkwürdigkeiten, Geschichte des Christenthums*, etc., i., p. 399, has an instructive essay on Christian brotherhood. The Christians formed a united family; they sent aid to each other everywhere—"bis nach den entferntesten Gegenden."

Ethiopia, in Britain or Gaul. They were all poor, plain men, yet it can not be inferred that they were wholly uneducated. Every Jew was usually taught to read, if not to write; and the apostles, from their youth, had been familiar with the wonderful lyrics of David and the inspired precepts of the law. Their minds had been fed upon the solemn liturgy of the Temple; they had heard the holy lessons chanted by the priests, and had listened to the wild strains of the lyre and the cymbals that accompanied the sacred rites. With music and poetry, therefore, they were not wholly unacquainted, and they had learned to watch the lovely changes of nature on the shores of Galilee. Here, Josephus tells us, was the brightest landscape of Judæa. In Galilee the sower trod the ever-fertile fields with joy; the songs of the marriage feast and the cries of happy children were heard over the land; the lily trembled on its stalk more splendid than Solomon's glory; the olive and the vine poured forth their abundant fruit.⁽¹⁾ But, above all, the disciples had heard lessons of divine wisdom, and been instructed by parable, precept, example, by the Sermon on the Mount.

Affrighted and dismayed by the spectacle of the crucifixion, the faithful eleven had fled from Jerusalem and betaken themselves to their nets.⁽²⁾ Recalled by the well-known voice of their risen Lord, they returned to the city, and met together in their plain lodging, the upper chamber, to found the infant church. Before them lay a heavy task. Through persecution and suffering, in poverty and weakness, they were to preach to all nations the lesson of heavenly peace; they were to break down the mighty fabrics of formalism; to blend into one Christian family the Gentile and the Jew. Yet never had the ruling religions of the world seemed more firmly established than when the apostles began their labors. In Jerusalem the fierce zeal of the Jews was aroused to new vig-

(1) Rey, *Étude de la Tribu de Juda*, still finds magnificent groves of olives in Judæa (p. 19), and quotes the reverend Robinson often. Of Galilee, Josephus has given a pleasing account, B. J., iii., 3.

(2) John xxi., 3: "Simon Peter said, I go a-fishing."

or by the shame of a foreign rule.⁽¹⁾ The presence of a Gentile master, the hostile spears of Antonia, deepened to a wild enthusiasm the ardor with which the assembled nation performed its devotions in the Temple, and kept with rigid minuteness the strict requirements of the law. Never were the rites more splendid, the throngs of the festal seasons more numerous, than when, under the Roman procurators, the tribes gathered on the holy hill. A perpetual horror hung over the excited nation lest strangers might defile their Temple; a keen watch was kept over the sacred site; and every Jew was prepared to lay down his life to save it from Gentile desecration.⁽²⁾ Pharisees and Sadducees united in this dreadful resolution, and even the gentle Essenes were afterward found fighting in defense of their Temple and its God.

Hatred for the Gentile had deepened the patriotic faith of the Jew, but had left his religion a corrupt formalism. The higher orders of the priests were noted for their pride and their rapacity. To maintain their luxurious splendor, they plundered the people; to confirm their power, they put to death their rivals. The Holy City was often startled by the news of an assassination or a murder, and frequently fierce tumults arose within the walls of the Temple itself, and dyed its sacred courts with blood. A general corruption of morals had followed the cruel reign of Herod and the Romans; the Sadducees,⁽³⁾ rich, venal, and unscrupulous—the Pharisees, linked together in their unholy brotherhood, had filled Jerusalem with their vices and their crimes; the poor were oppressed by usurers and cheated by forestallers; and great wealth was seldom gained by honest means. Throughout the open country, robbers from the rocky caves of Lebanon preyed upon the industrious, and perhaps gave rise to the parable of the Good Samaritan. They were the zealots or patriots who had taken an oath never to submit to the Roman rule, and who fled from the city to rocky fastnesses and hiding-places, whence they issued forth

(1) Raphall, *Post-Biblical Hist.*, ii., 399 *et seq.*

(2) Josephus, *B. J.*, ii., x., 4. Raphall, ii., 399.

(3) Derenbourg, i., p. 143. See De Saulcy, *Histoire d'Hérod.*

at night to plunder equally the Roman, Samaritan, or Jew.⁽¹⁾ Not seldom they made their way back to Jerusalem, and, mingling with the people, stabbed some unlucky priest or wealthy citizen who had shown too great subservience to the Roman rule.⁽²⁾

In the most bigoted of cities the apostles were to preach a new faith; to their enraged and rebellious countrymen they were to teach lessons of tenderness toward the Roman and the Greek. But if they ventured to look beyond the limits of Judæa the prospect of religious reform seemed even less encouraging. Far before them spread that Gentile world of which they knew only by report, where for countless generations the white-robed priests had celebrated the rites of Jupiter or Minerva, the gods of Homer and Pindar, of Æschylus and Ennius, in temples splendid with the offerings of the faithful and consecrated by an undoubting superstition. Unlearned and modest rustics, touched only by a sacred fire, they were commissioned to penetrate to Antioch and Ephesus, to Athens and Rome, and declare to hostile paganism the wonders of the cross. But how could they hope to be believed? Never had the ancient faith seemed more firmly established. At its front stood the Roman emperor, the chief priest of the pagan world, the master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, proclaiming his own infallibility, and announcing himself to be a god. In the city of Rome, the central shrine of heathenism, beneath the golden roof of the Capitoline temple, the St. Peter's of antiquity, amidst the chant of choristers, the smoke of censers, the musical intonations of the stoled and mitred priests, a Caligula⁽³⁾ or a Domitian was adored by his trembling subjects as the representative of deity on earth. No Bishop of Rome ever possessed a more imperious sway over the faith of mankind; no Hildebrand or Innocent was

(1) Raphall, ii., 365.

(2) Josephus, B. J., ii., 12, paints a dark picture of the horrors in the city at a later period. The Sicarii murdered men in the day-time, and then hid in the throng. They appeared in Herod's time.

(3) Suetonius, Calig., 22. See Merivale, H. R., v., 405. Caligula claimed an equality with Jove.

ever more jealous of his spiritual rule, or persecuted with greater vigor the luckless heretic. Whoever denied the infallibility of Caligula was condemned to the cross or the scourge, and the prudent cities of the Roman empire hastened to adore the statues of the imperial god. Nor was the splendor of the ancient ritual inferior to that of modern Rome. The one, in fact, is borrowed from the other. The Pontifex Maximus of the Capitoline temple has been transformed into the Pontifex Maximus of the Church of Rome; ⁽¹⁾ the rich robes and mitre of the ancient priest adorn the modern Pope; the tapers and lighted lamps, the incense and the lustral water, the images glittering with gems and gold, the prayers, the genuflections, the musical responses, and the gay processions of the servants of the pagan temple have been preserved wherever the Roman faith is dominant, from Italy to Peru.

It was against this imposing formalism, whose centre was ancient Rome, that the apostles were to wage incessant war, in poverty, humility, persecution, death. They were to strike down the imperial Pontifex Maximus, who claimed to be a god; they were to drive the priests from the altar and banish the glittering images, the unhallowed rites; they were to preach, amidst the fearful corruptions of the age, a spotless purity; to inculcate honesty, industry, humility, and love; to prepare mankind for a better life. They met in an upper chamber in Jerusalem, elected Matthias in the place of Judas, by the suffrage of all the small band of Christians; and then, in the heart of the hostile city, surrounded by the fanatical population of Pharisees and Sadducees, exposed to the dagger of the Sicarii and the rage of the Sanhedrim, began to speak of Him who had walked with them on the Sea of Galilee.

Suddenly there spread through the city of David a wild religious excitement, a revival more wonderful than prophet or priest had ever caused. The Spirit of God moved over the

(1) Muratori, *Liturgia Romana Vetus*, would trace the Roman ritual back to the apostles—"nulla autem dubitatio est, quin vel ipsis Apostolis viventibus aliquis fuerit Liturgiæ;" but the supposition is unhistorical as well as unscriptural. See cap. i., 3; ii., 10.

chosen people.⁽¹⁾ The voices of the apostles, accompanied by miracles and prodigies, and telling the story of heavenly compassion, melted the hearts of the penitent Jews. Immense congregations assembled around the house of the teachers, and professed their faith. Three thousand were converted in one day. The number of believers was constantly enlarged. The Jews of every land, who had come up to Jerusalem from their distant homes in Babylon or Alexandria, Syria and Greece, were filled with a novel fervor. The people of Jerusalem of every rank yielded to the general impulse, and worshiped Him whom they had crucified. Priests, learned in the teachings of the rabbis, and weary of the empty formalism of the law, threw themselves at the apostles' feet. Wealthy citizens sold their lands and houses, and gave their possessions to the cause of Christ.⁽²⁾ A holy brotherhood, a congregation of saints, sprung up in the corrupt city; the meek and spotless Christian walked in the crowded streets teaching by his words and his example;⁽³⁾ in many a humble dwelling on the Acra or stately palace on the hill of Zion the sound of Christian prayer and praise was heard; and all Jerusalem seemed ready to worship at the cross of Calvary.

Thus, almost in a moment, the Church of Jerusalem and of Christ arose. It was about the year 35. Tiberius was on the throne of the world, and was hidden in his island fastness, hated by mankind. Within two years he was to die, and transmit his authority to Caligula. At Jerusalem the family of Herod the Great, always patronized by the Roman emperors, still held a certain authority. Augustus and Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, each maintained a friendly intercourse with the Jewish kings. Herod the Great died in the first year of the century, just after the birth of Christ; his son, Herod Antipas, succeeded him in a nominal rule over a part of Palestine, and reigned until perhaps the year 39.⁽⁴⁾

⁽¹⁾ Pressensé, *Le Premier Siècle*, i., p. 347.

⁽²⁾ Eusebius, *H. E.*, ii., 17.

⁽³⁾ Epistle to Diognetus, cap. v., defines the Christian. He is to love all men: he is persecuted by all.

⁽⁴⁾ Archelaus reigned a few years over Judæa.

Agrippa I., the grandson of Herod the Great, and the friend from childhood of the Emperor Caligula, next governed Judæa, from 41 until 44. His son, Agrippa II., was made king of Chalcis in 48. His little kingdom was afterward enlarged, but never embraced the province of Judæa nor the city of Jerusalem. He survived the destruction of the sacred seat. During the whole apostolic period, therefore, the Holy City was under the direct control of officials appointed at Rome; and it can hardly be doubted that the Roman court was constantly informed of the rapid progress of the new faith. From the doubtful letter of Pontius Pilate to Tiberius, and from the account of the trial of St. Paul, we may at least infer that so important a movement had not been neglected by the jealous despots of the Roman world; and it seems probable that no city of the empire was better known to Claudius and to Nero than the ancestral home of their friends Agrippa I. and II., the direct descendants of Herod the Great. Between Jerusalem and Rome there was a constant intercourse.

Meantime the missionary labors of the apostles went on unchecked. Full of joy and faith, they preached to increasing multitudes. Beneath the shadow of the stately Temple and the hostile vigilance of the bigoted Sanhedrim, the infant Church grew in strength, and shed a refining influence over the tumultuous city. One of its most pleasing traits was its ceaseless liberality to the poor. The widow and the orphan were visited and maintained at the cost of the community. No one was allowed to suffer for want; and the apostles, engrossed by the labor of teaching, were obliged to appoint seven assistants, afterward called deacons, who distributed alms. Presbyters or elders were also elected, at a later period, to relieve the first missionaries in their holy toil; and with this simple organization the Church of Jerusalem was always content.⁽¹⁾ It possessed no bishop or Pope; no Pontifex Maximus or imperious head. The family of the Lord seem to

(1) The presbyters were Jewish, the bishops or overseers of Gentile origin. The term bishop was, therefore, not used at Jerusalem. The Church officers, whether bishops or presbyters, held their positions only during good conduct (First Ep. of Clement, cap. xlv), possibly only at will.

have held always a high place in the esteem of the commonwealth, as the natural inheritors of his primacy; and James the Just deserved by his rare piety the first rank in the assemblies of the faithful. Yet the first Christians still remained, in outward form, a sect of the Jews. The converts observed all the forms of the Mosaic law; the apostles went daily to the Temple to pray; and even Paul himself, at a later period, submitted for a moment to the national observances. With their fellow-Jews the Christians climbed the stately terraces of the Temple, and worshiped within the sacred inclosure where no Gentile was allowed to come.

They could not, however, escape the vigilance of the Sanhedrim. In the first joy and promise of its wide success, the progress of the Church was arrested by the iron hand of persecution. Peter and John, the most eminent teachers of the new faith, were seized and thrown into prison. They were set free by a miracle; were forbidden to preach; and were saved from a sudden death by the prudent counsel of Gamaliel. We may well conceive the deep excitement, the profound alarm, of the peaceful Church, when it was told from house to house that the two chiefs of the apostolic company had been shut up in the common jail, and the thrill of awe that followed their mysterious deliverance. Yet the apostles, full of inspired ardor, refused to obey the Sanhedrim. For persecution they were prepared, and the example of their Master was ever before them. Perhaps, in this hour of danger, they wandered to Golgotha and the Mount of Calvary, recalled anew the awful scenery of the crucifixion, and saw above them the tender countenance crowned with its circlet of thorns. Perhaps they looked above the world to a glorified reign in heaven, and longed to stand at the right hand of the Saviour. But no terrors of persecution damped their ardor. Their voices were still heard above the fanatical tumult of Jerusalem, preaching in opposition to the rigid law the single doctrine of faith in the crucified Lord. "Believe," they cried to Sadducee and Pharisee, "and thou shalt be saved."⁽¹⁾

(¹) So in Pastor Hermas, Vision 4, cap. i.: "A voice answered, 'Doubt not, O Hermas!'"

The next phase in the history of the Church was martyrdom.⁽¹⁾ To Stephen, one of the seven almsgivers, belongs the first place in that countless company who have died for the faith in all the long centuries of persecution. Like Stephen, the victims of many an *auto-da-fé* have seen heaven open as they passed away; like him, Huss and Jerome died with songs of joy. He seems to have been one of the most gifted of the early converts, and his vigorous eloquence aroused the intense hatred of the Sadducees and the Sanhedrim. His learning and a Greek education enabled him to dispute with Saul of Tarsus and the Cilicians, with the Jew of Alexandria and of Antioch. He made converts, no doubt, who carried into the pagan capitals the new revelation. He grew bold and vigorous in his assaults upon the Jewish law, and Sadducee and Pharisee felt that their authority with the people was passing away. They resolved to use violence in silencing the eloquent reformer. A wild and angry crowd gathered around the preacher; the scribes and elders seized and dragged him before the Great Council of Jerusalem, charging him with having uttered blasphemy against the holy law.⁽²⁾ The assembly met in one of the courts of the Temple, beneath the shadow of the Holy House; no prudent Gamaliel restrained the fanaticism of its high-born and imperious members; and among the fiercest of the accusers of Stephen was the gifted and yet unsanctified Paul. The trial of the first martyr recalls the long series of similar scenes in the annals of his successors. From the seats in the sacred hall looked down upon their victim an array of judges as bitter and as hostile as those who condemned the gentle Huss at Constance, and who sought the life of Luther at the Diet of Worms. The charge of blasphemy was preferred; the high-priest said, "Are these things so?" Then, like Luther at Worms, or Jerome at Constance, Stephen broke forth in an impassioned argument for the truth of Christianity. He reviewed the story of his

(1) *Acta Martyrorum*, Bollandus, i., 16 *et seq.* The fancied tales of martyrdom at least agree in their leading traits.

(2) *Acts* vi., vii.

ancestral faith ; he charged the haughty priests, the high-born doctors, with having violated every precept of the law. "Which of the prophets," he cried, "did not your fathers persecute, and you have destroyed the Holy One ; you are the betrayers and the murderers of the Son of God."

They gnashed on him with their teeth ; they were cut to the heart. A fierce clamor probably arose in the crowded council ; but Stephen, conscious of his doom, said, "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God."

A loud outcry arose ; they stopped their ears. With frantic rage, they dragged Stephen out of the city walls and stoned him to death. He called upon his Master ; he prayed, "Lay not this sin to their charge," and then fell asleep.⁽¹⁾

This picture of the first martyrdom at Jerusalem, painted by the skillful touch of Luke, was ever before the minds of the early Christians, and animated them with a divine fervor. They, too, longed, like Stephen, to see heaven open, to win through the pains of martyrdom an immediate access to celestial bliss. As persecution deepened around them, and to embrace the faith of Christ was become almost a certain pathway to torture and to death, the ranks of the martyrs were filled by countless willing victims, who sought instead of avoiding the terrible doom. The apostles looked forward gladly to the last great trial. James the Great and James the brother of the Lord died, like Stephen, at Jerusalem.⁽²⁾ Peter and Paul are said to have perished at Rome. Tradition awards a violent death to nearly all the apostles. St. John is said to have been thrown into a vessel of boiling oil, to have passed through the ordeal unharmed, and, like Enoch, to have been finally translated.⁽³⁾ The gallant Ignatius, the disciple of St. John, traveled cheerfully to Rome to be devoured by wild beasts, and longed for the moment when he should be torn to pieces by the teeth of the lions. He prayed that the wild beasts might become his tomb.⁽⁴⁾ His friend, Polycarp, gave thanks

⁽¹⁾ Acts vii., 60.

⁽²⁾ Eusebius, H. E., ii., 23.

⁽³⁾ *Id.*

⁽⁴⁾ Ignatius, Ep. to Romans, c. v.

when he was bound to the stake.⁽¹⁾ The passion for martyrdom grew into a wild enthusiasm with the spread of persecution; the Christians often besought the pagan judges to grant them the priceless boon;⁽²⁾ parents educated their children to become martyrs, and then threw themselves in the way of death; martyrdom descended in families, and the child thought himself an unworthy member of a saintly race did he not receive the crown of his ancestors; and when the Papal Church of the Middle Ages revived the pagan practice of persecution, the gentle Vaudois among their mountains, or the Calvinists of France and Holland, learned, from the example of the first martyr of the Church of Jerusalem, to die without a tear.

A general dispersion of the Christians followed the death of Stephen. The persecutors broke into their houses and dragged them to prison. Jerusalem was filled with scenes of violence; the happy Church, so lately rejoicing in prosperity and progress, was dissolved; the new converts fled, with their families, to Cyprus, to Antioch, or Alexandria, and, wherever they wandered, preached the Gospel to attentive hearers. Churches were founded in splendid cities by the humble missionaries, that afterward grew into metropolitan sees and haughty bishoprics. Antioch owed its conversion to this sudden dispersion. It is not improbable that the Church of Rome may have been founded by some fugitive from Jerusalem. But while their people fled, preaching and baptizing in foreign lands, the apostles, and James, their moderator, still remained in the Holy City, resolved to maintain its pre-eminence as the centre of the Church.

Yet from this period (36) the elder members of the Church of Jerusalem are almost lost to history. Peter and John appear for a moment as missionaries to Samaria; Peter converts a Gentile, and confounds a magician; after a long silence the apostles re-appear at the council (50); they are then lost except

⁽¹⁾ Eusebius, H. E., iv., 15.

⁽²⁾ The legends are often touching, often gross. See Bolland., i., 569. So in i., 16, the virgin martyr gives thanks: "*Gratias ago tibi, Domine Deus, qui ancillam tuam in perfectione tuâ instituisti.*" The story of St. Martina is repulsive.

in tradition; and they live and die in almost impenetrable obscurity. We must conclude, however, that they were seldom long absent from Jerusalem. In the sacred city they would find an audience of rare magnitude, ever changing with the varying seasons; and when the Temple was filled with its motley throng from foreign lands, they could spread the Gospel with little labor. They enlarged and strengthened the Church at Jerusalem; they made missionary tours to Samaria, which lay north of Judæa; they, no doubt, often crossed over it to their native Galilee, still fertile and prosperous, beyond; they saw the well-known lake, and trod its peaceful shores. St. John is said to have lived at Jerusalem with the Virgin Mary until, in 48, she died; and we may fancy that often the beloved disciple and the gentle Mother wandered away from their fair house on Zion Hill⁽¹⁾ to the fertile environs of the city, gazed with chastened sorrow on Calvary, and paused under the olive groves of Gethsemane; that James the Just was ever in the Temple at prayer, or visiting among the sick and the poor; that Jude, Simeon, and the other younger brethren of the family of Christ had grown up to be useful members of the vigorous Church. Persecution seems to have in a measure ceased. The Roman rulers probably restrained the rage of the Sanhedrim. From Jerusalem, the centre of the ever-expanding limits of Christianity, the apostles watched over the various missionary stations in the pagan world, guided the ardent laborers in the fertile field, heard with joy of the wide success of the faith, and were won from their Jewish prejudices when they were told of the piety and humility of the Gentiles.

One great name, eminent only in its lowliness, from this time overshadows and controls the Church of Jerusalem. Fierce, cruel, unsparing in his unsanctified state, Saul of Tarsus had disputed with vehemence against the eloquent Stephen, had consented to his death.⁽²⁾ Among the eager populace who

(¹) Nicephorus, *He. E.*, ii., 42, describes John's house as a fine one. John sold his estate in Galilee, according to the same writer, and bought the house on Mount Zion.

(²) Conybeare and Howson, *St. Paul; Neander, Planting of Christianity*, i., p. 99 *et seq.*

watched the fate of the holy martyr none was more malevolent than the Jew of Tarsus. He saw without a tear the woes he had occasioned; he heard without a sigh the tender words of forgiveness; an impenetrable veil hid from the world and from himself those nobler qualities that were yet to shine forth with surpassing lustre upon mankind. From the murder of Stephen, Saul proceeded to new excesses. He became the leader of that fierce persecution that broke out in Jerusalem. He forced his way into the Christian homes of the Bezetha, or Mount Zion; amidst the wail of women, the cry of little children, he dragged fathers and mothers to their doom; he filled the prisons with his victims. When sated with persecution at home, he hurried to Damascus, armed with letters from the high-priest and the Sanhedrim, to strike down the infant Church that had sprung up amidst the groves and gardens and the glittering waters of the fairest city of the East. The incarnation of the rigid law, of a Pharisaical formalism, of a cruelty not surpassed by an Alva or a Bonner, Saul traveled swiftly and sternly over the ancient road from Jerusalem to Damascus, dead to the fair face of gentle nature around him, to the beautiful and true in life, to the loveliness of virtue and of faith. A pride like that of Hildebrand, a cruelty like that of Innocent, a madness such as ever clouds the intellect of ambitious priests and overbearing churchmen, impelled him as he rushed like a maniac to the slaughter of the just. Suddenly a light came down from heaven; a gentle voice, the harmony of infinite compassion, pierced his soul; he groveled in the dust; he knew that of all sinners he was the chief.

Blind, he staggered on to Damascus. He was led by his companions, more helpless than a child. He saw no more the ever-blooming groves, the countless gardens, the radiant flowers that strewed the banks of the Golden River, the rich bazaars, the crowded streets, the stately pomp of the paradise of cities. For three days he remained sightless. A miracle restored him; a presbyter of the Damascene Church received the penitent to its society; and he was forgiven by those whom he had sought to destroy. But not by himself. Paul fled from the luxurious landscape of Damascus to the wild and

inhospitable desert. He hid in the sands of Arabia for three years.⁽¹⁾ Amidst the herbless solitude, overhung by rocks and mountains ever seared with torrid heat, the burning wind parching his fevered brow, his food the scanty gleanings of the desert, his dress that of the impoverished Bedouin, his only companions the wild beast and the serpent,⁽²⁾ the apostle perhaps lived in his remorse. Ever before him, in his wild retreat, must have hovered the memory of his guilt; of the gentle Stephen, whose dying love had failed to touch his own cruel heart; of the weeping families he had tortured at Jerusalem; of the fierce hatred he had borne for the Church of Christ; of the persecution he had instigated against his Lord. A man of deep conscientiousness, of the purest impulses, now that the veil of a cruel formalism had been torn away from his mind, we can well imagine with what abject penitence the once haughty persecutor prayed and fasted in the homeless desert. Yet, happier in his desolation than his pride, he toiled for forgiveness, purity, faith.⁽³⁾ In the Arabian solitude, in the bitter struggle with remorseful woe, Paul was prepared for that fierce combat he was destined to wage with every dominant formalism, with the high-priest at Jerusalem or the imperial Pontifex of Rome.⁽⁴⁾

Paul was born probably in the second or third year after the Saviour's birth. He may have been thirty-five years old at the time of his flight to Arabia. His youth was passed in his native city, Tarsus, in Cilicia, one of those brilliant centres of artistic taste and literary excellence that covered the prosperous East, and the young Jew was, no doubt, highly cultivated in its libraries and its lecture-rooms; his avid mind gath-

(¹) The model of later anchorites. Hieron., Ep. 18, 43: "*Anachoretæ qui soli habitant per desertâ.*"

(²) Hieron., Ep. 18, 30: "*Scorpionum tantum socius et ferarum.*" Jerome is describing the Syrian deserts.

(³) See Galatians i., 17.

(⁴) Renan's painful picture of the great apostle is altogether unhistorical; it is not the character painted by his contemporaries. See Renan, *St. Paul*. He imputes to him want of heart, bitterness, intentional deceit. See ch. xix.

ered knowledge eagerly from every source. He was small and plain in appearance; his health always infirm; his voice sharp and tuneless; his intellect ever active. From Tarsus he had come up to Jerusalem to study the sacred law under Gamaliel, the most eminent of its professors, and at his house probably became acquainted with many young men of the priestly families who afterward sat with him on the benches of the Sanhedrim, or joined in his condemnation. Every young Jew was taught a trade, and was expected to provide for his own support; Paul, during his studies, labored as a tent-maker, or perhaps a sail-maker, and from the coarse hair of the Cilician goat wove cloths for mariners and travelers. He was always industrious, and, having in his youth been preserved by labor from immoral tastes, enforced the duty of self-support upon his converts. He was a rigid formalist; the high-priest was to him almost a mortal god; the services of the Temple the only source of salvation; the smoking offering, the daily prayers, the fasts and feasts of the Jewish law, the direct appointment of the Almighty. With horror, therefore, the rigid Pharisee beheld the daring innovations of the Christians; with inexpressible rage he listened to the arguments of Stephen. By nature he was fierce and ardent; he was a descendant of that savage Semitic race who had so often stoned the prophets—whose relatives, the Phœnician and the Carthaginian, forced mothers to throw their smiling babes into the blazing caldrons of Moloch, and who delighted in human sacrifices. Paul's fierce fanaticism found a real joy in persecution.

But in a moment the savage was converted into the tender, gentle saint. From the wild sands of Arabia, after his long and painful probation, Paul returned to Damascus a preacher of the Gospel. He spoke with a natural fervor that won many hearts. Often scourged by Roman and Jew, in prison or at the verge of death, he welcomed persecution with joy; and was ever eager to wear the crown of martyrdom. He escaped from Damascus, and about the year 43⁽¹⁾ prepared to return to Jerusalem to seek the friendship and support of the

(¹) The exact date can not be fixed.

Christian Church. Once more he approached the Holy City, and saw before him the magnificent Temple, the centre of his early adoration, glittering in the sunlight on Mount Moriah; the hill of Zion covered with its palaces; the busy suburbs filled with the assemblies of the faithful. But for him all was changed. Shame and contrition probably weighed him down as he entered the scene of his former cruelties; and he scarcely complained when the Christian Church at first shrunk from him in doubt and terror. How could they see in this man of cruelty and blood the great teacher of gentleness and mercy, whose inspired thoughts should pierce the hearts of the Gentiles, whose ceaseless toil was to found a Church that should live forever? At last, in his humility and his contrition, Paul was made known to James and Peter, and lived in the house of the latter for fifteen days. Again he began to dispute in public, but a higher faith was now his only theme. All the vigor of his intellect, all the resources of his learning, were lavished in his controversies with the Jews of his native Cilicia or of the Grecian lands. He was a new Stephen, teaching the religion of the heart.

Driven from Jerusalem by the rage of his enemies, he began that wonderful series of missionary labors that fulfilled in the highest degree the commands of the Master, that carried the name of Christ to the chief capitals of heathendom, and whose example has ever inspired the humble emulation of his modern imitators, who have penetrated with their glad tidings the savage shores of Greenland, the jungles of India, the islands of the Pacific. He was the leader of the great mental revolution whose centre was the Holy City.⁽¹⁾ For twenty-five years the apostle wandered from land to land, maintained chiefly by his own labors, and inculcating by his example the dignity of honest toil. His intellect, ever active and vivid, was only strengthened by time; his feeble frame, often borne

(¹) St. Paul's freedom from Jewish prejudice is reflected in all the apostolic fathers. The Epistle of Barnabas is a protest against Judaism, c. iii., iv. So in the Epistle to Diognetus, c. iv., the formal scrupulousness of the Jews is pronounced ridiculous.

down by disease, was sustained by a miraculous vigor; his joyous spirit, glad in its release from bondage, carried hope to the infant churches; his inspired eloquence pierced with deadly wounds the sensual formalism of the age.

An irreparable sorrow fell upon the apostolic company soon after St. Paul had left the city. For several years the Church had rested in peace. But now James the Elder, the first apostolic martyr, died by the commands of a royal persecutor. Agrippa I., the grandson of Herod the Great, and the friend from childhood of the Emperor Caligula, was the last king that sat upon the throne of David. He had inherited the vices and the cruelty of his grandfather; he was a worthy associate of the infamous son of Germanicus; yet his descent from the priestly race of the Asmoneans gave him an hereditary claim to the loyalty of the Jews, and he was eager to win their favor. In the last year of his life and reign he began a severe persecution of the Christians. To all the multitude that trod the prosperous streets of Jerusalem the forms and features of the apostolic band must have been familiar, and the fame of their holy lives had reached the corrupt circles of the palace on the hill of Zion. To gratify the Jews, Agrippa resolved to destroy them all. He selected for his first victim the bold and active James, brother of John, and one of the best beloved of the disciples. James was beheaded. Tradition relates that on his way to execution his chief accuser, stung by remorse, begged his forgiveness. The apostle kissed the repentant enemy, and said, "Peace be with thee." But the enraged Jews, unsoftened by the spectacle, put to death the accuser with the accused.⁽¹⁾ Peter was arrested and thrown into prison, but was miraculously set free, and escaped from the city. A dreadful doom hung over all the apostles, when suddenly Agrippa died in horrible torments.⁽²⁾ The kingdom of David and Solomon perished with their corrupt successor, and from this time (44) until its destruction Jerusalem was governed by officials sent from Rome.

(¹) Eusebius, *H. E.*, ii., 9, from Clem. Alex.

(²) According to Gieseler, he died August 6th.

Paul soon after returned to the Holy City. A famine raged in Judæa; the poor starved, and the Christian Church, impoverished by its liberality, must have suffered with the people. The Christians of Antioch and the other distant churches sent aid to their brethren in Jerusalem, and Paul was at the head of a delegation of the alms-bearers. He remained but a short time. The city was no safe place for the ardent missionary; while far before him he saw that boundless field of labor, the splendid cities of Asia Minor, of Syria, of Greece and Rome, toward which he was impelled by a heavenly call. He could not, like Peter and James, remain at rest in Jerusalem. He wept over the blindness of the heathen.

At Antioch Paul made his first missionary station; at Antioch the disciples were first called Christians.⁽¹⁾ In almost all the cities of the Roman world large colonies of Jews were established, and with their usual industry and thrift had made themselves powerful and wealthy. Cultivated and softened by Greek civilization, the Hellenized Jews fell easy converts to the inspired eloquence of the apostle. The Church at Antioch, the oldest next to that of Jerusalem, flourished with singular vigor. From Antioch, attended by the chief presbyters of the Church, Paul set out on his first missionary journey; he passed through Cyprus, Pisidia, Lystra; he preached in the synagogues to great numbers of Jews and Gentiles; in Lystra he healed a cripple, and the savage people, struck with wonder, believed that the gods were once more descended among them. Barnabas, tall and commanding in appearance, they supposed to be Jupiter. Paul, small, insignificant, but ever eloquent, was Mercury; and the simple people, full of awe, summoned their priests, prepared oxen for sacrifice, and would have made prayers and libations to the divine strangers. Paul and Barnabas rent their clothes in anguish: "We are but men!" they cried out to the by-standers;⁽²⁾ and Paul, in impassioned eloquence, preached to them the risen Lord.

⁽¹⁾ Baronius, as usual, would make Peter found the Church at Antioch (*Ann. Ecc.*, i., 327); but when?

⁽²⁾ The conduct of Paul should check the spiritual pride of modern priests.

Meantime in Jerusalem the wonderful success of the apostle had fixed the attention of the Church. They saw with astonishment the conversion of the Gentiles; they still doubted if there could be salvation out of the Mosaic law. James and Peter were startled at the liberality of Paul; they trembled lest he had departed from the faith; they resolved to hold a general assembly of the Church, to decide, under the guidance of inspiration, the future rule of belief. Paul and his fellow-missionaries had determined that circumcision and an observance of the Jewish rites should not be enforced upon his Gentile converts. James and the other apostles thought their doctrine heretical; "false brethren," as St. Paul relates, had stimulated and embittered the controversy. To restore the rule of Christian harmony, the infant Church assembled in the year 50 at Jerusalem.

The first council forms an instructive contrast to the long line of its mediæval and corrupt successors. An apostolic grace hung over all its proceedings.⁽¹⁾ There was no claim of infallibility on the part of Peter and his associates; no threat of violence and persecution; no trace of priestly ambition or of spiritual pride. James the Just presided as the representative of the family of Christ. Around him were gathered John, ever gentle; Peter, full of love and hope; Andrew, the first-born of the apostles. One vacant place must have touched the hearts of all the sacred company. They looked in vain for the well-beloved form of the martyr James. The council met in some plain house in the city, and the whole Church, of all degrees, took part in its proceedings. The apostle claimed no greater authority than the simplest layman, and every question was decided by a common suffrage.⁽²⁾ Each Christian was the member of a holy priesthood, and was subject only to the Ruler of the skies. From the Council of Jerusalem to the Council of Constance, of Trent, or of Rome,

(1) Pressensé, *Hist. Trois. Sièc.*, has given a clear account of the apostolic age, i., p. 459 *et seq.* See Schaffer, *Hist. Ap. Church*, p. 254, for the council.

(2) For the purity and simplicity of the apostolic faith and usages consult the Apostolic Fathers. Migne's edition may be used with discretion.

the eye turns with singular interest. In the last—the council of our own day — beneath the pomp of St. Peter's, the glare of dull-eyed images, the glitter of gaudy idols, the peal of pagan sounds and rites, a throng of bishops and an infallible Pope meet to legislate for Christianity. But should some follower of St. Paul presume to assert the rights of conscience and of private judgment before the modern sanhedrim, like the apostle, he would, perhaps, be smitten on the face by some despotic priest; with apostolic indignation he might exclaim, "Thou whited sepulchre!" In the modern council freedom of debate is forbidden, and religious despotism enforced by the papal rifles. At Trent a still sterner tyranny prevailed. Luther and Calvin, the spiritual descendants of St. Paul, shrunk in aversion and terror from the unscrupulous assembly. At Constance the contrast deepens into tragic interest when, amidst mail-clad princes and mitred priests, its holy martyrs, the defenders of mental freedom, are burned to ashes beside the rapid Rhine.

But no temporal chief or spiritual despot controlled the assembly of the saints at Jerusalem; no gay-robed procession of imperious bishops swept into the modest chamber. Paul, covered with the dust of travel, clad in the coarse garb of perpetual poverty, came up to speak words of inspired wisdom to his brethren. The gentle Christians, no doubt, listened with eager joy to his earnest eloquence. The narrow room overflowed with the number of the faithful. The strict rule of the Mosaic law was swept away by a unanimous decision, and Paul set out once more on his mission to the heathen, the teacher of harmony, union, and a common faith.⁽¹⁾

Ever with the great labors of the apostle is associated the venerable name of Ephesus, the chief of the apocalyptic Churches. The traveler who approaches the site of the famous city,⁽²⁾ on the shore of Asia Minor, sees only a wide morass, a few huts and hovels, and various huge mounds of buried

(1) Schaff., *Hist. Ap. Church*, p. 255. Some restrictions were retained, but soon forgotten.

(2) Arundell, *Seven Churches*, p. 4-24.

ruins rising beyond. Yet the name of Paul still keeps alive the memory of the lost metropolis, once more splendid than any Europe boasts. One mound is called his prison ; another the theatre where the clamorous Ephesians demanded his death ; another the Temple of Diana. Of all the ancient shrines the most gorgeous and the most renowned was that of the virgin goddess, the bright, prolific moon of the tropic East.⁽¹⁾ All Asia had united in lavishing its wealth on the marvelous Temple ; the ladies of Ephesus had given their jewels to restore its splendors, and each of its columns of precious stone or marble was the gift of a king. Amidst its flowery groves, fed by perpetual springs, the fair fabric arose, the largest and most costly work of the ancient architects. Its colonnade was more than four hundred feet long and two hundred wide, and each Ionic column was sixty feet high. Statues by Praxiteles, pictures by Apelles, and countless works of art embellished its labyrinth of halls. In the interior a rude wooden statue of Diana, venerable in its simplicity, and which was believed to have fallen from the skies, was hidden amidst a blaze of precious stones. A train of effeminate priests and virgin priestesses lived within the sacred precincts, swept in gorgeous processions through the noble porticoes, and celebrated the worship of the guardian deity of Ephesus. The high-priest of Diana was the chief person in the city ; and little images of the deity, of silver or gold, were manufactured by the jewelers of Ephesus, and sold in great numbers to her devout worshippers throughout the East. In the month of May, when spring had sown the fertile land with flowers, all Asia gathered within the sacred city, and celebrated with games and sports the annual festival of the goddess.

On one of these occasions Paul preached in Ephesus. Already his name was renowned in the East ; he was looked upon with alarm and hatred by priest and worshiper. A wild tu-

(¹) The Ephesian Artemis can scarcely be disconnected from moon worship. Yet see Welcker, *Griech. Götterlehre*, i., p. 562. She was the symbol of productiveness. Eckermann, *Rel. G.*, ii., 67. "Der Cult der Ephesischen Artemis endlich ist ungriechischer."

mult arose, and the artisans of Ephesus called out for his death. He was accused of having preached against graven images, of having insulted the majesty of Diana. The people rushed in a great crowd to their magnificent theatre, now one of the mounds that disfigure the silent shore, and shouted with incessant zeal, "Great is Diana of Ephesus!" Paul's fate seemed certain; he hid in a private house; the tumult was quieted by a prudent magistrate; the apostle escaped. But his voice had pierced the splendid ritual of Diana with mortal wounds. A prosperous church arose at Ephesus; the pagan worship passed slowly away; the graven images he had condemned were laid aside for a purer faith; the famous Temple sunk into ruins, and in later ages its jasper columns were ravished away to adorn the Christian churches built by Constantine. In the devout city of Ephesus St. John is said to have passed his old age,⁽¹⁾ and a graceful tradition relates that when grown too infirm to preach, he would be carried to the assembly of the faithful, and repeat the words, "Little children, love one another."

Swiftly the great apostle passed from city to city, filling the world with the tumult of a radical reform.⁽²⁾ The labors of Luther, of Wesley, of Whitefield but faintly represent the incessant achievements of the last ten years of his life. At Colossæ, at Philippi or Corinth, he founded churches in the centre of rigid paganism, and planted the conception of ideal virtue in the corrupt soil of classic civilization. But it was at Athens that the eloquence of St. Paul must have gathered around him the most gifted of his audiences. The city had changed but little in appearance since Socrates had taught in its public square, or Demosthenes roused the dying patriotism of its people—since Atticus had made it his mental home, or Cicero studied in its schools. Still, on the Acropolis, the lovely temple of Pallas rose in the clear sunlight almost as perfect as in the moment of its completion. The gardens and groves of

(¹) Eusebius, iii., 31. The history of Eusebius is a store-house of legends.

(²) Eusebius, iii., 3. Luke composed the Acts from what he saw himself.

Plato and Aristotle were yet trodden by their disciples. The statues of the greatest of sculptors, the pictures of the most tasteful of painters, the most delicate conceptions of the architect, and the fair landscape of its unsullied sea, made Athens still the centre of the beautiful; and its schools of thought yet lingered fondly over the ballads of Homer, the wild creations of *Æschylus*, and the gentle philosophy of Plato. St. Paul had no doubt studied Greek literature in his native Tarsus, and could scarcely have entered its ancient seat without a thrill of admiration.

The people of Athens were still chiefly philosophers or students. For two centuries it had been an academic city, the university of the world. They gathered eagerly around the wonderful Jew. His fame had no doubt reached the Agora, and the Athenians must have known that from him they need look for no dull declamation, no trite philosophy. They received him with respect, as he spoke, like Socrates, in the public streets; they listened with interest, and invited him to address them from the Hill of Mars. On some fair day of the Attic autumn, when the grasshoppers chirped languidly beneath the gray and dusty olive, and when the herbage was embrowned in the gardens of Academe, the people of Athens gathered in the open air, around the stone pulpit of the venerable hill. There for ages had sat the Areopagus—the supreme tribunal of the State. There the most eminent citizens of Athens had formed the most respectable of human courts; there a long succession of important causes had awaited the decisions of dignified judges; and there the philosophers and students of Athens assembled to hear, for the first time, the higher eloquence of inspiration. Small, plain, wasted with toil and sickness, with sufferings and endless persecution, his voice feeble, his enunciation marred by the Semitic accent, Paul yet enchained the attention of his hearers. His Jewish face and figure could scarcely have pleased the lovers of the beautiful; his shrill intonation must have shocked their critical ears. But the acute Athenians may have seen in his plain aspect something fairer than any exterior grace. From his eyes beamed the perfection of moral purity; in his counte-

nance shone that perfect honesty and manly self-control which Plato had faintly described. He spoke of the unknown God, now for the first time revealed, of the common brotherhood of man, of the resurrection and a Messiah. We have but a slight abstract of his speech, yet we can readily imagine that a solemn awe rested on the vast assembly as the temple-clad hills above and the city below echoed for the first time with the name of the Omnipresent, and philosophers and students, stoics and epicureans, heard with astonishment a wisdom above that of Plato and Aristotle.

The Church of Athens sprung up at the touch of Paul. It was formed, no doubt, on the plan of that of Jerusalem. It had its presbyters and deacons, its modest rites, its simple faith. Its chief elder was afterward called a bishop, and tradition relates that Dionysius, a member of the Areopagus, who had been converted by the sermon on Mars Hill, was its first president.⁽¹⁾ We have scarcely space to follow the wonderful career of St. Paul. At length old age approached him, and he anticipated without alarm a martyr's doom. He had always longed to preach at Rome and in the farthest West: he was not to be disappointed. Once more he sailed along the coasts of Asia Minor, visiting the churches. At Miletus he delivered his farewell sermon to the assembled faithful; he left them kneeling and praying on the shore. He had told them they were to see his face no more. He reached Jerusalem about the year 58, and was received with friendly greeting by James the Just and the other elders; he told, with his usual vigor, the story of his missionary labors.

But Jerusalem was now fast preparing its own destruction. An insane hatred against the Romans, a hopeless longing for freedom, a wild rage against the tolerant Christians, filled the vast multitude that came up to the Temple to pray.⁽²⁾ Had the Jews yielded to the mild persuasion of James the Just or the liberal spirit of St. Paul, Jerusalem might have escaped its awful fate, and have survived through centuries as the head

(¹) Eusebius, *H. E.*, iv., 23.

(²) Conybeare and Howson, *St. Paul*, ii., p. 244.

of the Christian Church. Its people, however, were mad with religious frenzy. The zealots controlled the nation; the Romans felt that they were hated, and retaliated by a cruel oppression; and the Christians at least foresaw that the dreadful day foretold by the Master was near. In this period of wild fanaticism among his countrymen, Paul, too conspicuous to be neglected, in vain endeavored, by the advice of James, to disarm their rage by conforming to the full requirements of the law. It was too late. His name was abhorred by every fanatic, by almost every Jew. In the Pentecostal festival, when the Temple was filled with strangers from Ephesus and Asia, he ventured within the sacred courts. He was set upon by a ferocious mob. Feeble with age and suffering, he was beaten and tossed about, and the people dragged him beyond the Temple walls to put him to death.

North of the Temple, and joined to it by a bridge or stairs, stood the Castle of Antonia, now filled with a Roman garrison. From its turrets the sentinels kept watch over the excited worshipers below them in the sacred courts, and carefully observed their conduct. The Romans saw Paul struggling in the throng, and a band of soldiers sprung down the stairway into the Temple court to save him from their rage. They dragged him up the stairs; he was safe. Yet, in the fierce excitement of this perilous moment, the apostle still hoped to soften and preserve his countrymen. He said to the Roman commander, "May I speak?" He obtained permission, and then turned to the Jews below. He waved his hand, and suddenly the angry people grew still. The spectacle of that last appeal to Jerusalem still stirs the fancy more than the highest efforts of Cicero or Gracchus. Paul stood on an elevation looking down into the Temple court.⁽¹⁾ Above him glittered the Holy House so soon to pass away. Before him shone the hill of Zion; below, the proud and prosperous city; silent at his feet hung the multitude from whose rage he had just escaped, bruised, beaten, and forlorn, whose coming doom he foresaw, whom he strove in vain to save. His clear voice

(1) Conybeare and Howson, ii., p. 255.

rang out in his own melodious tongue through the Temple and the castle, as he recounted his conversion, his penitence, and hope. The Jews listened; perhaps some believed. But when he spoke of the mission to the Gentiles, of toleration for their oppressors, the hate of the fanatical nation broke forth in a terrible clamor. They cried out that he was a wretch unfit to live—that he polluted the earth; in their rage, they tore their garments and threw dust upon their heads. The Roman commander, Lysias, was now convinced that Paul had committed some dreadful crime, and ordered him to be carried to the castle and put to torture. He was hurried to a dungeon; the instruments of torture were brought, when the apostle declared himself a Roman citizen. He was saved.⁽¹⁾

After the day of horrors he probably slept in the castle. He lay surrounded by the coarse soldiers, yet less cruel than his countrymen. The next day Lysias sent him under a guard before the Sanhedrim; and in the hall of Gazith, within the Temple, where he had himself sat twenty-five years before to condemn Stephen, Paul ventured to defend his own career of penitence.⁽²⁾ Rage filled the hearts of the insane council; the high-priest, Ananias, ordered him to be smitten in the face. Yet the apostle spoke with vigor, and even won the favor of a part of his judges. The council-room was filled with an angry multitude, and the Roman commander sent a guard to bring Paul back to the castle. In the night Paul's nephew, his sister's son, heard that a band of forty Jews had sworn to assassinate his uncle. They belonged probably to the party of the zealots, and had gained the assent of the Sanhedrim, the highest court in the city, to their horrible design. Paul told the Romans of his danger. In the night he was sent secretly out of the city, under a strong guard, to Cæsarea. Swiftly the well-trained soldiers, with their weary charge, swept over the road to the distant town, rousing the sleeping peasant by their steady march, and followed by the curses of the subject Jew. They passed the hills of Ephraim, the fields

(1) Conybeare and Howson, ii., p. 259.

(2) He addressed them as equals—"Men and brothers."

of Sharon glowing with a bountiful harvest, the mountains of Samaria. The foot-soldiers went only part of the way; the cavalry pressed on, and in the bright afternoon of the Jewish summer rode into Cæsarea.⁽¹⁾

It was the sea-port of Judæa, the seat of the Roman governor, a city adorned by Herod the Great with all the refinements of Roman taste. Its port was a basin of stone-work of singular beauty. Its temples and theatres, its palaces and gardens, were modeled upon those of Rome. Its name was a compliment to the Cæsars. Up to its low shores rolled the blue Mediterranean, bearing the wares and the ships of Italy to the land of David; yet, later, to bring them filled with arms. To-day the wild bushes grow over the site of the palaces where Herod, the two Agrippas, Felix, and Festus held their revelry;⁽²⁾ where the frail Berenice won or enchained the heart of Titus;⁽³⁾ over the fragments of temples and the sunken stone-work of the ancient walls. Yet Cæsarea is hallowed by the foot-prints of St. Paul. Above its lonely waste one sacred figure still seems to hover perpetually; from its solemn ruin one voice is forever heard. Here for two years Paul was held a prisoner. Here, soon after his arrival, he was brought before Felix to be judged. The most infamous of men, according to Tacitus, cruel, vicious, treacherous,⁽⁴⁾ sat in judgment upon him who was to be the herald of purity to mankind. Paul's accusers, the Jewish priests, full of that bitter hate toward him which seems to have risen to insanity, hastened from Jerusalem to Cæsarea to give testimony to his guilt. There, in the judgment-hall, stood the fierce high-priest, Ananias, the chief members of the Sanhedrim, and a hired advocate employed to convict Paul of treason against Rome. Amidst his fierce accusers, before the terrible judge,

(1) It was the Pentecostal season, in July. Cæsarea was about sixty miles from Jerusalem.

(2) Pococke, *Travels in the East*.

(3) They met first at Cæsarea Philippi; yet Titus must often have been detained at the sea-port.

(4) Tacitus, *Hist.*, v., 9. Suetonius, *Claud.*, 28, calls him "*Trium reginarum maritus*."

the wayworn, aged apostle spoke with his usual fire ; the judge hesitated ; the decision was postponed ; the high-priest and his followers went back, disappointed, to Jerusalem. Again, at Cæsarea, Paul was brought before Felix and his wife, Drusilla ; and now, at the sound of his rapt voice, Felix trembled. Two years passed away. Often, followed by his guard, the apostle probably wandered along the sandy beach of Cæsarea, and gazed with a martyr's hope upon the sea that was to be his pathway to Rome and death. At length Felix was removed from office. Festus was now governor, and, with strange persistence, the fanatic Jews urged him to destroy Paul. They hoped to assassinate him within the Holy City ; but Festus refused to allow the prisoner to be taken back to Jerusalem. He summoned Paul before him, and again at Cæsarea the trial was renewed ; again the implacable priests came to prove Paul worthy of death ; again they were disappointed. "I appeal," cried the apostle, "to Cæsar." He must now be sent to Rome to be tried by Nero in person. Yet before he went, at Cæsarea, in the audience-chamber of some magnificent palace, whose ruin now lies undistinguished on that desolate plain, King Agrippa II., then a young man of twenty-six, his sister Berenice, beautiful as frail, and the generous Festus, called before them the famous missionary, and listened patiently to his wonderful theme. He was chained to a soldier. He could stretch out only one of his hands. Yet the youthful king, the fair, unhappy princess, the friendly governor, heard perhaps with solemn awe, perhaps with pretended levity, the divine message. Once Festus interrupted him. Once Agrippa said, "Thou wilt soon persuade me to be a Christian." Then they separated and passed away. The dissolute king, the voluptuous woman, to despair and death ; the eloquent old man to the priceless joys of martyrdom. Thus Cæsarea and its princely state revive with the memory of Paul.

Next the apostle is seen on the deck of a huge Alexandrian corn vessel, guarded by Roman soldiers, passing slowly along the southern coast of Crete on the way to Rome.⁽²⁾ That the

(2) Conybeare and Howson describe at large the famous voyage, ch. xxiii.

ship was very large is shown from the circumstance that two hundred and sixty-seven persons, besides a heavy cargo, found shelter within it.⁽¹⁾ Like all ancient vessels, it was badly constructed, and in moments of danger was strengthened by ropes passed around the keel. It had two rudders; its course was very slow. The wind at first was uncertain; the ship reached the port of the Fair Havens safely, and here Paul advised the captain to stay; but the wind was now favorable, and the sail-or drifted on before it. Then suddenly broke upon the unmanageable ship a fierce storm from the mountains, driving her toward the African shore. It was one of the hurricanes of the Mediterranean. The waves rose high; the sky was covered with a perpetual night; torrents of rain fell incessantly; the wind drove the struggling vessel from its course. For fourteen days the Euroclydon held the great corn ship in its grasp. She sprung a leak; was rapidly filling with water; despair ruled on board; and Romans and Egyptians, officers and crew, assembled on the deck, looking for instant death. But Paul alone, with cheerful countenance, watched the angry skies, the raging seas, and said to his fellow-passengers, "Be of good cheer; you are safe." Next, in the lull of the tempest, was heard the roar of distant breakers—the ominous sound of land. Paul in the moment of peril almost held command of the ship; he pressed the terrified passengers and crew to take food to sustain their strength; he ordered the boat to be cut adrift; the cargo was thrown overboard; the ship struck with a violent shock on an unknown coast, and broke to pieces. It was a lonely part of the island of Malta. Floating on portions of the wreck, or swimming through the surf, the whole ship's crew escaped, as Paul had foretold. Roman and Egyptian, bond and free, perhaps, gathered around the apostle as he knelt on the desolate coast and gave thanks to Heaven.

Of the later career of St. Paul we have little room to speak.⁽²⁾ He became the connecting link between the Church of Jeru-

⁽¹⁾ Penrose estimated the ship's burden at five hundred tons.

⁽²⁾ Conybeare and Howson may be consulted, *chh.* xxv., xxvii.

saalem and the early Church of Rome. He impressed upon his first converts his own honesty and simplicity. The Church of Rome owed at least its chief vigor to the preaching of the saint. His disciples, Linus and Clement, became its first presbyters, or bishops; and the epistle of the latter to the Corinthians is full of the liberality and humility of Paul.⁽¹⁾ From Jerusalem to Rome Paul bore only the simplicity of the faith. Yet history throws but a feeble light on the last days of the apostle. At Rome he lived a prisoner in his own hired house; he preached and wrote incessantly, in his own handwriting, his letters and exhortations. He was probably tried again. He stood before Nero, the Pontifex Maximus of the ancient faith, in the imperial court; again one of the most wicked of mankind sat in judgment upon the most innocent; again St. Paul must have spoken—must have been set free. From this time nothing is known of his career; yet tradition relates that he preached in the fair cities of Spain, was perhaps permitted to revisit his infant churches in Greece, and then returned again to become a martyr at Rome. Far out on the Ostian Way, in a desolate country, once clothed with groves and gardens, a magnificent church, crusted with marble and costly stones, rich in painting and mosaic—a miracle of useless wastefulness and splendor—arises on the spot where tradition indicates that the Roman lictors beheaded St. Paul.⁽²⁾ His boundless sufferings and toils, his manly energy, his ceaseless hope, his joyous trustfulness, and his supernatural powers, have made him the most eminent of the apostles.

With the labors of St. Paul at Rome is connected the most important or the most insignificant of historical questions:⁽³⁾ Was St. Peter his coadjutor? was Peter ever at Rome? To the Protestant the question is of little consequence; to the defenders of an infallible papacy it is the most momentous of

⁽¹⁾ Eusebius, H. E., iii., 4.

⁽²⁾ Merivale, H. R., v., p. 276 *et seq.*, and Gibbon, c. xvi., doubt the martyrdom of Paul and the persecution of the Christians under Nero.

⁽³⁾ The literature of this question is, of course, immense, from Spanheim to Gieseler. Schaff and some Protestants admit the tradition (see Schaff, p. 362), but only in part. See Neander, Kirch. Gesch., i., p. 317, and note.

all. If St. Peter was never at Rome, or went thither only to be martyred, the whole fabric of the papacy must fall without a blow. For how could Peter transfer from Jerusalem to Rome an infallible primacy? How could he have reigned as the vicar of Christ, the lord of kings, the vicegerent of Heaven, in a city which he never visited, and whose infant Church was fostered or founded by Paul and his disciples.⁽¹⁾

Historically it is impossible that St. Peter could ever have entered the Imperial City. St. Luke, his contemporary, who wrote the Acts of the Apostles, would certainly never have neglected to mention the most important of them all; but St. Luke confines Peter's missionary labors to the distant East. St. Paul in his letters carefully enumerates the chief members of the Church at Rome; the name of St. Peter never occurs in the apostolic record.⁽²⁾ During his imprisonment no one but Luke, he said, was with him. We have St. Peter's own epistle. It is dated at Babylon, and is addressed to the distant churches of the East, where he had long been laboring. Whenever he appears in the sacred writings, St. Peter is always at Jerusalem or preaching in its neighborhood;⁽³⁾ when he writes himself he is founding churches in Asia, and wholly forgets to assert that he is the infallible representative of the Deity on earth, reigning at Rome. He calls himself, indeed, only an elder among elders.

Tradition, therefore, is the only foundation of the legend. To have famous martyrs was the chief pride of the early churches, and it is possible that some ardent presbyter of Rome, as fanciful as Prudentius, first conducted St. Peter to his martyrdom on the Vatican. The story grew with the lapse of time. His tomb was discovered; he was crucified with his head downward; his frequent timidity was recalled in the legend of his flight and of the apparition of his Lord; and when the Papal Church of the Middle Ages began its usurpa-

(1) Even Neander finally doubted the tradition (Apost. Gesch.): in his Church Hist. he accepted it.

(2) See the list in Epist. to Romans.

(3) The Romish writers make Peter travel as widely as St. Paul (Baronius, i., 455); but of this, Luke knew nothing.

tion, it boldly claimed, enlarging upon St. Jerome, that Peter had reigned for twenty-five years as the vicar of Christ at Rome.⁽¹⁾ The legend was first pronounced a fable by the acute Waldenses, who had for ages scoffed at the papal pretensions, and who claim to represent the opinions of the early Church that preceded and resisted the haughty hierarchy of Constantine. The traditions of the Vaudois, the Church of the people, may at least counterbalance those of the Romish priesthood, and confirm the accuracy of the Scriptural history.⁽²⁾

But we must hasten to the last period (66-70) of the sufferings of Jerusalem and its Church. A deeper mental darkness, a wilder fanaticism, rested upon the sacred city. The brotherhood of the zealots, linked together by their terrible oath, grew in numbers and ruled the policy of the nation. The wild robbers issued from their mountain caves to spread desolation over Galilee and Judæa; assassins filled the city; the multitudes who came up to the Temple were roused to frenzy by the secret promptings of the robber patriots; the children of Israel—poetic, impassioned, Semitic, easily moved to a vain self-confidence, easily driven to a mad despair—fancied that by a violent struggle they might shake off the yoke of Rome.⁽³⁾ The higher orders of the city, the more intelligent, knew that the plan was hopeless; but the half-savage zealots from the rural districts now governed Jerusalem. In this moment of patriotic excitement the Christians, who would take no share in the rebellion, were probably looked upon as traitors as well as heretics. The chief victim of this intense hatred was James the Just, the brother of the Lord. For thirty years the face and form of the son of Mary had been known to all Jerusa-

(1) Baronius, with excessive minuteness, names the year 45 *Petri Annus* 1, *Ann. Ecc.*, i., 409. He knows even the day on which the Roman Church was born. Neander doubts even the martyrdom, *Plant. Chris.*, i., p. 358.

(2) See *Waldensian Researches*, Gilly, vol. i., p. 42, and Leger. The Waldenses boast a direct descent from the apostles. The *Nobla Leycon*, a poem of the year 1100, notices their origin; but often they have been nearly extirpated by the papal persecutions.

(3) *Rabelllean, Histoire des Hébreux*, ii., p. 285. A useful narrative.

lem ; he had grown old as the head of the Christian sect ; his virtues were admired by Jew as well as Christian ; and he had striven, by gentle compliances, to disarm the malice of his fellow-citizens. He had never, like Paul, denounced the Mosaic law ; or, like a greater than Paul, preached a new dispensation. In form and appearance James is said to have so closely resembled his divine brother as scarcely to be distinguished from him.⁽¹⁾ He was now to share a not dissimilar fate. When Paul had escaped by appealing to Cæsar, the enraged Jews, says Eusebius, turned their fury against James.⁽²⁾ In some wild season of fanaticism, when the city teemed with savage worshipers, the priests and people seized James, perhaps as he climbed the sacred terraces to pray, and bore him to a high tower of the Temple, overlooking the Gentile court below. The Sadducees were the bitterest enemies of the Christians. It was the young Sadducee high-priest Ananus that led the new persecution. We may imagine the venerable saint standing on the giddy height, waiting to be thrown down on the pavement far beneath.⁽³⁾ They commanded him to renounce his faith in Christ. He replied by pointing to the risen Lord above. With rage they cast him down. When he had fallen, the multitude stoned him nearly to death. "See," said a by-stander, "Justus is praying for you." A fuller beat out the brains of the dying saint with his club. His tombstone was afterward shown outside the Temple. So eminent were the virtues and the fame of the brother of Christ that Josephus attributes the destruction of Jerusalem to the anger of Heaven at the insane cruelty of his countrymen.⁽⁴⁾ The family of the Saviour, however, still ruled over the Church at Jerusalem ; they possessed a kind of hereditary claim to its leadership ; and after the fall of the city, Simeon, the brother or the cousin of James, filled his place for many years with equal virtues, and died a martyr in extreme old age.⁽⁵⁾

(1) Epistle of Ignatius.

(2) Eusebius, H. E., ii., 23. The accounts of his death vary.

(3) Hegesippus, quoted by Eusebius, gives the story, ii., 23.

(4) Josephus. Eusebius, ii., 23.

(5) Eusebius, iii., 11.

Around the city of Mount Zion, according to the Talmuds and Josephus, began now to gather the omens of its doom. In the western sky, as the sun was setting, the crimson clouds formed themselves in the image of a battle-field. Armies rushed over the fading heavens, engaged in a dreadful contest; chariots filled with armed men contended on the celestial plain; cities were surrounded and sacked; the fate of Jerusalem was painted on the skies.⁽¹⁾ Within its walls the prodigies were equally alarming. A supernatural fire shone over the Temple in the midst of the night; the great eastern gate, which could scarcely be shut by twenty men, bolted and fastened by immense bars of iron, rolled open of its own accord; and when the priests were ministering in the inner sanctuary they heard the noise of a multitude of voices crying, "Let us remove hence." A blazing comet, shaped like a sword, hung over the city. A madman or a prophet ran through the streets, crying, "Woe, woe to the city, to the people, to the Holy House!" No punishment, no kindness, no prayers could silence his mournful wail. For seven years he kept up his ceaseless cry, until, during the siege, a stone from an engine struck him dead.⁽²⁾ The Christians, too, remembering the prophecy of the Lord, knew that the evil days were approaching, and prepared to fly from the coming woe.

In the last years of Nero's reign the war broke out. The madness of the Jews, the cruelty of the Romans, arrayed the two hostile races against each other. The Jews were at first successful in driving off a Roman army; and Nero, who was singing and acting before the applauding audiences of Rome, sent his best commander, Vespasian, to repress the insurrection. Jerusalem, meantime, had become an armed fortress, the centre of rebellion. Its priestly rulers made preparations for an inexorable war. The city was filled with provisions, arms, and men; the walls were strengthened, the towers gar-

⁽¹⁾ Josephus, B. J., vi., 5.

⁽²⁾ The Talmuds repeat the prodigies, and show the overwrought condition of the Jewish mind. Nothing was natural—nothing simple. Derenbourg, i., p. 280 *et seq.*

risoned; all Palestine had risen in revolt; and skillful leaders were set over the different provinces to array the populace in military order. It was hoped, it was believed, that every Jew would join the army, and that the Romans would be overwhelmed by an immense host, irresistible in fanatical zeal.

Galilee, the most northern province, filled with populous cities and a warlike people, must first meet the shock of invasion.⁽¹⁾ It was placed under the command of the historian Josephus. A cloud of doubt will ever rest upon the character of this eminent writer. In his own age he was looked upon as a traitor, the destroyer of his country, and his most favorable commentators have admitted his feebleness and his inefficiency;⁽²⁾ yet in his own writings Josephus has painted himself in such favorable colors as to have won the regard of generations of readers. He was rich, high-born, connected with the noble and priestly families of Jerusalem, and his learning and mental culture have given him a respectable place among the inferior historians; but as a commander he was singularly unfortunate. He entered Galilee commissioned to raise an army of one hundred thousand men; he obtained only eight thousand. He aroused no enthusiasm among the warlike people; his movements were slow and ineffectual. Vespasian invaded the flourishing province, and, with terrible ravages, sacked its happy cities and filled its sacred landscape with scenes of woe. The Lake of Genesareth was dyed with blood. Its charming environs, the paradise of Palestine, resounded with lamentation.⁽³⁾ The Roman cavalry swept over the country, killing the helpless people. Josephus was besieged at Jotopata, was beaten,⁽⁴⁾ was captured, made his peace with the Romans, and lived and died the companion and the friend of his country's destroyers.

Vespasian moved slowly onward, destroying the country as he passed.⁽⁵⁾ He left behind him a bleeding, half-desolate

⁽¹⁾ Josephus, B. J., iii., 3.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*, iii., 10.

⁽³⁾ Raphall, Post-Bib. Hist., ii., p. 417.

⁽⁴⁾ "Josèphe," says Derenbourg, i., p. 417, "mérite peu de confiance pour ce qu'il raconte de cette lutte suprême de ses coreligionnaires," etc.

⁽⁵⁾ Raphall, ii., p. 428.

waste. He swept through Samaria, and the Samaritan women wept over their husbands and their brothers slain on the hill of Gerizim. Joppa and Tiberias fell. He passed around Jerusalem, and ravaged all Judæa. Emmaus and Jericho, Lydda and Jamna, surrendered. He killed ten thousand men in the heart of Idumæa. The Dead Sea echoed to the note of the Roman trumpets; all Palestine had felt the dreadful discipline of the Roman chief. Two years of warfare passed; Jerusalem stood alone in the midst of its ruined country. At this moment Nero was dead; Vitellius ruled at Rome; a war of succession followed; Rome was filled with massacres; and at last Vespasian was proclaimed emperor. The impoverished soldier, the horse-dealer, the plebeian, was alone fitted to control that mighty empire that reached from the Jordan to the Thames. He left Judæa for Rome, and the conquest of Jerusalem was intrusted to a young man of twenty-seven, his son, Titus.

A cloud of horror now rested upon the Holy City.⁽¹⁾ Its condition resembled that of Paris in the dreadful days of terror when the prisons were filled with the suspected, the scaffold ran with blood, and robbers and miscreants had risen to rule in the fatal despair that had fallen upon its people. The Christian Church had fled from the city, warned by the prophecies of their Master, and found refuge in the little town of Pella, beyond the Jordan. Many of the wealthy and cultivated Jews had also escaped from Jerusalem; but their places were filled by a savage company of refugees from desolate Galilee and Judæa, the robbers of Libanus, and the zealots of the distant towns. John of Giscala led the furious horde; and a fierce assault was begun upon the native citizens, who were believed to have shared in the treachery of Josephus, and to have meditated an abject surrender to Rome. Night and day, robberies, massacres, and civil war filled the streets of Jerusa-

(1) The Talmuds give Derenbourg only a few anecdotes of the condition of the city, i., p. 280. Yet the legends celebrate the valor of the Jews, and are all on the patriot side, i., p. 284. See Rabelleau, *Hist. des Hébreux*, ii., p. 294.

lem. The citizens, led by Ananus, the high-priest, strove to destroy the zealots in the Temple; but on a dark and stormy night a band of Idumæans broke into the city and overwhelmed the resistance of the priestly faction. Simon, another brave and cruel partisan, entered Jerusalem and garrisoned the hill of Zion.⁽¹⁾ Between John in the Temple and Simon in the upper city a constant warfare raged; their soldiers fought madly with each other on the bridge that joined Mount Zion with the Temple; and united only in the plunder and massacre of the helpless citizens, whom they accused of being inclined to peace with Rome. Day and night the fighting went on; a ceaseless lamentation for the dead resounded over Jerusalem; the city was sacked and desolated by the robbers; and while Vespasian was sweeping over Judæa,⁽²⁾ the Jews consumed their strength in horrible excesses. All preparations for defense were neglected; the stricken city seemed filled only with raging madmen.

The Passover drew near, and in the first days of April, in the year 70, the Jews gathered in multitudes at Jerusalem to celebrate for the last time the most sacred festival of the law. The poor remnants of a fallen nation, they yet filled once more the desecrated courts of the Temple. Still the priests performed with sad minuteness the various rites; still in the midst of the raging factions the smoke of the burnt-offerings arose from the holy altar, and the Psalms of David resounded through the inner sanctuary; still the countless worshipers made their way through streets filled with the dead and the dying, and went up to the Temple to pray. Still John and Simon watched each other from their hostile hills, and with fierce forays terrified and desolated the fairest quarters of Jerusalem. But suddenly their rivalry ceased.⁽³⁾ A common

(1) Rabellean, v., p. 301.

(2) Tacitus, H., v., 10: "Intra duas æstates cuncta camporum, omnesque præter Hierosolyma urbes." The account of Tacitus is only a fragment.

(3) Josephus has described with minuteness, Tacitus with a few brief touches of genius, the opening of the wonderful siege; but the narrative of the Roman leaves a clearer impression than that of the Jew. Tacitus, Hist., v.

danger united them too late. Sweeping along the road from Cæsarea appeared a band of six hundred Roman cavalry, the first squadron of an army of eighty thousand veterans, and at their head rode Titus, the young heir of the empire of the world. At the sight, John and Simon, conscious of their own madness, forgot their enmity and entered into a compact of mutual aid. Cruel, wicked, remorseless, these savage chieftains were still patriots, and began now with heroic courage to provide for the defense of Jerusalem. John had nine thousand men in the Temple; Simon, fifteen thousand on Zion Hill. As Titus rode carelessly along at the head of his cavalry a sudden sally was made, and the Roman commander escaped with difficulty from the fury of the Jews.

Jerusalem was renowned as the strongest of ancient cities.⁽¹⁾ Two impassable valleys nearly surrounded the hill of Zion and Mount Moriah; on the north a triple wall and the Castle of Antonia seemed to provide an easy means of defense. The city was filled with munitions of war, and food was at first abundant. The Jews, in their last struggle, showed all the chivalry of the Semitic race; they fought with unrivaled courage; they suffered with unconquerable patience; priests, warriors, people, showed their proud contempt of death, their unchanging devotion to their country, their faith in the ritual and the law. They fell by thousands in fierce sallies, often successful; they inflicted terrible losses on the foe; they were always happy in death when their enemy died with them. Yet Titus, with his well-trained legions, made constant progress. He soon broke down the outer walls, and burned or pillaged all the lower portion of the city. Often the learned Josephus was sent to address his countrymen from the Roman works, offering them pardon and life if they would surrender; always the suffering garrison refused to listen to the traitor. They shot at him with their arrows. At last an enemy appeared within the city more dreadful than the Romans. Titus had raised around Jerusalem a long wall that shut out all

⁽¹⁾ Tacitus, v., 11: "Sed urbem, arduam situ, opera molesque firmaverunt."

exterior aid, and famine raged in the homes of the rich and the poor.⁽¹⁾ The summer of the year 70 passed in horror over the ruined city. As the hot sun beat on its pestilential streets, as vegetation withered, and only the gray and dusty olive lived in the torrid heat, men, women, children died in their stately houses; and robbers, fierce and starving, snatched the last loaf from the hearth of the poor. The woes of Jerusalem seemed to Josephus to have surpassed those of every other city; the terrors of the siege awoke a thrill of pity in his vain and selfish breast. Yet happier, perhaps, the Jews who died with simple faith for their God and their country, than the stately historian, the friend of an emperor, who wrote in a Roman palace⁽²⁾ an unsympathizing narrative of their woes.

Then came that saddest of all their sorrows, which has never yet faded from the memory of the Jews. In the absence of all grosser forms of idolatry, the chosen people had learned to look upon their Temple, its pyramid of terraces, its golden gates, its glittering shrine, almost as the heathen looked upon his brazen gods. It was their idol and the centre of their hopes. The Temple of the Most High⁽³⁾ had been sung in immortal lyrics by their regal poet; the sanctity of the courts of the Lord, the future splendors of the Holy House, had been the theme of his perpetual meditation. The nation was filled with the enthusiasm of its inspired bard. In all his wanderings at Alexandria, Athens, or Rome the impassioned Jew ever kept in his memory the glory of his native shrine, and hastened with devout enthusiasm to the paschal feast. To him the Temple was the light of the world, the Zion of his weary soul.⁽⁴⁾ In the season of fruit, the month of Ab, the irreparable woe fell upon the children of Israel. Titus had pressed on his slow approaches all through the summer. He

(1) See Jost, *Allgemeine Geschichte des Israelitischen Volkes*, ii., p. 99.

(2) Josephus probably composed his dull speeches long after the event in his splendid residence at Rome.

(3) David's solicitude for the building of the Temple is told by Josephus, *Ant.*

(4) Jost, *Allgemeine Gesch. des Israel. Volkes*: "Der hochgefeierte Sitz—von vielen Fremden bewundert, geehrt, bereichert," etc., ii., p. 100.

heard with no compunction of the horrors within the city. He was told that Mary, the wealthy matron, had cooked and perhaps devoured her own infant; he appealed to God that he was innocent of the dreadful deed. His engineers made their way into the Castle of Antonia; he prepared to storm the Temple. He knew that around it centred the fanaticism of the Jews, and he gave orders for its destruction.⁽¹⁾ A general assault was made. John of Giscala, the patriots, and the priests, fought with terrible resolution in its defense. The skillful Romans, under the eye of Titus, forced their way into the sacred courts; they climbed terrace after terrace, where the pavements were thickly strewn with the dying and the dead; a soldier threw a blazing torch into an open window of the Holy House; the priceless veils, the cedar beams, the gilded ornaments, blazed forth in a wild conflagration; the priests killed themselves before the altar; and the Temple of the Most High was consumed to ashes. A wail broke from the hapless Jews more sad than any their own sorrows had ever occasioned. It was repeated in desolate Galilee and wild Judæa; in the distant synagogues of Alexandria and Rome. It has never ceased: it still breaks forth from every Jewish heart; and the most touching spectacle of modern Jerusalem is that of the cowering Israelites, amidst the brutality of Turkish soldiers and the mockeries of Armenian boys, wailing over the crumbling foundations of what was once the most hallowed of earthly shrines.

Titus hastened on the labors of destruction. Mount Moriah was already a scene of ruin and death. Next the Roman engines shattered the walls of Mount Zion, and the palaces and fine mansions of the hill of David were given to the flames.⁽²⁾ No more were peace and prosperity to reign within her walls; never again was the holy hill to rejoice in the consciousness of her freedom. The most dreadful cruelties were inflicted

(¹) The Talmuds say that Titus gave orders to burn the Temple, *Derembourg*, i., p. 289, and refute the account of Josephus, that he wished to save it.

(²) Josephus, vi., p. 8.

by Titus and his remorseless legions; the Jews were slaughtered like some hated reptile, and the Gentiles repaid the isolated pride of Israel by one of the most brutal massacres that mark the annals of war. One million Jews, it is stated, perished in the siege of the city—a number that can not bear a careful criticism. But still worse than death was the fate of the living. Ninety-seven thousand prisoners fell into the hands of Titus.⁽¹⁾ Of these some were cultivated and accomplished priests, some pure and spotless patriots, some industrious artisans, some fair and virtuous women, some robbers and miscreants, deformed with crime. Their fate was the same. Many were sent to labor in the mines of Upper Egypt; many were forced to fight with wild beasts in the amphitheatres of the two Cæsareas; one of the fairest and noblest women of Jerusalem was seen, in her hunger, struggling to gather the grains of corn that fell beneath the horses' feet of the Roman soldiers; another was fastened by her hair to a horse's tail, and dragged, in that condition, from Jerusalem to Lydda.⁽²⁾ The needless barbarities of Titus are perpetuated in the Talmuds.

Yet Titus, the destroyer of Jerusalem, has been painted by his countrymen and by Josephus as the mildest and the purest of men. He was called the love, the delight, of the human race.⁽³⁾ He was almost a Christian in benevolence, almost a philosopher in self-control. But history has at length re-asserted its verity, and Titus stands before us one of those half-savage monsters who revel in bloodshed and crime, and have yet moments of transitory penitence. His early youth was corrupt and shameless; his later life showed little change; he was the chief instrument in the horrible massacres of Jerusalem; he was merciful or pure only in contrast with a Caligula or a Nero. Nor is it wonderful that the Talmuds paint with unusual bitterness the cruel malignity of the conqueror of Jerusalem, and that the Jewish writers have never

(¹) Jost, *All. Ges. Is.*, ii., p. 100: "Und 97,000 (was wohl glaublich) zu Gefangenen gemacht worden."

(²) Derenbourg, i., p. 290-293.

(³) Suetonius, *Flavius*, i.

ceased to denounce as false and traitorous the pleasing portrait of Titus left by the unpatriotic Josephus.⁽¹⁾

Over the smoking ruins of Jerusalem the Roman soldiers passed more than once, destroying what remained of its former splendor. It is probable that few houses were left standing. Only two or three towers, it is said, were preserved. The day of wrath, foretold by the Master, had fallen upon Zion. If the Christians had retained the sentiment of vengeance, they might have exulted in the fate of their persecutors. The haughty priests, who had pursued Paul with persevering malignity, had died by the assassin's hand or in the amphitheatre of Cæsarea. The Sadducees, the murderers of James the Just, were robbed of their vast possessions, and had fallen by famine or the sword. Of all the great throng that a few years before had assailed the venerable Paul in the Temple courts, or rejoiced in the torture of James, only a few wretched fugitives remained. But the Christian Church, still in its apostolic purity, felt only a tender sympathy for the general woe. It is not possible that every Christian could have made a timely escape from the city; it is not unlikely that many of the faithful perished in its dreadful doom. The Church wept over the fate of its less fortunate members, over the woes of its country, the desolation of Judæa. When the storm had passed away a solemn congregation was held of all the faithful. The apostles that still survived, the disciples, and nearly all the members of the family of the Lord, assembled to elect an elder in the place of James the Just. Simeon, the cousin, perhaps the brother, of Christ, was chosen by a unanimous vote.⁽²⁾ The Church of Jerusalem still survived in poverty, humility, persecution; and when the fugitive Jews once more ventured to return to their ruined city, the Christians probably followed them. Once more the hill of Zion may have resounded with songs of praise, and Christian and

(¹) Derenbourg, i., p. 289. The learning and accuracy of this writer promise extensive progress in Jewish history. The story of the Hebrews has not yet found its successful narrator.

(²) Eusebius, H. E., iii., 11.

Jew have wept together over the desolation of Mount Moriah.

Simeon, whether at Pella or in Jerusalem, ruled over the Church for thirty years.⁽¹⁾ It is the most obscure, it was no doubt the most active, period after the fall of the city. The surviving apostles had wandered away on their various missions; Andrew was piercing the wilds of Scythia; Thomas penetrating the Indian shores. The daughters of Philip prophesied at Hierapolis, and the sons and daughters of St. Peter were emulating the virtues of their father.⁽²⁾ St. John was at Ephesus or in exile, and his inspired visions began to be read in the churches. All over the world we can trace the career of the undistinguished Christians by the swift decline of the imperial faith, the violence of the persecutions, the countless tales of martyrdom.⁽³⁾ In no later period of history has so vigorous a tendency toward reform been witnessed among mankind. From the Church at Jerusalem flowed over the world a wave of purity. The gifted missionaries, successors of the apostles, but clad in poverty and humility, preached in every city and village a spiritual refinement, an ideal virtue. "Be honest, be virtuous,"⁽⁴⁾ they cried, with the pastor of Hermas. "Be simple and guileless, and speak no evil." With Clement of Rome, they professed a saintly humility;⁽⁵⁾ the way of the world was to them, as to Barnabas, a way of darkness, leading to arrogance and hypocrisy, sensuality and crime.⁽⁶⁾

The gentle voice from fallen Jerusalem touched the heart of nations. City after city fell captive to its spell. Antioch and Ephesus, Alexandria and Rome, learned to look to the ruined capital, once so hated and contemned, as the only source of hope and joy. During the first century after the destruc-

⁽¹⁾ Eusebius, H. E., iii., 32.

⁽²⁾ *Id.*, iii., 30.

⁽³⁾ The Pastor of Hermas, the Pilgrim's Progress of the second century, throws light on the purity of the Church. See Migne, Pat. Græc., ii., p. 910. The first command enforces the unity of God.

⁽⁴⁾ Migne, Pat. Græc., ii., p. 922.

⁽⁵⁾ First Epistle of Clement, c. xvii.

⁽⁶⁾ See Epistle of Barnabas, c. xx.

tion of its early seat the Church of Jerusalem spread over the world, and retained, in all its purity, the apostolic spirit of its founders. It was the light of the decaying age. The apostolic choir, says Hegesippus, overshadowed it with their grace.⁽¹⁾ Then came a period of decline. Paganism mingled with the simple ritual of the Church its coarse and formal observances. The swinging censers, the processions of gay-robed priests, the peal of barbaric music, supplied the place of the hymns and prayers of the Church of Paul and James the Just. Images, once the abhorrence of all believers, were first tolerated, then adored. The saints and the gentle Mary were made to fill the place of the Penates or Artemis. Presbyters were converted into bishops; the rival sees contended for the supremacy; the Bishop of Rome became the ruler of the Western world. A tyrannical formalism, the image of that against which Paul had contended at Rome, and Stephen at Jerusalem, ruled over Christendom; the Roman Church began a perpetual persecution, more terrible, because more lasting, than that of Nero or Domitian; the Church of Jerusalem seemed to live only amidst the humble and the poor, and in the dying visions of some inspired martyr—a Jerome or a Huss.

When the city had sunk to ashes, and Mount Moriah rose, discrowned and desolate, an image of the broken law, the gentle saint in Patmos had painted a new Jerusalem in the skies. A fairer temple arose not made with hands; a golden city shone above, where, at the perpetual paschal feast, the countless generations of the hallowed dead gathered in its spiritual courts. There the fancy of St. John lavished all its wealth; there the streets of the Holy City were paved with gold, and all its bulwarks glittered with precious stones; there met that sacred company with whom he had loved to mingle on earth; there a perpetual peace filled the walls of Zion; there the veil was withdrawn from the Holy of Holies; and the redeemed dwelt in the presence of the Most High. Amidst the corruptions of later ages, the degradation of the faith, the Church of Jerusalem seemed only a vision of the past.

(¹) Eusebius, H. E., iii., 32.

Then once more the ideal beauty of the early Church dawned upon mankind. That graceful virgin, spotless and refined, who had shone in the Pastor of Hermas, and gladdened the fancy of St. John, broke from the spells of the enchanters, and put to flight the rabble rout of Comus. Dissolute churchmen and barbarous priests strove in vain to bind anew their captive; the Church was free. The successors of Paul and James, hidden for so many ages among the Vaudois, or the Waldenses, the Lollards, the Paulicians, came forth at the call of Wycliffe, Huss, and Luther. The Church of Jerusalem, simple, lowly, pure, became once more the centre of a wide reform; the Church of Rome retreated step by step, until at last it cowers, fallen but not repentant, beneath the pagan magnificence of St. Peter's.

DOMINIC AND THE INQUISITION.

OF Dominic of Guzman we are told, upon the unerring authority of infallibility, that his life was surrounded by a cloud of miracles: that at the sound of his inspired voice the dead arose and walked, the sick were healed, the heretics converted; that often in his moments of ecstasy he floated in the air before the eyes of his disciples; that the fiercest flames refused to consume the parchment upon which were written his divine meditations;⁽¹⁾ and that, in the midst of the carnage his eloquence excited, the saint ever remained the gentlest and meekest of his race. Once, as Dominic stood in the midst of a pious company in the Convent of St. Sixtus, conversing with the Cardinal Stephen, a messenger, bathed in tears, came in to announce that the Lord Napoleon, the nephew of Stephen, had been thrown from his horse, and lay dead at the convent gate. The cardinal, weighed down by grief, fell weeping upon the breast of the saint. Dominic, full of compassion, ordered the body of the young man to be brought in, and prepared to exercise his miraculous powers. He directed the altar to be arranged for celebrating mass; he fell into a sudden ecstasy, and, as his hands touched the sacred elements, he rose in the air and hung, kneeling, in empty space above the astonished worshippers. Descending, he made the sign of the cross upon the dead; he commanded the young man to arise, and at once the Lord Napoleon sprung up alive and in perfect health, in the presence of a host of witnesses.⁽²⁾

Such are the wonders gravely related of Dominic, the

⁽¹⁾ Vaulx-Cernay, cap. vii. A contemporary account of the Albigensian war relates the famous miracle.

⁽²⁾ Butler, *Lives of the Saints*, viii., p. 62.

founder of the Inquisition ; yet, if we may trust the tradition, the real achievements of his seared and clouded intellect far excel in their magnificent atrocity even the wildest legends of the saints. He invented or he enlarged that grand machinery by which the conscience of mankind was held in bondage for centuries ; whose relentless grasp was firmly fastened upon the decaying races of Southern Europe, the converts of Hindostan, and the conquerors of Mexico and Peru ; whose gloomy palaces and dungeons sprung up in almost every Catholic city of the South, and formed for ages the chief bulwarks of the aggressive career of Rome. The Holy Office, from the time of Dominic, became the favorite instrument for the propagation of the faith ; it followed swiftly the path of the missionary, and was established wherever the worship of Mary extended, whether in Lima, Goa, or Japan ; it devoured the Netherlands, silenced Italy and Spain, and its hallowed labors and its happy influences are still celebrated and lamented by all those pious but diseased intellects who advocate the use of force in creating unity of religious belief. Its memory is still dear to every adherent of infallibility ; nor can any one of that grave assembly of bishops who so lately sat in St. Peter's venture to avow, without danger of heresy, that he doubts the divine origin of the institutions of Dominic.

Nothing, indeed, can be more impressive than that tender regret with which the Italian prelates lament over the fall of the venerable tribunal. Modern civilization has inflicted no deeper wound ; modern governments have never more grossly invaded the rights of the infallible Church.⁽¹⁾ One of the means, the bishops exclaim, which the Church employs for the eternal safety of those who have the good fortune to belong to her is the Holy Inquisition ; it cuts off the heretic, it preserves the faithful from the contagion of error ; its charitable

(1) Laurent, *Le Catholicisme et de l'Avenir*, gives the lament of the Italian bishops : " Un des moyens que l'Église emploie pour procurer le salut éternel de ceux qui ont le bonheur de lui appartenir est le tribunal de la *sainte Inquisition*," p. 575.

solicitude, its exhortations and its teachings, its venerable procedure, its necessary and remedial punishments, have won the admiration of generations of devoted Catholics. It has been hallowed by the approval of a series of infallible popes; it is consecrated by the voice of Heaven. For a time it may be suppressed by the action of hostile governments, by the corrupt influence of modern civilization. But the Church has never for a moment abandoned its most effective instrument; and in some happier hour, when the claims of St. Peter are acknowledged in every land, his infallible successor will establish anew the charitable solicitude and the remedial pains of the Holy Office in Europe and America, and the civilized world shall sit once more, humbled and repentant, at the feet of Dominic and his holy Inquisitors.(¹)

The saint was born of a noble family in the kingdom of Castile, and from early youth practiced a rigorous asceticism that prepared him for his supernatural mission. He slept on the bare floor instead of a bed; his frame was emaciated by abstinence; he passed days and nights praying before the altar, and the holy place was often wet with his tears.(²) Yet Dominic had been a diligent student of rhetoric and philosophy at the University of Salamanca, and soon his fervid eloquence, set off by his wasted figure, his haggard countenance, and flashing eyes, awoke the attention of his age. A dreadful heresy had sprung up in Italy and France; and while Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus were fighting the battles of the Church on the burning sands of Syria, the joyous Provençals sung their pagan melodies at the courts of love, and Toulouse and Montpellier rang with sharp diatribes on the vices of the priests or the cruel ambition of the Court of Rome. In the year 1200 heresy threatened the downfall of the Church.(³) The people seemed resolved to throw off the yoke of the Ital-

(¹) Laurent, p. 577: "Ils [the Church] répondraient d'une *voix unanime*, que les *charitables sollicitudes et toutes les procédures* du tribunal de la sainte *Inquisition* ne tendent par elles-mêmes qu'au plus grand bien," etc. "Les avertissements, les peines medicinales," are highly extolled by the bishops.

(²) Butler, *Lives of the Saints*, a narrative accepted by infallibility.

(³) Raynouard, *Monumens*, etc., vol. ii., p. 51.

ian antichrist. In many cities the priests were driven from the altars, the churches abandoned by the worshiper, and a simple ritual, borrowed from the Vaudois valleys, was swiftly supplanting the pompous ceremonial of Rome.

To the gay and thoughtless heretics of the South of France Dominic opposed his fervid oratory, his sordid poverty and austere penances, his fanatical violence, and the iron hand of persecution. He believed himself destined to revive the decaying fortunes of the Church; and he founded a new order of preaching friars, that multiplied under his care with singular rapidity, and spread into every land. Clad in black cape and cloak, austere and fanatical, yet often possessed of rare eloquence and attainments, the Dominican missionaries wandered over Europe, and preached anew the supremacy of the Pope. The aspirations of the saint seemed miraculously fulfilled. Heresy, discomfited and overborne, hid from the light of day. It was apparently forever dissipated. The Church ruled triumphant over Europe, and the popes trod on the necks of haughty kings and rebellious nations. But the success of the Dominicans was not due alone to their eloquence or their austerity; to their care had been committed that wonderful agent of conversion, the Holy Inquisition.

It is claimed by his disciples that Dominic was the first Inquisitor-general, and that he was sent forth by the Pope himself to repress heresy by medicinal pain.⁽¹⁾ The Dominicans account it the highest glory of their order that its founder gave rise also to the Holy Office. He at least laid the foundation of the wonderful structure. The Inquisition was the inheritance of the Dominicans; their priests presided at the solemn sacrifices; their assistants were the familiars, who moved like shadows around the suspected; and the Dominican Inquisitors often lived in unbounded luxury and license in the magnificent "holy houses" of Lima or Seville.⁽²⁾ They clung

⁽¹⁾ See Llorente, *Inquisition*, i., p. 48.

⁽²⁾ Schmidt, *Mönch- u. Nonnen-Orden*, Die Inquisition: "Schon seit Dominicus verwaltete der jedesmalige General des Ordens als besonderes Vorrecht," etc. Master of the papal palace, p. 186.

to their privileges with rare tenacity; the holy houses grew rich from the spoliation of Jews and wealthy heretics. The Inquisitor wielded a power before which the great and noble trembled; and of all ecclesiastical prizes none was more coveted by rising churchmen and ambitious monks than a seat at the holy tribunal. The vices of Dominic had been a brutal cruelty, a savage intolerance; his successors enlarged the catalogue, until it embraced every infamy and every crime.

In the sunny fields of Languedoc, where nature laughs in tropical luxuriance, where the soft waves of the Mediterranean meet upon its tranquil shores, where the skies are ever bright, and a brilliant landscape, sown with stately castles and generous cities, with villages the homes of contented labor, and farms glowing with unbounded fertility, tenanted by a people the most refined and gentle of their age, arose, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, the most fearful instrument of human malignity.⁽¹⁾ It was in the home of the troubadours and of early European civilization. The southern provinces of France, in that dark and troubled age, shone with a cultivated lustre amidst a world of barbarism and cruelty. Some traits of Grecian and Roman refinement had survived and borne fruit in the classic province of Aquitaine. Marseilles had been the seat of a busy Greek population, and the worship of the Ephesian Artemis and the gay festivals of the Ionian faith were not wholly forgotten by the descendants of the tasteful Greeks. They delighted in music and the dance, in processions and cheerful sports, and it was noticed with horror by the rigid monks that the Provençals even enlivened the gloom of the cemetery by chanting gay songs around the grave. Toulouse had preserved the classic form of government, and its chief officers were still called consuls, and its people still retained the memory of their civic freedom.

England, Germany, and France lingered in barbarous indolence, while the gifted Provençals had filled their happy land

⁽¹⁾ Fauriel, *Provençal Lit.*, and Raynouard, *Monumens de la Lan. Romane*, paint the manners of Provence. See Lavallée, *Hist. des Inquisit. Relig.*, i., p. 1.

with the fruits of industry, and had cultivated a literature of song and romance that was destined to give rise to the genius of Dante and Petrarch, and was perhaps imitated in the sagas of the Northern skalds.⁽¹⁾ But the most remarkable trait of this gifted people was their vigorous Protestantism.⁽²⁾ In the twelfth century the Albigenses ruled in Provence. A pure religion, the result, perhaps, of the teachings of the Vaudois missionaries, and of the example of Waldo of Lyons, grew up in Montpellier and Toulouse. It taught that Rome was Antichrist, forbade the worship of Mary and the saints, scoffed at the doctrine of transubstantiation, and proclaimed a universal toleration. Even the hated Jews, persecuted in all other lands, were received with signal favor in the industrious cities of the South. A swarm of heretics of every shade of faith lived peacefully together under the mild rule of the Counts of Toulouse. The doctrines of the Albigenses spread rapidly over Europe. Germany, England, France, and Spain are said to have abounded with similar heretics, who scoffed at the corrupt priesthood and defied the tyranny of Rome. The Bible was read in every land; and now began the first of those great struggles for freedom of conscience which were continued by the labors of Wycliffe, of Huss, of Luther and Calvin, of the Huguenots of France and the Puritans of England, and which, after a contest of seven centuries, have ended in the final overthrow of the usurping Church of Dominic and Innocent III.

But miserable was the doom of the first of the European reformers. In 1208 Innocent preached a crusade against the Albigenses, and a savage horde of bishops, princes, dukes, and nobles, at the head of their feudal followers, swept over the fair fields of Provence.⁽³⁾ The gay and wealthy cities were

(1) Fauriel, p. 20, notices the wide influence of Provençal literature and opinions. Careful research will probably show that the people were everywhere rebels against Rome.

(2) "Les prêtres se sont faits les inquisiteurs de nos actions," sung an Albigensian bard; but he complained only of their caprice. Raynouard, ii., p. 52. O Rome! "telle est la grandeur de votre crime que vous méprisez et Dieu et les saints," they cried, p. 63.

(3) Vaulx-Cernay, cap. vii., p. 37: "Sus donc soldats du Christ! sus donc novices intrépides!" cried the Pope.

plundered and laid waste by the papal persecutors; a large part of the population perished by famine or the sword; the traces of classic civilization sunk before the barbarians of the North; the troubadours vanished from the earth; and a dreadful gloom of barbarism and decay settled upon the South of France. Toulouse, the home of the first reformation, became renowned for its intolerant bigotry; the industry and the energy of the people of Provence died with their freedom; and amidst the blood-stained ruins of the classic land, Dominic, or his successors, invented and built up the Holy Inquisition.⁽¹⁾ It was designed to pursue the Albigenses into their most secret retreats; to penetrate into the family circle; to plant spies in their daily path; to catch the incautious utterance, detect the hidden discontent; to throw so complete and careful a chain around the intellect that even the idea of heresy should be banished from every mind. The fierce Dominicans patrolled the ruined cities, eager for their prey.

Wherever they appeared they were received with disgust and horror; wherever they passed they left behind them a track of desolation. The gentle Albigenses, unacquainted with religious persecution, accustomed only to deeds of tenderness and mercy, saw with amazement and terror the pious and the good racked by fatal tortures, and burned alive in their native cities, the victims of the Moloch of Rome.⁽²⁾ At Albi, from whence the reformers had probably received their name, as the white-robed Inquisitors passed through its streets, every door was closed and barred, the affrighted people hid, with their trembling families, from the face of day; a solemn gloom settled upon the once happy town. But no sentiment of remorse, no thought of the popular detestation, delayed the fierce Dominicans. They dragged the heretics from their secret retreats; they called upon friend to betray friend, neighbor to denounce neighbor; and a universal suspicion destroyed

⁽¹⁾ See *Chronique de Guillaume de Puy-Laurens*. In Guizot, vol. xv., p. 293, "L'inquisition commença peu à peu à atteindre," etc.

⁽²⁾ Vaulx-Cernay throws the guilt of the war on the harmless reformers. *Guillaume de Puy-Laurens*, p. 226, laments that the Church should be exposed to the horrible insults of the heretics.

the peace of the innocent community. At length a fearful act of sacrilege aroused the towns-people to resistance. In the horrible code of persecution which the followers of Dominic had invented, it was the custom to inflict the vengeance of the Church even upon the dead. They exhumed the bodies of persons suspected of heresy and burned their ashes. One night the Inquisitors, with a train of their familiars, aroused the magistrates of Albi from their slumber, and commanded them to follow them. The officials did not dare to ask whither they were to go, but obeyed in silence. The strange procession traversed the streets, lighted by torches, and came to the public cemetery. The town was aroused, and a throng of people had gathered around the sacred scene, scarcely conscious of the design of their persecutors. At the grave of a woman suspected of heresy the Dominicans paused, and commanded the magistrates to disinter the body, in the name of the Church. They hesitated; the people murmured; a fierce rage began to arouse the multitude to resistance. But when the officials refused to obey, the Dominicans took up the spades and began to remove the earth from the coffin. The solemn shades of night, the flickering light of the torches, the fatal act of sacrilege about to be perpetrated, awoke anew the fury of the people, who now drove the Inquisitors before them from the cemetery with violence and blows, and soon afterward expelled every monk and priest from the limits of Albi. Their revolt was avenged by the Dominicans with unsparing cruelty; the city was excommunicated; and a swarm of robbers let loose upon it by the exasperated Church nearly blotted it from existence.

The Albigenes sunk before the vindictive rigor of Rome, and the Inquisition pursued a career of triumph throughout all the districts infected by the early elements of reform.⁽¹⁾ In every city of Languedoc and Provence two Dominican Inquisitors presided; the civil power enforced their decrees, and

(1) The chronicle of William is full of the malice of the heretics and the success of the Church, p. 228. "Satan," he cries, "possédait en repos la majeure partie de ce pays comme un sien domicile."

every trace of heresy disappeared from sight. A reward of a mark of silver was offered to any one who would denounce a heretic; every house that had sheltered the Albigenses was razed to the ground; whoever lent aid or kindly offices to the persecuted reformers was deprived of his property, and perhaps shared their fate; every cottage or lonely cave in which the exiles might find a refuge was carefully sought for and destroyed; and the teachings of Dominic and the zeal of his disciples produced a system of rigid repression that seemed to secure the perfect supremacy of the Church.⁽¹⁾

Gregory IX., from the papal throne, speaking the language of infallibility, declared it the duty of every honest Catholic to denounce and destroy the heretics, and ingrafted upon the creed of his usurping sect the doctrine of universal persecution. The heretic was henceforth held unfit to live. He was the enemy of the only infallible Church, and must therefore be treated as the Jews treated the Amalekites, as Diocletian had persecuted the Christians of Syria and Rome. His crime involved the ruin of his family. His home was broken up; his children were driven out naked and penniless; his goods enriched the Holy Inquisitors and the treacherous informer; and in every part of Europe the papal injunctions were obeyed, at least by kings and nobles, and countless numbers of heretics suffered the extreme penalties imposed by the relentless Popes.

When the new civilization of Southern Europe in the thirteenth century had been so perfectly effaced by the Inquisitors, when the Albigenses no longer ventured to defend liberty of conscience and mental reform, when the song of the troubadour was hushed in its early home, and a cloud of barbarous superstition had once more settled over Montpellier or Toulouse, the Popes and the Dominicans, encouraged by their first success, prepared to apply the vigorous remedy of the Inquisition to the dawning heresies of every land.⁽²⁾ It was

⁽¹⁾ Milman, *Lat. Christ.*, iv., p. 168.

⁽²⁾ Llorente, *Inquisition*, i., p. 55. Gregory IX. would treat all heretics as unfit to live.

introduced in a modified form into Northern France. Saint Louis, the purest of his regal race, was one of the bitterest and most inhuman of persecutors. He had encouraged the massacres of the harmless Albigenses; he would have rejoiced to have made Paris the chief seat of the Dominican tribunal.⁽¹⁾ But his successors were more merciful; the Gallican Church grew jealous of the power of the Inquisitors, and no holy houses, provided with dungeons, racks, and scourges, were permitted to be erected in the cities of France. The French kings preferred to burn their own heretics in their own way. The royal prisons were often filled with reformers; and when the Bastille, the emblem of mediæval tyranny, was built in the fourteenth century, its first inmate was Aubriot, provost of merchants, suspected of heresy. He was afterward released from his horrible confinement by an insurrection of the Parisians, and escaped from France. In Germany the Dominicans exercised their inquisitorial privileges to some extent, but were held in check by the independent spirit of the princes and the people. Italy was less fortunate, and her rising intellect was constantly subjected to the scrutiny of the Inquisition. Yet the principle, if not the institution, of the rancorous saint was applied in every land; and England, Germany, and France met every tendency toward reform by the whip and the stake. He who strove to amend his age, to teach freedom of conscience, to introduce a modern civilization, was destroyed by the united bigotry of Church and State.

In Spain the savage genius of Dominic gained its highest triumph. The Spanish Inquisition for more than six centuries has awakened the wonder and the horror of mankind. From Provence it was early transferred to Aragon and Castile; but its beginnings were modest, its influence comparatively slight, and it was not until the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella that its fatal tyranny began to sap the energy and destroy the foundations of Spanish civilization. Never, indeed, was there a land more filled with the elements of progress, more capable of a generous and honorable career, than was Spain in the

(1) Llorente, *Inquisition*, i., p. 61. See Rule, *Hist. of Inq.*, a useful work.

thirteenth century. As the Moors slowly receded before the vigorous revival of the Gothic race, the Spanish cities retained much of the refinement and grace of the gifted Saracens; the countrymen of the Cid had never forgotten the generosity, the honesty, the purity, inculcated in their national epic, and an industrious and liberal people swarmed over the banks of the Ebro and lined the fair valleys of the Guadalquivir or the Tagus. They were bold, free, and full of self-respect. The brave soldiers, the accomplished artisans, the wealthy merchants of Aragon and Castile, defended their privileges of free thought and free speech against every encroachment of the Church or the crown. Seville and Barcelona, Valencia and Cordova, were almost republican in their sentiment and their institutions; the rights of labor and of the intellect were respected; heretics, Jews, and Moriscoes lived unharmed together in many of the cities, and liberty of conscience was in part secured by the familiarity of the people with various creeds. No cloud seemed to rest upon the fair promise of Spain, when the teachings of the Popes and the rancor of Dominic fell suddenly like a thunder-bolt upon the sources of its prosperity.

The Jews were the wealthiest, the most active, and perhaps the most deserving of its population. Tempted by the soft climate, the productive soil, and the comparative liberality of the Spanish Government, the olive-colored children of the East had settled in great numbers in the prosperous cities of Spain.⁽¹⁾ They had grown rich by honest toil. The shops of the Hebrew lined the narrow streets of Cordova or Seville; and while Moors and Christians wasted their energy in useless wars, the capital and the industry of the nation fell into the hands of the followers of Moses. The synagogue grew up almost unmolested by the side of the church, and learned rabbis celebrated their ancient rites in the devout cities of Spain. Acute and versatile Hebrews were often raised to high offices in the State, gained the favor of their sovereign, and were intrusted with the most important affairs. The highest so-

(1) Llorente, i., p. 141; Prescott, Ferdinand and Isabella.

cial position was sometimes attained by the Jewish families.⁽¹⁾ Their daughters, gifted with the rare charms of an Eastern clime, richly dowered, and educated in refinement and ease, often intermarried with the sons of proud grandees who traced their descent from the companions of the Cid; and the immense wealth of many of the Castilian nobles was due to the successful industry of their Hebrew ancestors. Jewish money-lenders held half the nation their debtors; the Christian nobles and officials, careless and luxurious, often found themselves fallen into a servile dependence on the Hebrew; the debt was no doubt sometimes enforced with rigor; the rich land, the ancient estates of Aragon and Castile, were transferred to the Jewish usurer; the wealth of Spain seemed about to centre in the hands of an alien race. A throng of prosperous Jews in every city deserved, by their industry and frugal lives, their cultivation and taste, the general favor of their fellow-subjects.

But their success awakened envy; their debtors resolved upon their ruin.⁽²⁾ The fierce flame of religious hatred was aroused by the teachings of the Popes and the example of Dominic. The avarice or the dishonesty of the Christians was excited by the convenient doctrine that the spoil of the unbeliever belonged of right to his persecutors. A general persecution of the Jews began; and the unhappy people, terrified at the torture and the stake, hastened to seek for safety by becoming reconciled to the Church. Every city was filled with these new converts who had abjured the errors of Moses and received the rite of baptism. The synagogues were abandoned; the Sabbaths no longer observed; the abject race conformed with dangerous readiness to the requirements of their new faith. Yet the malice of their enemies would not be satisfied with their speedy conversion, and the persecutors soon discovered with secret joy that many of the new Christians, as the recanting Jews were called, were still in private attached to the Mosaic rites, were in the habit of abstaining from the meats forbidden by the law, of observing forbidden festi-

(1) Llorente, i., p. 141.

(2) *Id.*, i., pp. 142-146.

tivals, and celebrating within the seclusion of their homes the worship of Jehovah. A new persecution broke out more bitter than the first; the relapsed were punished with cruel pains; informers were enriched by the plunder of the wealthy criminals, and the Dominican Inquisitors wandered over Spain, crushing with austere severity the most industrious and deserving portion of its people. Merchants, mechanics, artisans, men of intellect and eminent statesmen, the chief authors of the national progress, were confined in horrible dungeons, tried by the code of Eymeric, and burned with novel tortures.⁽¹⁾

To complete the extirpation of the Jews, the Spanish Inquisition was established in its later form. It was a more methodical system than that of Dominic. A single Inquisitor-general presided over the inferior tribunals established in the chief cities of the realm; an army of familiars acted as the spies of the Dominicans; a series of holy houses was built for the use of the tribunal and its victims; a rigid watch was kept over every household; and a fearful gloom of doubt and terror settled upon the land. The Pope approved the new machinery of torture; Queen Isabella, after some show of reluctance, lent it her especial favor. Torquemada became the Chief Inquisitor of Castile, and his dreaded name has ever been associated with a relentless reign of terror.

Torquemada, the Cæsar of the Inquisition, ruled over the Church of Spain like the genius of slaughter. It is difficult to compare the degrees of human woe, yet it is probable that no pestilence was ever more hurtful, no conqueror ever more dangerous, to the human race than this chief of the holy tribunal in the boasted reign of Isabella. He is said to have burned ten thousand persons—his own countrymen—at the stake; to have punished a hundred thousand more with imprisonment in his dungeons, with confiscation and ruin; to have destroyed an equal number of happy homes. But in this computation are not included his countless victims among the Jews. And these frightful enormities were perpetrated in a

(1) Llorente, i., p. 149; Rule, Hist. of the Inquisition.

nation whose population can not have numbered many millions. The tyrant, conscious of general hatred, lived in a constant alarm. He wore a close coat of mail; a mounted body-guard of fifty familiars of the Inquisition, and two hundred on foot, surrounded him wherever he went: shielded by the favor of his sovereign, he swept through the provinces of Spain, carrying desolation to the peaceful scenes of industry, and enforcing the exterminating principles of Dominic.⁽¹⁾

At the instigation of Torquemada, an edict was issued, March 30th, 1492, banishing every Jew and Jewess from Spain who refused to become Christians. Their crimes were enumerated in a careful preamble; the wild accusations of their enemies had been eagerly received by the court, and it was believed that the Hebrews had intended to sacrifice a Christian infant in a sacred rite, to steal a consecrated host, and poison the Inquisitors with a magic compound; they were charged with perverting Christians, and indulging in impossible crimes. The last day of July, 1492, was fixed as the limit of their stay in their native land, and whoever lingered beyond that period was to be punished with death. The dreadful decree, scarcely paralleled in cruelty by those of Louis XIV. or Ahasuerus, of Philip II. and of Alva, was received with wailing and lamentation on the banks of the Guadalquivir and the Tagus, and a hundred thousand mourning families, often among the wisest and most innocent of its people, prepared to part forever from their beloved land.

Full of tender impulses, strongly ruled by the ties of home, of relationship, and of early association, often connected with the most eminent Christian families by marriage and a common descent, the Hebrew population employed the few weeks that yet remained in supplicating their inhuman masters to recall the fatal decree. They cried aloud for mercy; they promised to submit to any law, however oppressive, rather than be exiled from the fair landscapes of their childhood, and the cities and villages adorned and enriched by their toil. An aged rabbi, the most eminent of his race, who was well

(1) Llorente, i., p. 235; Rule, Hist. Inq., p. 113.

known to the king and queen, knelt, weeping, at their feet, offering an immense ransom of six hundred thousand pieces of gold for mercy to his people. Again and again he returned, seeking to move them. Thrice on his knees he importuned the hard-hearted Ferdinand. "I wearied myself," he relates, "to madness in striving to win their compassion; I besought all the councilors and princes." But Isabella interposed, ruled by the priests, and Torquemada forbade the reversal of the order. Ferdinand, tempted by the rich offering of the Jews, might have yielded to their prayers; Isabella was inclined to the side of mercy; Torquemada rushed into the room where they were deliberating, and cried out, "Judas sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver; your highnesses are about to sell him a second time for thirty thousand." He flung a crucifix upon the table before them. "Sell Him if you will," he exclaimed, and fled from their presence.⁽¹⁾ His fanatical appeal was successful; the prayer of the Jews was denied, and they were ordered to leave the country. They were permitted to take with them no gold nor silver, and were cast out, impoverished, among strangers.

Torquemada offered them baptism and reconciliation to the Church, but few submitted. He then forbade all Christians from having any intercourse with them, or affording them food or shelter. In July, the mournful emigration began, and eight hundred thousand persons, in long and sad processions, made their way to the sea-ports and frontiers of Spain. The Jews had exchanged their fine houses, their rich vineyards and fair estates, for articles of little value; had abandoned their synagogues to the Christians, and traveled on foot, on horseback, or in wagons, on their melancholy journey. Some had concealed small quantities of gold in their baggage; some even swallowed their golden ducats to escape the rigorous search. The rich defrayed the expenses of the poor with unstinted generosity; the strong helped the weak; women walked through the weary journey bearing their infants at their breasts; and the sick and aged often died upon

(¹) Rule, *Hist. Inq.*, p. 112.

the way. Even the Christians wept as they watched the fainting travelers, and besought them to be converted; but very few consented. The rabbis strove to encourage them with cheerful words, and made the youths and the women sing or play on pipes and tabors to soothe their sorrow. The sweet songs of Israel floated with touching melody over the pathway of the departing exiles.⁽¹⁾

How fair and graceful women, reared in luxurious ease, and learned and accomplished men, the best scholars of their age, perished in the crowded ships, or died starving in the burning heats of Africa and Syria—how fevers, famine, storm, and quicksands preyed upon the disheartened host—how mothers sold their children for bread—how faithful Israelites often preferred death to the violation of their ancient law—what infinite woes oppressed the victims of Torquemada, is told by contemporary writers with simple and startling accuracy; and we can well believe that in the last years of his life the Inquisitor's conscience was oppressed by no visionary terrors; that he lived in constant fear of assassination; and that the horrors he had inflicted were in some measure avenged. Hated and contemned by his countrymen, he might well fear their rage. The people of Spain abhorred the Inquisitor and the Inquisition. They felt its impolicy, and saw that it aimed its most deadly blows against the purest and best of their contemporaries; but their opposition was overwhelmed by the feudal and priestly caste, and the labor and intellect of Spain began swiftly to decline.

Yet the Inquisition had its birth at a moment of singular national prosperity. Granada had fallen when Torquemada issued his edict; Spain was united from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar; a grave and thoughtful mariner was soon to sail from Palos, on an expedition that was to bring immortal renown to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The New World was added to their dominions; while the voyage of Gama, not long after, opened to the sister kingdom of Portugal the boundless commerce of the Indies. Soon the wealth of the

(1) Contemporary narrative. Lindo, *Hist. Jews in Spain and Portugal*.

world began to flow into the fortunate peninsula—the gold of Mexico and Peru, the gems and spices of the East, were distributed over Europe from the ports of Lisbon and Cadiz; the Spaniards and the Portuguese seemed to stand in the front rank of the advancing civilization of the age. But in their onward path stood the genius of Dominic, turning them back with the flaming sword of persecution. The holy houses and the familiars, the stringent rule that repressed liberty of conscience, the silent terror that rested constantly upon the minds of men, planted the elements of decay in the heart of their wonderful prosperity. There is no more remarkable spectacle in history than that of the swift and unprecedented decline of Spain and Portugal. The Inquisition penetrated to every part of the peninsula; followed in the track of Gama and Columbus; destroyed the vigor of the most magnificent colonies the world had ever seen; was as fatal to India as to South America; and England and Holland snatched from the enfeebled South all the fruits of its renowned achievements.

Torquemada died, and was succeeded by Deza, the second of the great Inquisitors. He was no unworthy governor of the powerful tribunal. His victims are said to have numbered nearly forty thousand, of whom twenty-five hundred suffered the extreme penalty of fire. Deza supplied the Holy Office with new laws, improved its organization, and carefully enjoined that no town or hamlet, however humble, should be left unvisited by the Inquisitor.⁽¹⁾ Under his successful rule the secret tribunal grew into a vast engine of state, whose incessant blows fell heavily upon the great as well as the low. Bishops and archbishops, grandees and princes, were made to feel the power of the fearless tyrant; the Church trembled before the Inquisition; the people murmured, often rose in revolt, and were crushed into obedience. Deza died in the midst of a storm of discord in Church and State; his successor was “the learned, the liberal, the munificent” Cardinal Ximenes. To the liberal cardinal, Llorente attributes over fifty

(1) Llorente, i., p. 333.

thousand victims. Under this learned Inquisitor the holy houses sprung up in great numbers, and within their secret cells were perpetrated unexampled enormities. They were filled with accomplished scholars, rising poets, pure and high-born women, the artisan, and the serf; and to the magnificent Ximenes is due the gradual extinction of the last traces of the Moorish civilization of Spain.

The Moors had filled the lower provinces of the peninsula with countless evidences of their industry and their taste.⁽¹⁾ Gardens of rare beauty, blooming with the flowers of the tropics; farms cultivated and watered into perennial fertility; factories where the finest tissues of linen or silk were woven by workmen of unrivaled skill; palaces and mosques whose rich and lavish decorations surpassed the fairest creations of the Gothic architects; schools and colleges whose accomplished professors had taught to barbarous Europe the first elements of the sciences—were swept into ruin by the ruthless Inquisitors, and faded away with the wonderful race that gave them birth. A few shattered fragments, a few modern imitations, alone attest the taste of the Moorish builders. At Seville, the Alcazar displays the wild yet chastened splendor, the myriad of original decorations, the lavish use of color and mosaic, that marked the palaces of the Saracenic rulers; at Granada, the delicate outline and stately courts of the Alhambra have delighted and instructed generations of observers; and the imagination may faintly conceive what was the pride and glory of the land when its busy cities, clad in orange groves and hidden in verdure, were filled with a dusky people cultivated to the highest refinement, and were profusely adorned with a native architecture of which the Alcazar and the Alhambra are almost the last surviving examples.⁽²⁾

Avarice and fanaticism soon destroyed the feeble Moors. They were ordered by the Inquisitors to be baptized; they

(1) Llorente, i., p. 325.

(2) Wells, *Antiquities of Spain*, p. 327, describes the Alcazar at Seville, its court, and orange groves. And Lady Louisa Tennyson laments over the fall of the Moors amidst their rare creations, p. 386. Cordova, too, has fine remains of Moorish architecture.

yielded. They were still dragged to the dungeons of the holy houses on suspicion of a relapse. On the faintest evidence of having abstained from wine or forbidden meats, they were sent to the torture. They rose in fierce but vain revolts; they fled to the wild mountains, and hid in dismal forests. Their factories were closed; their colleges disbanded; their wealth, once the wonder of their contemporaries, melted away; and at length a few impoverished and dejected Moors, the remnants of a mighty race, seared by the fires of the Inquisition, were banished from Spain (1609), amidst the savage joy of the devout court and the haughty Dominicans. It is not possible to estimate accurately the loss of their native land in the expulsion or the destruction of the Moors and the Jews; several millions of the population perished; cities and villages sunk into ruin; the most industrious of its people were extirpated; and neither the genius of Columbus nor the valor of Cortez could make amends for that fatal check which the prosperity of Spain received at the hands of its Inquisition.

Since the time when the Dominicans had wandered by night through the streets of Albi, dragging its affrighted heretics to their secret tribunal, the Holy Inquisition had constantly advanced, until it became a well-ordered and methodical institution, governed by a code of laws that seemed to its admirers the perfection of wisdom and humanity. The copious rules of Eymeric, laid down in the fourteenth century, formed the basis of its proceedings.⁽¹⁾ They were extended and improved by the experience of Deza and Torquemada. The first principle of its conduct was a solemn secrecy. Its familiars and informers mingled in all societies, watching silently for their prey. The heretic was seized without any warning. He was ordered to appear at the Holy House.⁽²⁾ Here he was required to state whether he was conscious of any heretical act or thought. He was shut up alone in a cell

⁽¹⁾ Llorente, i., p. 85. Eymeric composed his "Guide" about 1356.

⁽²⁾ Almost the first step was plunder; see Montanus, *Inquisition*: "*Bonorum sequestratio*." The accused was asked "*an habeat secum aut pecuniam, anulumne, aut monile aliquod pretiosum*." His goods were sequestered.

in order to give him leisure for reflection. From his dreadful solitude, in darkness and despair, he was brought out to frequent examinations before the awful tribunal; and if he still refused to confess his crime, he was shown the instruments of torture. If he still remained obstinate, the torture was applied in the presence of the Holy Inquisitors: it was renewed as often as his strength allowed. Often months and years rolled over the obdurate reformer, alternating between the silent gloom of his narrow dungeon and the unsparing application of the dreadful rack. Men and women grew crazed with suffering, and the strongest intellects sunk into idiocy. At last the impenitent reformer was declared condemned and convicted, was given over to the civil tribunal, and graced the final festival of the triumphant Church.

The holy houses of Castile and Aragon had also been improved. At first a castle in the Triana of Seville was used as a prison for the suspected; but as the Inquisition grew in power its residence was called a palace; its holy house was usually a vast and sombre building, strongly built, and placed in a conspicuous street of the city it was designed to overawe. Within, it possessed spacious and often splendid apartments, where the high officials lived in luxurious ease, and whose walls often resounded with the sound of revels and feasts, of witty conversation and licentious mirth. But beneath were the dungeons and the cells. A long corridor or hall was lined on each side with chambers ten feet deep, lighted by a small aperture with a faint gloom, and shut in by double doors of immense strength. A single prisoner was usually inclosed in each cell; he saw no one but the jailer, and was fed upon scanty and coarse food. No friend was permitted to visit or to cheer him, or even know of his abode; he met only the averted glance of familiars who abhorred him as a heretic, or of the Inquisitors who condemned him to the rack. He was forbidden to cry out, to lament, or even to implore the mercy of his tormentors; the watchful officers enjoined a perfect silence through the dim corridor, and its crowded population were early taught the danger of disobedience. A maniac laugh, a feeble wail, alone were heard at intervals in the abode

of despair.⁽¹⁾ Yet far down below, beneath the surface of the earth, were the deepest dungeons of the Inquisition, the prisons of the most advanced of the reformers. Here no ray of light penetrated, no genial warmth from heaven reached the chill and moldy cells.⁽²⁾ Here Lutherans and Calvinists, the impenitent Jew, the relapsed Morisco, the English missionary, and the Vaudois teacher were held close in the grasp of the Inquisition. A company of the gentle and the good wasted away in perpetual torture. For them no hope remained until, at the caprice of some royal Catholic or ambitious Inquisitor, they were summoned from their living grave to ascend amidst the flames to heaven.

Such were the remedial pains of the holy tribunal, whose memory is still held dear by the advocates of papal infallibility. We shall not pause to dwell upon the variety and the curious originality of the implements of torture. The ingenuity of meditative monks and fanciful Inquisitors seems to have been employed through laborious days and years of vigils in the wonderful inventions: the machines for twisting joints and stretching sinews; the ponderous weights that pressed upon the body; the stream of water whose intermittent flow was designed to produce a temporary suffocation; or the thumb-screw and the various improvements upon the rack.⁽³⁾ Yet it may be safely asserted that each machine was well fitted for its appropriate aim, and must convey a high idea of the inventive genius of the disciples of Loyola and Dominic.

So vigorous, so successful had been the assault of the Inquisitors upon the new civilization of the fifteenth century, that, like the Albigenses of the thirteenth, the reformers of Europe seemed everywhere disheartened or destroyed. An apparent unity reigned throughout the West. Huss had perished at Constance; the ashes of Wycliffe had been scattered to the winds; the Paterini concealed themselves in the cities

(1) Montanus, in *Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*, vol. xiii., p. 24.

(2) Montanus: "Angustia, pedore et si inferne est, humiditate, sepulcrum quam vivorum carcerem rectius dixeris," p. 105.

(3) The plates in such books as the *Inquisition Unmasked*, etc., give a trustworthy conception of the various tortures.

of Italy; the people of Europe, never reconciled to the tyranny of Rome, were yet terrified into silence; an infallible Pope, a Borgia, or a Medici ruled unchecked from the bleak Grampian Hills to the torrid coasts of Sicily; and the fires of the Inquisition were soon to be lighted in the city of Montezuma and the capitals of Hindostan. A halcyon day had come to Christendom, and the Church was never more outwardly prosperous than when Alexander VI. sat on the papal throne, or when his son, Cæsar Borgia, preyed upon the people of Rome. The awful prodigy of a man eminent in crime presiding over the congregation of Christians, and proclaiming his own infallibility, awakened no resistance in the minds of priests or Inquisitors, and the voice of the people was hushed in the general terror of the Dominicans.

One illustrious victim alone had ventured to denounce the crimes of Alexander, and to herald the era of reform. Savonarola had fled from his father's house in early youth to become a Dominican monk, and had given his life to austere devotion.⁽¹⁾ His first attempts in preaching had failed—he stammered, he faltered; but his fervid genius and his boundless faith soon threw off the restraints of timidity, and his commanding intellect gathered around him a host of followers. From the magnificent Cathedral of St. Mark, at Florence, in the classical and skeptical age of Lorenzo de' Medici, he assailed, with unexampled eloquence, the corruptions of the Church, the vices of the Pope, and even the elegant licentiousness of the great Lorenzo. Immense congregations heard with delight his inspired voice, and it is not difficult to conceive with what extraordinary power such sermons as those on the vanity of human glory and the chief end of man must have touched the consciences of the impassioned people.⁽²⁾ Florence was swept by a storm of religious frenzy.

(1) Tiraboschi, vi., p. 1125. He was born 1452. He became a Dominican. He began some years after to ascend the pulpit—"a salire sul pergamo in Firenze"—but with little success.

(2) *Sermoni e Prediche di F. G. Savonarola*, 1846. *Della Pace Superna Città; Del Verbo della Vita*, etc. "Lasciate ormai i pensieri del secolo, e ricordatevi del vostro Creatore," he cried, p. 34. See *Del Fine dell' Uomo*, p. 189.

At the command of the new reformer nobles abandoned their luxurious indolence, and the people cast aside their light amusements, to join in the austere observances of the congregation of St. Mark's. The world was forgotten and despised, and every eye was fixed on a life in the city of God. Savonarola lived in a monkish cell; but he had early been touched by the sorrows of the poor, and his aspiring genius seems to have meditated a political, a moral, and a religious reform. He resolved to make Florence once more a republic, to curb the tyranny of the great, to destroy the papacy, to arouse in the heart of decaying and licentious Italy the higher impulses of an uncorrupted faith.

When Lorenzo the Magnificent was dying, he perhaps remembered the sermon on the heavenly city, and sent for the monk to hear his last confession; the preacher came to the bedside of his enemy, full of charity and forgiveness. He heard his promises of amendment, bade him submit to the will of God, but required him to declare that, if he survived, he would restore its ancient liberty to Florence. Lorenzo hesitated; Savonarola left the room without giving him his absolution. The legend may not be trustworthy, but it indicates the vigorous love of freedom that was attributed by his contemporaries to the eloquent monk. Soon after Lorenzo had died a republic sprung up at Florence, of which Savonarola became the spiritual chief; he labored for the elevation of the working-classes, and strove to blend together the whole population in the enjoyment of liberty, equality, and religious freedom.⁽¹⁾ Yet it is possible that his various and endless excitements disturbed his reason, and that in his last years he believed himself capable of prophesying and working miracles as well as of amending mankind. His generous life came to a disastrous close. One of his followers promised to work a miracle, but

(1) "To some," says Tiraboschi, with caution, "he seemed inspired; to some, an impostor." The learned Jesuit can not admit that Savonarola was a saint, for had he not been condemned? vi., p. 1126. Roscoe, *Life of Lorenzo*, ii., pp. 370, 375, sneers at the ardor and hopes of the victim. But Comines, c. xxvi., bears witness to the sanctity of his life; says he did not attempt the miracle, and was destroyed by a faction.

failed ; his enemies seized Savonarola, and dragged him, with two of his friends, to prison ; the guilty pope, Alexander VI., prepared a commission to try him for heresy ; he was put to the torture, was condemned, and, with his two associates, was burned in the city he had labored to set free. His ashes were thrown into the Arno, and the fair river of Florence is ever eloquent with the fate of the great genius that, perhaps, laid the foundations of European reform.

Savonarola had taught that civil and religious freedom are inseparable, and his austere lessons perhaps affected the opinions of the chief of sculptors, Michael Angelo,⁽¹⁾ and the tasteful Vittoria Colonna. But with his death the Inquisition ruled once more unrestrained, and the zeal of the Dominicans was only baffled by the difficulty of finding a heretic in all the wide dominion of the Church. The holy houses were empty except for a few sorcerers or magicians, and the abundant machinery of the secret chambers decayed in idle disuse. Alexander, Julius, or Leo X. had no disobedient children, and the people of Europe slumbered in peaceful submission.

As if to provide sufficient employment for the disciples of Dominic, for priests and kings, another monk renewed the contest between the people and the Church ; and at the command of Luther, a greater Savonarola, the next important struggle began between Europe and the Pope. There was now no more rest for the Inquisitors. The Reformation made its way even to Spain, and the holy houses of Valladolid and Seville were once more filled to excess with the learned, the progressive, and the wise.⁽²⁾ Even Italy itself was found to be swarming with gentle and cultivated reformers ; whole states and kingdoms in the North separated from the infallible Church, and were only to be regained by fire and the sword. The ashes of Savonarola, that had been flung into the Arno ; the ashes of Huss and Jerome, that had consecrated the Rhine, had germinated into countless bands of heretics,

(1) Prediche, Preface.

(2) *Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*, vol. ii. ; Perez, *Epistola*. Bibles and tracts were brought into Spain hidden in casks of wine, p. 10. Seville and Valladolid were full of Lutherans.

who renewed the faith and the rites of the Albigenses and the Vaudois, and who proclaimed the revival of apostolic truth.

Surrounded by the advancing tide of modern civilization, assailed by the printing-press and the free school, the keen literature of progress, the discoveries of science, and the mighty intellects of the reformers of the North, the Inquisitors of the sixteenth century showed no want of barbarous zeal in their defense of the infallible Church. In Italy and Spain their victory was complete.⁽¹⁾ The Spanish Inquisition sprung up into fresh vigor; new Torquemadas and Dezas applied the code of Eymeric to every city and village, and banished every trace of heresy from the decaying land; a long line of illustrious victims perished, almost unrecorded, at the hands of the secret tribunal;⁽²⁾ monks were snatched from their cells, bishops from their thrones, professors from their colleges, and grave citizens from their families and homes, to pine in hideous dungeons, and die at last amidst the flames. The literature of the age reflected the spirit of persecution, and great poets and historians encouraged the barbarous instincts of their countrymen. The descendants of the generous Cid, the contemporaries of Camoens and Cervantes, became noted throughout Europe for their savage cruelty; the Inquisition had instructed the Spanish and Portuguese in lessons of barbarism such as no civilized race had ever learned, and had planted its holy houses and celebrated its fearful sacrifices throughout all the vast region that had been won by the genius of Columbus and De Gama.

The favorite spectacle of the Spaniards was an *auto-da-fé*. As the holy day approached on which the enemies of the Church were to perish, a sacred joy sat on every countenance. Seville or Valladolid resounded with the note of preparation; the great square was filled with workmen raising a series of seats for vast numbers of spectators, and the halls of the

(1) Llorente or Rule may be consulted; Montanus; and Perez, *Epistola*.

(2) *Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*, vol. ii.; Perez, *Epistola*, Int., p. xviii. Two hundred reformers were arrested on one day at Seville; in all eight hundred. Perez wrote his consolatory letter to the persecuted congregation.

Palace of the Inquisition echoed with religious festivity.⁽¹⁾ The most glorious sacrifice of the Universal Church was about to be celebrated; its safety and honor were once more to be assured; priests and citizens exulted that the city of their birth was to be purged from the chief of criminals, and that heresy was to find no shelter in the streets still enlivened by the orange gardens and the graceful courts of the exiled Moors, and adorned by the palaces and cathedrals reared from the plunder of the industrious Jews. A lavish expense was wasted on the national festival. No Roman triumph or imperial show could equal in magnificence the great acts of faith of Valladolid and Seville;⁽²⁾ no gladiatorial combat within the Coliseum was ever witnessed with deeper enthusiasm; no Roman multitude was ever more eager to cast Ignatius to the lions than were the assembled hosts of priests and people to conduct the feeble heretic to the flames.

On the day before the festival the gates of the palace of the Inquisition were thrown open. From its secret halls a band of its servants descended into the public square, amidst a crowd of spectators, bearing banners on which the rules of the proceedings were inscribed. For two days the Inquisitors took possession of the city, and gave notice that no one, however high his rank, should wear arms during the festival, and that no private carriages would be allowed on the streets through which the procession was to pass. Meantime every household was filled with a singular interest—a feigned or fanatical joy. The little children who were at school were being trained to the part they were to take in the gay procession; young men and women were eager to secure seats on the grand gallery, where they could observe the splendors of the royal court and the magnificence of the procession; the prudent parents prepared to join the eager crowd, lest their absence might provoke some jealous priest. At night the

(1) Schmidt, *Mönch- u. Nonnen-Orden*, p. 159: "Die *auto-da-fé* waren Feierlichkeiten."

(2) Montes, *Inquisition*, in *Ref. Ant. Españoles*, vol. v., p. 146: "El aparato i pompa con que en el aquel triunfo se prozede, que ni Persica pompa, ni Romano triunfo, pueda compararse."

interest deepened. The procession of the Green Cross, composed of all the monks and friars of the city, and of all the secret tribunal, assembled at the Holy House, and, bearing long white torches, passed through the public streets to the place of execution. An altar had been raised on a scaffold in its midst, and a large green cross, covered with a black veil, rose high over the scene. Around it blazed twelve white tapers of enormous size. A low, sad chant was raised by the monks as they moved along; the veil was taken from the cross; a band of instrumental music filled the air with barbarous melody; a guard of lancers and a few Dominicans were left to watch the green cross throughout the night, and the monks and friars dispersed until the morning.⁽¹⁾

The first gay beams of sunlight on the festal day were welcomed by the incessant tolling of the great bell of the cathedral. The people sprung up at the summons, and all the city was full of expectation. The King of Spain, the royal family, and all the beauty and chivalry of the realm, were to prove their piety by attending at the act of faith; the most holy bishops and archbishops, and all the inferior clergy, were to assist at the destruction of the traducers of Mary. Meanwhile at the Holy House a banquet was prepared for the throng of officials;⁽²⁾ next, the Chief Inquisitor, standing at the door of the palace, read the roll of the condemned. They came forth at his summons, fainting, from noisome dungeons, starvation, disease, or torture; some with a smile of triumph, some weeping in idiotic woe. Those who were to be burned wore a yellow sack over their feeble bodies—a tall paper cap upon their heads, painted with the figures of horrible demons; those less guilty wore coarse black cloaks; some were gagged; and by the side of each victim walked two guards, or sponsors, to support him to the place of death.⁽³⁾

It was usually a Lord's day, the hours hallowed by the joyous memory of the resurrection, when the procession began

⁽¹⁾ Rule, Hist. Inq.

⁽²⁾ Montanus, p. 132: "*Splendescite mane, ministri ac familiares,*" etc.

⁽³⁾ Rule, Hist. Inq., p. 152. The form of the procession seems to have varied at times, but the Inquisitors were always most conspicuous.

to move through the orange groves and beneath the sunny skies of Seville. At its head came the Dominicans, bearing a black banner inscribed with a green cross. Full of pomp and pride, the Chief Inquisitor and his servants, surrounded by a mounted company of familiars, led the way to the scene of their final triumph. A troop of little children from the city schools came next, the emblems of innocence. The victims followed, in yellow robes and towering caps, walking two by two. In front of them was borne a banner, on which was painted the severe but august likeness of Dominic, founder of the Inquisition. Images or effigies of heretics who had escaped the rage of the persecutor came next, destined to be thrown into the flames. All the authorities of the city, high officials and dignified citizens, followed; then a long train of regular and secular clergy, and a crowd of the rabble of the town. To the chant of a solemn litany, the various members of the procession, led by the Inquisitors, entered the vast amphitheatre provided for the spectacle, and slowly ascended to their appropriate seats in the spacious galleries.⁽¹⁾

Never scene more imposing opened upon human eyes than one of these palaces of persecution raised by skillful architects in the stately square of Valladolid—a limitless range of platforms and galleries, encircling a broad arena, covered with rich carpets and costly hangings, bright with ornaments of gems and gold, splendid with thrones and chairs of state, and so arranged that from every seat the spectator might embrace at a glance the whole scene of the dying heretic and the countless array of his persecutors. On Sunday, October 8th, 1559, Philip II., to prove his gratitude to Heaven for preserving him in a violent storm off Laredo, celebrated an act of faith at Valladolid. The splendor of the pageant was unexampled. The wealth of the Indies was lavished in decorating the pandemonium, and providing robes and banquets for the ecclesiastical concourse. The grand square of Valladolid was encircled by magnificent ranges of galleries, radiant with gilding,

(1) Montes, p. 146: "Las canciones son las letanias de los santos," etc. I have sometimes used the Latin text.

and hung with cloth of the rarest texture. In one sat the King of Spain and of the Indies, with his son, the Prince of Asturias, who was believed to be tainted with the heresies of the Netherlands, and who was himself destined to die at a later period by the hands of the Inquisitors.⁽¹⁾ His sister and his cousin, the Prince of Parma, were also there. Three ambassadors from France looked on at the splendid scene. The Archbishop of Seville, with a train of bishops, nobles, and dignitaries of state, assisted at the festival of the Inquisition, and the fairest and noblest women of Spain filled the seats around the royal gallery. The chief officers of the city occupied conspicuous places, and range over range of curious citizens, dressed in their richest attire, looked on, an uncounted multitude, and filled every seat in the immense amphitheatre.

But in a plainer gallery, placed so as to be easily seen by all that devout throng, were gathered a pallid and feeble company of the elect. Their yellow robes, their sordid dress, their grotesque and terrible decorations, marked them as the enemies of the Church, and the victims of the proud and great. One was the Lutheran pastor of Valladolid, who had ministered in secret to his humble flock, who had pined for a year in the dungeons of the Inquisition, but whose constancy had never wavered, and who now came forth with holy joy to endure the pains of martyrdom. May the name of Don Carlo di Sesso forever live in the memory of the just, when the splendid host of his royal and priestly persecutors have sunk beneath the abhorrence of posterity! With a gag in his mouth, he sat unterrified before his destroyers. Some had wavered, but had not been forgiven. Fourteen in the fatal gallery were destined to the stake. One was a nun, a woman, gentle, high-born, and pure. She had adopted the opinions of Luther, had been shut up in fearful dungeons, and stretched upon the rack. She had confessed her errors, and her powerful relatives strove to save her life; but she was a nun, and the Inquisitors asserted that her guilt could only be expiated by fire; and the fair and gentle woman perished with the rest.

⁽¹⁾ Llorente, ii., p. 234.

A bishop ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon full of bitter denunciations of the helpless heretics ; the sentences were read, a solemn *miserere* swelled over the vast assembly, and the king, with his guards, followed the condemned as they were led away to the place of burning. Here Philip, the Nero of his age, his vices notorious, his crimes unpardonable, looked on with cruel joy and untiring zeal until the last of the martyrs had been burned, and nothing remained of the holy pastor or the gentle nun, and all their sad society, but a heap of ashes.

Italy, soon after the advent of Luther, was threatened, in the sixteenth century, by the fearful spectre of modern civilization.⁽¹⁾ The Pope trembled on his throne. The German Reformation seemed about to swell in disastrous inundations over the Alps. Academies of science and letters had grown up at Modena or Turin, whose gifted members were known to hold opinions not far removed from those of Calvin or St. Paul. Literature and science stood on the side of reformation ; the new books of the day were often unsound in doctrine, and eloquent for progress. The Lutheran theories had penetrated the cloister, and an Augustine monk preached heresies at Rome. The papacy must have fallen had not Ignatius Loyola stood at the side of the trembling Paul, inspired him with a stern audacity, and painted to his fancy a magnificent vision of the renewed Church ruling over the East and the West, proclaiming its own infallibility, and crushing heresy by fire and sword.

Loyola, the Dominic of the sixteenth century, had revolved in his dull and clouded intellect, but ever fearless and adventurous, a project for assailing the central defenses of modern civilization, and crushing it by its own arts. Why, he meditated, might not the discoveries of science and the genius of letters be condemned to labor for the propagation of the Church and the defense of infallibility ? Why could not learning, wit, philosophy, progress, be concentrated in his own

(1) M'Crie, *Reformation in Italy*, p. 372. A letter from Rome shows that a large part of the Romans sympathized with Luther. For the reformers of Naples, see *Life of Juan Valdés*, Betts, p. 106-109 ; and the *Alfabeto Christiano*, *Reformistas Ant. Esp.*, tome xv.

society, while all the outer world lay eclipsed in darkness? Why might not the intellect of the Jesuits rule mankind, and heap contempt upon all those inferior spirits who were too faintly educated to discover the divine power of the infallible Church? He would seize upon education and the free school, as Dominic had seized upon the pulpit, and make his company a society of teachers. But to the free school he would also join the Inquisition. The example of Spain, where heresy had swiftly decayed under the rigid rule of Torquemada, showed how admirable was the remedy of Dominic, how speedy its operation. The Spanish Inquisition must be enlarged to embrace all mankind. Its centre should be Rome, the Pope the Chief Inquisitor. The Society of the Jesuits should go forth on their missionary labors holding in one hand the sword of St. Peter, and in the other the sceptre of mental supremacy; and, by an incongruous union of education and the *auto-da-fé*, must modern civilization be reduced to subjection, and made the firm ally of the Moloch he would erect at Rome.

From the suggestions of Loyola grew up, in 1542, the Roman Inquisition.⁽¹⁾ It was controlled by six cardinals, the most active of the sacred college, who were empowered to destroy the heretic wherever he could be found. No mercy was to be shown to the enemy of the Church and of Heaven. The punishments were to be speedy, the sentences without reprieve. A doubtful word, a hesitating assent, were held to be sufficient proofs of guilt; and it was made the duty of every devout Catholic to inform against his relatives, his neighbors, and his friend. A house was at once hired at Rome for the meetings of the tribunal, instruments of torture were provided, and a modest beginning was made by the burning of several heretics before the graceful Church of Santa Maria.⁽²⁾ The Pope and the college of cardinals often attended the executions, and watched with approving countenances the final doom of the

(1) Ranke, *Popes*, i., p. 157, is inclined to lessen Loyola's share in the honor of erecting the new tribunal, but the Jesuits claim for him the chief part.

(2) For various executions, see M'Crie, p. 278-284.

impenitent. But, as the labors of the Inquisitors increased with the rigor of their search, a larger building was demanded, and new implements for their dreadful trade. The people of Rome, in a wild tempest of rage, broke down the gates of the first prisons and set them on fire. At length, to defy their malice, in 1569, was completed that grand and sombre palace of the Inquisition, within whose dreadful cells a long line of illustrious Italians have suffered or died; whose massive walls and Cyclopean architecture for three centuries filled the minds of the helpless Romans with awe or hate; and whose dungeons, pitfalls, and secret machinery have but recently been exposed, by a happy revolution, to the light of modern civilization.⁽¹⁾ The Pope, Pius V., now assumed the title of Supreme Inquisitor. The successors of St. Peter have never ceased to hold that eminent position; and it is the duty, the right, and perhaps the desire of Pius IX., as it was once of Pius V., to inflict upon every heretic the remedial pains of the holy tribunal.

Consternation filled all Italy as the ministers of the new tribunal penetrated into every city and village, and struck down their victims with relentless speed.⁽²⁾ Every day at Rome, in 1568, a heretic died; the jails were filled with the suspected; in the rural districts great numbers of Protestants were seen making their way toward the Alps. The Inquisitors hunted their flying victims with unequaled success; men of science, of letters, and of elegant cultivation, fled from Italy to the shelter of the North. The academies of Modena and Turin were silenced or dissolved, and Venice lamented in silence the loss of its industrious heretics and the ruin of its prosperity. It is quite impossible, indeed, to estimate too highly the woes inflicted upon Italy and upon mankind, upon letters, science, and the industrial arts, by the series of Popes who, as Supreme Inquisitors, struck down the most eminent men of their age,

(¹) The building was partly destroyed in 1808, and another built in 1825.

(²) Ranke, *Popes, Inquisition*, gives some of the details. See *Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*, tome xv., Int., p. xxxv. *et seq.* Carnessechi, the friend of Valdés, was one of the victims.

and aroused throughout Europe the flames of religious strife; who burned a Bruno, persecuted a Galileo; and who taught the half-savage Europeans to extirpate the Huguenots in France, and chase the Hollanders to the walls of Leyden. As Supreme Inquisitors the Popes have never ceased to inculcate the destruction of the heretic, and the high privilege is still openly claimed by the last Pope and the last council of suppressing heresy by force.

Generations have lamented with vain regret and useless indignation the dark cloud of sorrow and shame that fell upon the illustrious old age of him, the glory of modern science, who first unfolded the machinery of the heavens; who opened to mankind the magnificent scenery of the skies; who pierced the spacious firmament, and revealed the most wonderful of the works of God. The greatest, and perhaps the wisest, of all the victims of the Holy Office was Galileo Galilei.⁽¹⁾ He was born at Pisa, in 1564, when the rigor of the Inquisition was just beginning to crush the intellectual energy of Italy. He gave himself to scientific studies, and was early renowned over Europe as the most active of discoverers. He was made professor at Pisa, Padua, and Florence; his lectures were attended by archdukes and princes, and by a yet more noble band of ardent disciples; his generosity to his mother, his sisters, and his friends kept him poor; yet he was constantly covered with honors and emoluments, and his incessant labors were ever rewarded by discoveries in almost every branch of science.

To crown his prosperity and complete the splendor of his renown, Galileo, in 1609, chanced upon one of those inventions that in all the annals of science have most struck the imaginations of men. He had invented the telescope. The wonderful instrument, even in its infancy, delighted and astonished his age. Europe lavished its honors and its applause upon the Tuscan artist, who had given to his race new fields of knowledge and a boundless realm of speculation. The senators and nobles of Venice climbed their highest campaniles, and

(1) Nelli, *Vita del Galileo*: Tiraboschi, p. 8.

saw through Galileo's telescope distant islands and shores, that had never been visible before, approach and grow distinct, and watched their galleys, laden with the wealth of commerce, advance and recede far down the Adriatic.⁽¹⁾ The merchants of the City of the Sea felt at once the priceless value of the invention. But when Galileo turned his telescope to the heavens, a new series of discoveries broke suddenly upon his fancy, so unlooked for and so entrancing as have fallen to the lot of no other man. The moon revealed the rivers and mountains on her spotty globe—her caverns and volcanoes, her arid plains and dusky hollows; planets were seen for the first time encircled by their attendant moons;⁽²⁾ the Milky-Way dissolved into countless stars; the tangled threads of the Pleiades were swiftly unraveled; and the huge orb of Saturn, the giant of the planets, appeared belted by its luminous rings, and covered with exterior veils of glory. The majestic depths of the heavens, never before pierced by mortal eye, were found swarming with hosts of stars and radiant with islands of light; and the magnificent vision which had filled the fancy of the Hebrew poet with a sense of his own insignificance and of the omnipotence of his Creator, was adorned with a thousand novel beauties and surpassing wonders at the touch of Galileo.

The philosopher could little have foreseen the dangers that surrounded him in the moment of his unprecedented success. He heard calmly the applauses of Europe, and modestly received the honors heaped upon him. Animated by the favor of his age, he pursued his researches with ceaseless ardor, and added each year to the sum of human knowledge. He strove to penetrate the secret of the heavens; to separate into accurate divisions its grand machinery, and fix the place, the orbit, and the aim of suns and planets. At length the theory, which had been suggested by Copernicus, but which was proved alone by his own discoveries, and made intelligible by

(¹) Nelli, *Vita del Galileo*, i., p. 165. The invention is claimed for the Dutch and the Jesuits. "Sparsasi la fama nella Veneta metropoli di essere stata costruita questa macchina," etc., i., pp. 165, 166.

(²) Nelli, i., p. 199.

his clear argument, was announced to the world, and Galileo declared that the solid earth was ever in motion, circling round the sun.⁽¹⁾ "It moves!" he cried, with boundless ardor; and men listened to him with astonishment, awe, and doubt.

Few, indeed, in the dawn of the seventeenth century, were willing to receive the revelation of the Tuscan artist, or to accept that principle which was to form the elementary faith of modern science, which was to become as familiar to civilized man as his alphabet, by which suns were to be measured, planets weighed, and comets tracked in their wild flight through unbounded space; which was to fire the genius of a Newton and a Herschel, and conduct the minds of men to a familiar acquaintance with the skies. Who could believe that the solid globe, with its mountains and seas, its mighty empires, and its busy tenants, was ever rushing swiftly around its immovable sun? Every sense seemed to contradict the announcement of science. Sight taught that the heavens moved around the earth; none felt the tremor of incessant motion; no ear could catch the music of the spheres. Ignorance derided the new theory; philosophers of the Ptolemaic school opposed it with vigorous arguments; and truth seemed about to die out in the clamor of the multitude and the hostility of rival sects.

Galileo might have despised or pitied the violence of his scientific foes, but he soon found himself drawn within the toils of that secret tribunal which aspired to hold in check the progressive thought of Italy. In his scientific enthusiasm the philosopher had uttered heresy. A fierce Dominican, in a labored essay, detected the unpardonable error. It was heresy to say that the earth moves. The infallible Church had declared that it stood still.⁽²⁾ How could a vain philosopher presume to know more than Popes, councils, fathers, who had all strictly maintained the Ptolemaic theory? Such presumption could not be borne, and Galileo was summoned by the Inquisitors before the tribunal of Rome. It is possible that some trace of shame, some fear of perpetual infamy, the aid of his royal friends, and the compassion of the Pope, may have led

⁽¹⁾ Tiraboschi, viii., p. 190.

⁽²⁾ Nelli, i., p. 96.

the congregation of cardinals to soften the pains inflicted upon their illustrious prisoner, and they only demanded that he should abandon forever the fearful heresy of Copernicus. He consented, abjured his scientific errors, and was admitted once more to the bosom of the Church. Yet he must have felt his degradation keenly; and his firm and manly intellect, buoyant and ever joyous, could only have recovered slowly from its subjection and dishonor.

Fourteen years rolled away in ceaseless study. The prosperous manhood of Galileo declined into feeble old age. His hair and beard were white as snow; his eyes, that had first pierced the depths of the heavens, were growing dim; his health decayed, and he was often prostrated by disease.⁽¹⁾ Poverty, too, had come upon him in his old age, and his salary was taken away. His generosity, that had never failed, had left him little for his own support. Yet his cheerful and active intellect was still fertile in resources, and he had amused the decline of life by enlarging and perfecting his theory of the skies; truth ever grew more dear to him; the prospect of immortal renown blinded him to his danger, and he resolved to proclaim once more, in defiance of the Pope, the Church, and the Inquisition, the unchangeable law of the solar system.⁽²⁾ He composed those graceful and witty dialogues in which the acute Salviati and Sagredo rally the dull Simplicio on his belief in the antiquated errors of Ptolemy, and gave them (1632), with wide applause, to the Italian public.

Horror and indignation awoke in the breasts of the Holy Inquisitors when they discovered the design of the popular book; and Pope Urban VIII., who was thought to be intended in the character of Simplicio, was filled with senile rage. The Jesuits, who had envied the scientific glory of Galileo, pressed for his destruction; the Dominicans pursued him with unsparing denunciations. He was summoned to Rome to undergo the penalty of heresy. Faint and feeble, Galileo left his favorite home at Florence, the scene of his joys and his

(1) Nelli's portrait of Galileo shows the effect of age.

(2) Nelli, ii., p. 512.

triumphs, and, weighed down by sickness and misfortune, became the prisoner of the Roman Inquisition. His confinement was not severe, yet he grew weary and sad. He was brought before the holy tribunal and condemned, after a vain defense; his sentence was read to him on a memorable day, when the assembled Inquisitors sat in their high tribunal, full of empty pride, and the great philosopher, clothed in a penitential garb, knelt humbly at their feet. It was the triumph of ignorance and folly over the humiliation of one of the most eminent of his race.

His sentence was still to be fulfilled. A series of ridiculous and degrading punishments was imposed upon Galileo by the silly and ignorant priests. He was to abjure his heresy in the presence of the cardinals; to retract all that was said in his book; to promise that he would never more assert that the earth moved around the sun; to be imprisoned in the cells of the Holy House; to recite weekly the Seven Penitential Psalms; and to remain for the rest of his life under the watchful care of the Inquisition. Once more the dull and malicious cardinals sat on their thrones of state, while Galileo, clothed in sackcloth, was led in a prisoner, his illustrious head bowed in penitence, his mighty spirit touched by remorse and shame. He knelt, and, placing his hand on a copy of the Evangelists, declared that he would never more assert the motion of the earth. Thus was Science dishonored by Popes and priests in the person of her immortal son. Yet tradition relates that, as the venerable philosopher rose from his knees, he was heard to murmur, "But it moves, nevertheless." He was imprisoned for a few days in the Inquisition, and was then carried to Arcetri, near Florence, where he was held a prisoner for five years. He became totally blind in 1637, his health having declined in his captivity; and at length he died, in 1642, at the age of seventy-seven. The malice of the holy tribunal pursued him even after his death, and his remains were scarcely suffered to be interred in consecrated ground. They were hidden, at last, in an obscure corner of the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, and were left without a monument to indicate the place where slept the greatest genius of his age.

Amidst the storm of ridicule and reproach with which posterity has overwhelmed the infallible Church for denying that the earth moves, and for inflicting its rigorous pains upon the aged and illustrious Galileo, Tiraboschi, the Jesuit, with the ingenuity of his order, suggests a casuistical defense.⁽¹⁾ It was the Inquisition, he says, that denied the axiom of science; but the Inquisition is not infallible, and the Church does not consent to be bound by its decisions. Yet, if the Pope, as Supreme Inquisitor, may enforce opinions in science or morals that are untrue, how can we be sure that he is infallible when he acts in any other capacity? If he asserts it to be the doctrine of the Church that the earth does not move around the sun, either he fails in interpreting the opinion of his predecessors, or he declares the Church to believe what observation has shown to be false. In either case infallibility sinks before the light of science. Galileo's doctrine survived his abjuration and his death, and the name of the martyr of the Inquisition is written among the stars.

In another branch of science the holy tribunal was scarcely more successful. A learned Jesuit in the seventeenth century first suggested the method of ascending the air in balloons; another, Bartolomeo Gusmão, toward the close of the century, seems nearly to have succeeded in the design. He had seen in Brazil light vegetable substances of a spherical shape float in the air, and imitated them in paper balloons filled with gas. At length he formed a larger one, and, having come to Lisbon, proposed to ascend himself in the presence of the people. Amidst a wondering multitude he sent up one of his balloons, the first, perhaps, that had ever been seen, and assured his friends that there was no danger nor difficulty in navigating the air.⁽²⁾ He even offered to carry the Grand Inquisitor and all the holy tribunal with him on his adventurous journey; but the clergy shuddered at the impious attempt to defy the

(1) Tiraboschi, viii., p. 177: "Ma rifletterò solamente che il Galileo non fu condannato nè dalla chiesa universale, nè dalla Romana, ma solo dal tribunale della Inquisizione." The ex-Jesuit had not forgotten his casuistry.

(2) Crétineau-Joly, *Compagnie de Jésus*, iv., p. 318.

laws of nature; the Holy Office resolved to interfere. The Inquisitors were convinced that the ingenious Jesuit was possessed by an evil spirit; that Satan alone could have invented the strange machine. Gusmão was seized and thrown into one of the deepest cells of the Holy House, and vainly strove to persuade his persecutors that his invention was opposed to none of the doctrines of the Church. His arguments were rejected as frivolous. The Church condemned the balloon; and the ambitious *aéronaut*, after lingering some time in confinement, was set free at the solicitation of his fellow-Jesuits, fled to Spain about the year 1700, and seems never to have again attempted to navigate the air.

Between the magicians and sorcerers of the Middle Ages and the acute Inquisitors a long contest raged, and all the gentle solicitude and the medicinal pains of the Holy Office were employed in vain in extirpating the ever-increasing host of the servants of Satan.⁽¹⁾ The magician of the Inquisition was a being sufficiently portentous. He was invested with all the learning of the time. He had studied alchemy, geometry, and mathematics in the schools of the Arabs. He could raise the spirits of the lower world, and call the dead from the grave, the demon from the abyss. In some dark and subterranean vault, hung with black, in a lonely wood or torrid desert, or amidst the ruins of an abbey or a castle, the magician stood at midnight, clothed in an *ephod* of white linen, and an exterior robe of black bombazine sweeping the ground. His faithful assistant was at his side. A storm of thunder and sharp lightning raged above as he traced around him his magic circle, inscribing it with triangles and crosses, and marking it with hallowed names. The circle was his only safeguard against the raging band of demons. He stepped within the safe precinct, and, holding a Hebrew Bible in his hand, began to mutter his most powerful incantations. Wild cries and fearful noises soon arose; flashes of fire and tremblings of the earth announced the approach of the Satanic company.⁽²⁾ The magic

(1) Llorente, ii., p. 40-61.

(2) Del Rio, *Disquisitiones Magicæ*. The learned Jesuit gives ample details of the magic art.

circle was surrounded by spirits in the shapes of savage lions and tigers, vomiting flames, and struggling to devour their impassive master. He must remain calm and without a tremor, or he would fall a victim to the malicious beings he had summoned; he must awe them into obedience. When they found that they could not alarm him, the spirits assumed graceful and enticing forms, and strove to deceive him into confidence. But the skillful magician knew that they were as false and malicious as they were cruel, and looked upon them with stern and self-respecting eyes. He laid on them his commands; forced them to fly over land and sea, mountains and deserts, to do his bidding, and only ventured to step beyond his magic circle when the last shriek of the demon host had died on the midnight air. But the harmless pretender often found himself in the hands of the familiars of the Inquisition, no less treacherous and cruel than the spirits they imagined and described. For centuries the dungeons of the Holy Office were filled with sorcerers and witches. And when the belief in the occult arts had long ceased in other lands, an unlucky sorceress was burned, in 1780, by the Spanish Inquisition.

Thus in the sixteenth century was the tide of modern civilization rolled back from Italy and Spain, and every trace of resistance to the papal power had disappeared before the iron rule of the disciples of Dominic and Loyola. A new ambition inspired the Supreme Inquisitor, the Jesuits, and Philip of Spain: encouraged by their unquestioned triumph, they now proposed to extirpate the heretics of Germany and France, and bring back rebellious England to a modest submission to the ancient faith.

How nearly this design had succeeded, how almost resistless was the progress of the Inquisition and of the papal armies in the close of the sixteenth century, can scarcely be reviewed without a shudder by the historical inquirer who remembers the fate of all Southern Europe under the remorseless rule of its oppressors. That England, Germany, and the Scandinavian kingdoms escaped the doom of Italy and Spain, is one of the marvels of history. The Popes deposed Elizabeth, absolved her subjects from their allegiance, and aimed the assassin's

dagger at the heart of the courageous queen. Had she fallen, Mary of Scotland might have ascended the vacant throne, and the armies of Philip have swept over the divided land. England, already half Catholic, and torn by civil discord, must have made a bold but useless resistance to the superior skill of the Prince of Parma and his well-trained troops. France in this ominous period was striving to destroy the Huguenots; and the Holy League and the Catholic princes were eager to enforce the principles of Dominic and Loyola throughout all their bleeding country. Supine and enfeebled, the German Protestants awaited that storm of ruin which the vigor of Wallenstein was soon to let loose upon the whole region, from the Danube to the Baltic coast. The war in the Netherlands was raging with unexampled horrors; the Inquisition was triumphant over the deserted ruins of Antwerp, and the silent streets of Brussels and Ghent; and Holland, the last fortress of European civilization, had Elizabeth died or the League been successful, must have sunk forever in despotism and oblivion.

Of all the disastrous wars of this unhappy age, clouded with human calamity, the lessons of Dominic and the zeal of the Inquisitors were the primal cause. To plant the Inquisition in the cities of the Netherlands, Philip II. employed all the resources of his immense empire, and all the remorseless arts he had learned in the schools of the holy tribunal. He was eager to celebrate an act of faith in Amsterdam or London, and to renew the favorite spectacle of Valladolid or Seville in lands teeming with heretics, and filled with the elements of reform. His fanatical passion was very nearly gratified. He assassinated William of Orange, and the Prince of Parma pressed successfully upon the last defenses of Holland. More than once Philip had nearly procured the death of Elizabeth of England. His ships and his armies threatened to bear the rack and the scourge to the home of Shakspeare, Bacon, and Spenser. Often it seemed in doubt whether England might not be crushed beneath a new Torquemada, and its Protestant population perish in the final triumph of the Inquisition.⁽¹⁾

(1) It is shown by the accurate pictures of Motley and Froude how feeble were the defenses of England, how superior the resources of Spain.

It is a curious, perhaps an instructive, question to examine the results that must have flowed from the success of the devout hopes of the Popes and the Inquisitors—an inquiry now as practically needless as the question of the Roman historians as to what would have followed had Alexander invaded Italy. *But the complete subjection of Holland and England to the Supreme Inquisitor at Rome must have been attended by a change so vast in the condition of mankind as can scarcely fail to arrest curiosity; nor can it be doubted that it would have been succeeded by a limitless period of decay. The English kings must have followed the example of those of France. In 1600, Henry IV. enforced a general toleration, and France grew in industry and power. In 1700, his descendant, Louis XIV., had become his own Supreme Inquisitor, and expelled the working-classes from his kingdom. Indolence, chivalry, and a barbarous passion for military glory, made France the terror and the shame of Europe. An Inquisition ruling in London, and a line of Catholic kings on the English throne, must have destroyed the industry of the nation, and planted the elements of moral and mental decay wherever the fleets and colonies of England penetrated. Holy houses would have sprung up along the coasts of North America, and an act of faith might still have formed the favorite amusement of the people from Labrador to Patagonia. The chief employment of governments would have been to crush heresy; of the mechanic, to invent a new rack or a more effectual thumb-screw; of the author, to celebrate the victories of infallibility; and of the man of science, to defend the miracles and the doctrines of Dominic. To such a destiny were the people of Spain and Italy condemned in the prosperous period of the holy tribunal.

But England and Holland repelled the armies of the Inquisitors, and preserved their narrow territories to be the birthplace of a new civilization. It was the terror of the Inquisition that aroused the people of both countries to their desperate resistance. In England, the Puritans, children of industry and of honest thought, gathered around their queen, and kept the wavering Elizabeth in the front of the Protest-

ant movement of the age. A war with Spain was always popular; a raid on Lisbon or Cadiz enlisted the sympathy of men of intellect and men of toil. But in Holland the dread of the Inquisitors and the horrors of the Spanish rule awoke to a still grander heroism a people singularly calm and phlegmatic. "Better to die together," they exclaimed, "than to submit to the slow ruin entailed by the holy tribunal." Industry and intellect rose in the contest. The laboring classes and the men of thought flocked to the free cities of the beleaguered land; and, amidst the perils of an inexorable war, factories and work-shops were never idle, great fleets thronged the ports of Amsterdam and Zeeland, universities were founded, churches flourished, and the dismal fens and wastes of Holland became the centre of the highest progress of the age, because they had driven back the Inquisition.

Discomfited in all their plans of conquest, the Inquisitors retreated to Italy and Spain, and here, throughout the seventeenth century, exercised an unparalleled severity. The passion for *autos-da-fé* grew in strength with the kings and the people, and each Spanish monarch celebrated his accession to the throne by the popular spectacle. At the great act of faith in 1680, the famous, the noble, and the gay attended. An immense concourse of people assembled in the galleries.⁽¹⁾ The king looked on from eight in the morning, with devout interest, until the last rites were performed; and it was observed, as an example to all future ages, that his majesty neither withdrew to take any refreshment nor showed any signs of weariness, but was ever cheerful and composed. A work was published describing the ceremony, with all its horrible details. The names of the eminent spectators are recorded, the pious zeal of the king celebrated; and the author's production is commended by the censors of the press as worthy to be read, not only in Spain, but throughout the world. So glorious a triumph of the faith ought never to be forgotten.

From the year 1700 the vigor of the Inquisition began to decline. Literature aimed its sharpest blows at the institu-

(1) Bourgoanne, Travels in Spain, ch. xiii.

tions of Dominic. The free press, which it had striven to destroy, covered the secret tribunal with ignominy, and denounced its most glorious triumphs as more savage than the wild orgies of the Carib. Even Spain and Italy felt the abhorrence of mankind; the acts of faith no longer drew applauding crowds at Valladolid and Seville; the bull-fight and the blood-stained matadore supplied the excitement that had once followed the Inquisitor and his victim; and liberal priests began to lament the fanatical rage that had covered their Church and their native land with infamy. Yet the Holy Office still defied the indignation of the reformers, and as late as 1763 heretics were burned in the midst of Spanish civilization; the Inquisition still ruled with a mysterious terror over the minds of men; literature, science, and invention still withered beneath its frown. The French Revolution and Napoleon swept away the Inquisitors and the holy houses; they were restored by the arms of Wellington and the return of the old dynasty. In 1823, a Tribunal of Faith punished heretics; and in 1856, English and American missionaries were imprisoned or banished by the Spanish priests.⁽¹⁾

Under the rule of its native Inquisitors, Spain sunk into a complete decay. Aragon, in the last century, presented a dreary waste of deserted hamlets and villages, and of cities where a scanty and degraded population wandered amidst the ruins of former opulence and grandeur.⁽²⁾ In every province the same spectacle of ruin met the traveler's eye. Cordova, the centre of Moorish industry and taste, once teeming with its countless artisans and scholars, had become an insignificant town, abandoned by almost every trace of its ancient renown; but its wonderful cathedral, the mosque of Abd-er-Rahman, glorious in its wilderness of jasper and marble columns, the fair creations of the Moorish architects, its ruined courts filled with groves of orange-trees, shading with tangled shrubbery their sparkling fountains, its immense and tarnished exterior, still

(1) Rule, *Hist. Inq.* Llorente, iv., p. 143, saw the Inquisition abolished by Napoleon.

(2) Bourgoanne, *Travels in Spain*, vol. iii., ch. v.

revived the memory of the gifted people who had perished by myriads under the bitter tyranny of the Inquisition. The rich province of Granada was still more desolate. Its thin and impoverished population starved amidst the opulence of nature—amidst the gentle climate and prolific soil that had once nourished the countless subjects of Bobadil, and where the tall mountains covered with eternal snow, the rich valleys never reached by the torrid heat, the torrents of limpid water leaping from the precipices and fertilizing the happy plains, the boundless productiveness of fruit and flower, seemed to invite the hand of industry, and promise perpetual ease to man. Above the fair but solitary scene arose the Palace of the Alhambra, almost as perfect as when the victorious Spaniards first entered its graceful courts, and drove into exile the Moorish host.⁽¹⁾ Seville, from whose gates four hundred thousand Moors marched out at the entry of Ferdinand, was now languishing in a feeble decline—its priceless industries slowly passing away. Such was the Spain of the Inquisition in the last century, and such it had almost been to-day.

It was the people against whom the Holy Office had aimed its sharpest pains; it is the people who have at length swept it from their path of progress. Since the flight of its queen and the fall of the ancient dynasty, no trace of the Spanish Inquisition lingers in the land of its birth; the Bible, for the first time, is freely read in Valladolid and Seville; the Lutheran, the Hebrew, and the Morisco may wander at will over the scenes where the great acts of faith were celebrated, and the Protestant missionaries preach to attentive audiences on the squares where their spiritual ancestors, clad in yellow robes, perished amidst the clamor of rejoicing priests. The change is startling; it is full of promise for the people of Spain; and we may trust that freedom, civilization, and progress are once more to visit the peninsula; that with the death of the Spanish Inquisition the factory and the workshop, free

⁽¹⁾ Bourgoanne, iii., ch. v., describes the decline of Seville, and notices the waste wealth of Granada. Andersen has painted the modern aspect of Granada and Cordova. *Travels in Spain*, ch. ix.

schools and colleges, will spring up amidst the ruins of Granada and Cordova; and that Spain, under republican institutions, may enter anew on that path of progress from which it was turned back four centuries ago by the flaming sword of persecution.

We have no space to follow the desolating march of the Holy Office over the East and the West; to its grim and fearful dungeons, so often filled with victims, in the torrid heats of Portuguese Goa; to the acts of faith of Mexico and the calamities of Peru. The story would be the same unvarying record of cruelty and crime. It would be easily shown that most of the misfortunes of Latin America may be traced to the Inquisitor—the decay of the intellect, the barbarism of the people, the fall of a vigorous race. The revolutions excited by fanatical priests have never ceased to spread anarchy throughout Mexico and South America, and the Popes at Rome have steadily endeavored to overthrow those free governments that have sprung up in the rebellious colonies of Catholic Spain. The Supreme Inquisitor still professes to command in New Granada and Peru.⁽¹⁾

But we may pause to sketch briefly the fate of the Roman congregation. The Popes as Supreme Inquisitors proved worthy successors of Deza and Torquemada. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries heresy died out in the Papal States, and the Italians were carefully shielded from the growing blight of modern civilization.⁽²⁾ The Vaudois, whose missionaries had stolen into the patrimony of St. Peter, were nearly lost in a storm of persecution; the Lutherans fled to the hospitable North; literature faded into dull submission, and science mourned over the fate of Bruno and Galileo. One of the most eminent scholars of his age, Giordano Bruno, had traveled over Europe, and had returned trusting to find a safe refuge in the territories of republican Venice. He was

(¹) Laurent, *Le Catholicisme*, etc., p. 581: "Mais il a abrogé en Amérique les principes et les maximes qui forment la base de notre droit public." Pius IX. annulled the laws of Mexico and New Granada, see p. 549.

(²) M'Crie.

suspected of holding heretical opinions, was seized, and finally taken to Rome. He was shut up in the new prisons of Pius V., and defended his faith in various arguments with Bellarmine and the congregation of cardinals. Two years passed away. The cardinals grew weary of the vigorous controversy, and the poet, scholar, and philosopher was condemned to degradation and death. In February, 1600, the fagots and the flames concluded the argument with a signal victory for the Church.

From 1600 until 1808, the prisons of the Inquisition, surrounded by a terrible mystery, overshadowed the homes of the Romans. Their annals are lost, their records destroyed. No footsteps crossed their awful portals but those of the priests who administered their secret punishments, and the victims whose silence was successfully insured. The armies of the First Napoleon destroyed them, at least in part; they were renewed in 1825;⁽¹⁾ but when Pope Pius IX. fled from Rome before the revolution of 1848, the people broke into the mysterious cells and set free an aged bishop and a nun, the only occupants of the labyrinth of torment.⁽²⁾ Gavazzi, who entered the deserted palace surrounded by the enraged citizens of Rome, describes the narrow corridors, the fearful cells, the pitfalls—the evidences of unpardonable crimes—the luxurious chambers and stately halls, in which the cardinal Inquisitors had held their revels and condemned their guiltless victims. Yet, when the armies of the French republic had restored Pius IX. to his unstable throne, the Inquisition was once more renewed; the Pope ruled again as Supreme Inquisitor. Giacinto Achilli occupied for a time a cell in the ruined prisons, and was then removed to the safer shelter of St. Angelo. He was afterward suffered to escape by the directions of the Emperor of the French.

For more than twenty years Pope Pius IX. has ruled over

(¹) Jules Janin, *Voyage en Italie*, 1838, describes the ruin of Bologna. From "*cette ruine savante vous passez dans une autre ruine, Ferrare*," p. 246. It reflected that of Rome.

(²) Rule, *Hist. Inq.*, p. 430, gives Gavazzi's letter. *Id.*, p. 433.

the Roman Inquisition, the last remnant of that mighty fabric which had once overshadowed great states and empires, and had embraced all Europe in its fatal chains. If we may trust the records of his officials, his reign has not been unworthy of his unsparing predecessors. The Holy Office, even in the midst of the nineteenth century, has proved no empty shadow to those who have deserved its attention; and Dominic might have recognized in its careful scrutiny of heresy, blasphemy, and sorcery the vigorous tribunal that swept the Albigenses from the earth.

Pius IX., when the French arms had destroyed the Roman republic, entered upon his new despotism with all the fierce resolution of an Innocent III. He felt himself to be infallible. No gem had been ravished from his triple crown that he was not prepared to reclaim; no prerogative that had been assumed by his predecessors but was still inherent to the chair of St. Peter. The press was laid under an interdict; the Bible in the vernacular was banished from Rome; Protestant assemblies were forbidden; and the thunders of the Vatican were launched against the surging waves of modern reform.⁽¹⁾ An excommunication was hurled against Victor Emmanuel and the Italians, and troops of Jesuits and monks, of priests and cardinals, filled the Eternal City with the clamor of a new religious warfare. Strong in the protection of imperial France, the priestly rulers despised the united hostility of the Roman populace, shut up the Roman reformers in dismal dungeons, or mercilessly shot them down upon the Roman Campagna. Rome became the last refuge of religious persecution — the scene of enormities over which Dominic and Loyola might have exulted with fond congratulations.

The Inquisition was at once revived. In March, 1850, a convention of cardinals, bishops, and archbishops met at Loretto, the most sacred shrine of Mary, and issued an edict, which was afterward confirmed by the Pope, to enforce the

⁽¹⁾ I need scarcely confirm facts so notorious by any authorities; yet the reader will do well to look over the Syllabus and the canons, and the decrees of the Council.

devotion of the rebellious people.⁽¹⁾ Whoever committed the crime of blasphemy by offering insults to the Blessed Mary or the saints, might be punished with from ten to thirty days' imprisonment; and upon a second offense the extreme penalties of the canon law might be imposed.⁽²⁾ Heresy was to be punished still more severely; and whoever should omit to inform against a heretic might share his doom. Whoever refused to kneel in the public way as the host passed by, neglected a feast-day, violated a fast, or profaned a church by any act of irreverence, was exposed to the penalties of the law. An earlier edict, which is still retained, enjoined all good Catholics to inform against any one who was a sorcerer, who had made a compact with Satan, or who prayed or made libations to the Prince of Evil.⁽³⁾

These regulations seem to have been enforced with all the bitterness of spiritual tyranny. Informers sprung up in every district, and priests and monks hunted the heretic in his most secret retreats. At Fermo, a citizen died under torture; at Bertinoro, in 1855, five years' imprisonment was imposed for insulting a priest.⁽⁴⁾ The prisons of Pius IX. were filled with unhappy captives who had offended against the spiritual or the temporal authority of the Church.

Thus, in the midst of the glories of modern civilization, in the heart of the nineteenth century, the reign of Pius IX. passed on before the eyes of Europe, a living picture of the barbarism and degradation of the days of Pius V. or Innocent III. Rome was a fortress, a prison, and a convent. The streets of the Eternal City swarmed with a population of indolent monks and begging friars.⁽⁵⁾ The pompous festivals of the mediæval Church drew crowds of curious pilgrims from Europe and America, who wondered or smiled at the magnificence of its pagan rites, and too often forgot the woes of the murmuring people who trembled before their priestly rulers.

(¹) Italy in Transition, Appendix, gives the edict.

(²) Article VI., cap. i.

(³) Italy in Transition, Appendix E., p. 460.

(⁴) Italy in Transition, p. 215. The act of faith was not renewed.

(⁵) Seymour, Pilgrimage to Rome (1848), p. 187.

The Romans wept in secret over their untold oppression; the stranger alone swelled the multitude that assisted at the ceremonies of St. Peter's. Few cared to remember, beneath the glitter of the illuminations and the magnificence of the stately show, that a garrison, half brigand, half convict, gleaming in rich uniform, and armed with the most effective rifle, was required to suppress the indignation of every Roman patriot and maintain the barbarous government on its throne; few suspected that in almost every dwelling of the decayed and fallen city were impoverished families lamenting for their exiles or their dead, and men and women shuddering at the enormities of the papal guard.⁽¹⁾ Rome sat separate from the civilized world, surrounded by the waste of her desolate Campagna, a heap of venerable ruins; and the last Supreme Inquisitor—the successor of Deza and Torquemada—enforced for a moment the discipline of Dominic, and, supported by a host of bishops and cardinals, launched his final anathema against the progress of the age.

Chanting the hymns of Luther, and patriotic songs that recall the wild strains of the Teutonic hosts that flung themselves upon the armies of Julian, the Germans crossed the Rhine, and marched victorious to the walls of Paris. With the fall of his imperial ally, the Pope was left without a friend. Italy in a moment sprung to arms, to deliver the hapless Romans and expel the robber garrison from the Eternal City. Fifty thousand ardent soldiers, beneath the burning heats of September, encamped around Rome upon the desolate Campagna, and awaited patiently on that deadly plain, scorched by the autumnal sun and tenanted by poisonous vipers, until the Holy Father, after a mischievous delay, consented to resign his temporal crown.⁽²⁾ A brief assault and a needless waste of

(1) Some earlier travelers—Lady Morgan, Mrs. Trollope, and others—see only the splendid rites. Simond, *Tour in Italy* (1817), p. 297, is more discriminating.

(2) *London Times*, September 24th; *Daily News*, September 27th. In consequence of the delay, great suffering was occasioned in the Italian army; soldiers died of malarious fevers; food and water were scarce; the ground was covered with poisonous vipers.

life enforced his submission; the Italian troops and a train of exiled patriots swept into the rejoicing city. The Romans met their deliverers with grateful acclamations, and, clinging to their side, exclaimed, "Save us from the Pope and his brig-and soldiers!" A boundless joy, a guiltless triumph, swelled over Italy, and every patriot exulted in the thought that for the first time since the fall of the Roman empire his country was united—was free.

The German march across the Rhine was the signal for another change. The Holy Office was no more. The Supreme Inquisitor had been driven from his temporal rule; the prisons were opened; the persecuting edicts were of no further significance; the Bible was read beneath the shadow of St. Peter's; and Vaudois missionaries from the valleys were already planning a seminary and a church at Rome. For the first time since the destruction of the Albigenses, it may be safely affirmed that the Inquisition of Dominic has ceased to exist.

Yet the sacred duty will ever remain for us and for posterity to celebrate, with gratitude and admiration, the memory of the countless hosts who perished by the fires of persecution; of those generous martyrs who fell in the front ranks of human advance. The gentle Albigenses, gifted children of the South; the Spanish Hebrew, teacher of industry and thrift; the Moors, adorned by scholarship and taste; the Lutheran and the Calvinist; the men of science, philosophy, and thought—the honored list of the victims of Dominic and the Inquisition—must shine forever with a softened lustre amidst the gloom of the Middle Ages; and it is possible that some historian from the declivities of the Rocky Mountains or the shores of the Pacific, when, six hundred years from now, according to the limitation of Cicero, he studies the annals of European barbarism, will neglect the useless strife of savage kings and persecuting priests to record the fate of the inventors and artisans, the laborers and the thinkers, who laid in suffering and toil the foundations of modern freedom.

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

ON the sharp promontory of St. David's, that cuts the turbid waves of the Irish Sea, stood Dermot Macmorrough, Prince of Leinster, planning the ruin of his native land. Exiled for his cruel oppressions, hated and condemned by friend and foe, the royal traitor, says the contemporary chronicle, watched with eager eyes the distant coast of Ireland, and caught with joy the scent of the gales that breathed from his ancestral fields.⁽¹⁾ To Dermot of Leinster his countrymen may well ascribe the loss of their freedom and the destruction of their national faith. The savage chief was one of the numerous kings or rulers of Ireland. He was tall in stature, of huge proportions, valiant in war, terrible to his foes; his sonorous voice was become hoarse from raising the war-cry of battle;⁽²⁾ his sanguinary joy was to count the heads of the slain and exult over the heaps of the fallen. But misfortune or retribution had at last come upon the haughty Dermot: his people had risen against his tyranny. And a woman, adds the monkish writer, with natural injustice, has usually been the cause of the chief woes of man, as witness Helen or Cleopatra; nor was this destructive element wanting to the sorrows of Dermot.⁽³⁾ The barbarous Paris had snatched from King O'Roric of Meath a faithless bride; the Irish princes, like the Grecian chieftains, had united to avenge the unpardonable wrong; Roderic of Connaught, then monarch of all Ireland, led the forces of his country against the offender; the nobles of Leinster deserted their guilty prince, and Dermot fled to Wales or

(1) Giraldus Cambrensis, *Hibernia Expugnata*, cap. ii.: "Et quasi desideratæ nidorem patriæ naribus trahens."

(2) Girald., *Hib. Ex.*

(3) "Sed quoniam mala fere cuncta majora tam M. Antonio quam Troja testante."

England in a convenient ship, glowing with hatred against his countrymen, resolved to destroy, by the aid of foreign arms, the irresistible confederacy of the Irish chiefs.⁽¹⁾

Revenge, or a passionate longing to revisit the green meadows of Leinster, probably blinded the Irish chieftain to the consequences of his design. Yet, however deep and insatiable his vengeance, he must have shrunk appalled from his fatal purpose could he have foreseen through the lapse of centuries the endless chain of tyranny he was about to entail upon his country; the miseries of its people, that were never to cease; the cruel triumph of the Norman knights as they hunted the Irish from their pleasant pastures to wild fens and dismal solitudes; the utter ruin of its ancient Church, that was to be crushed beneath the furious bigotry of Rome; the series of perpetual sorrows that were to weigh down an innocent and happy race, and make the Irish name from the twelfth to the nineteenth century the symbol of national subjection and decay.

Nor could Dermot have succeeded in his aim had he not been aided by the two most potent of his country's foes. The Norman King of England, Henry II., and the Pope of Rome, had already resolved upon the destruction of Ireland. Of the causes and the results of this unmerited enmity we propose to give a brief but, we trust, a not uninteresting sketch.

From that gloomy period that lies between the fifth and the tenth century, when all Europe was desolated by the swift inroads of Northern barbarians, and when Goths or Huns were laying the foundations of novel systems of government, the island of Erin, sheltered amidst the waves, shines out with the tranquil lustre that won for it the appellation of the Island of the Saints.⁽²⁾ No savage hordes ravaged its fertile fields; no papal crusade corrupted its early Christianity; a soft and misty climate made it the perpetual abode of plenty

⁽¹⁾ Hanmer and Campion should be consulted for the early history; Moore is uncritical; O'Connor more independent. The Four Masters give the annals briefly.

⁽²⁾ Campion, *Hist. Ireland*, p. 19, is filled with legends, but is entertaining. Hanmer relates the miracles of Patrick, p. 76.

and temperate ease.⁽¹⁾ From the central ridge of picturesque mountains, often covered with bog, or supporting, like natural vases, some crystal pool amidst their summits, the soil of Ireland slopes downward on all sides to the sea. It was ever rich in pastures and meadows, honey and milk; countless herds of cattle wandered beneath its forests and over its bountiful fields; it purchased, with its hides and skins, an abundance of wine from the coasts of Poitou; its stags, with noble antlers and slender shapes, ranged in troops over its sequestered hills, and herds of wild boar, more numerous than those of any other land, filled the thickets of Ulster and Killarney. There were swans and cranes; crows, always party-colored, and never black; no nightingales; swift hawks and countless eagles, who could gaze with unwinking eyes upon the sun, who soared upward until they almost reached the fiery gates of heaven, whose lives were so prolonged that they looked down from their mountain peaks upon the successive generations of dying man, and scorned the feeble race beneath them.⁽²⁾

One strange exception marked the animated life of Ireland. At least in the year 1170, we are assured, no venomous reptiles could exist upon its sacred soil;⁽³⁾ no snakes nor adders, no scorpions, frogs, nor dragons, were found in its green fields, or lay hidden in the recesses of its mountains. In France, it was said, the frogs filled the air with their croaking, in Britain they were silent, but in Ireland there were none; reptiles or toads brought in ships to the shores of Leinster died as they touched the enchanted ground; the soil of Ireland, sprinkled over foreign gardens, expelled the reptile crew; once only a single frog was discovered alive in the grassy meadows of Wexford, and was surrounded by an immense crowd of the Irish and the English, gazing in speechless wonder upon the unparalleled prodigy. Bearded natives and shaven strangers

(1) Girald., *Topog. Hib.*, is always unfavorable to the victims of the Geraldines, but extols the country.

(2) Girald., *Top. Hib.*: "*In ipsos solaris corporis radios.*"

(3) Gerald, who studied the country with care, affirms the virtue of the Irish soil. The tradition proves that reptiles were at least rare: they have since multiplied.

were struck with equal consternation. Ghost or apparition they might have borne with calmness, but a frog, green and vigorous, was never seen in Ireland before. At length Donald, King of Ossory, a man renowned for wisdom and prudence, advanced among the thick press of his people to explain the omen. Beating his head, and weighed down by unfeigned grief, he cried, "That reptile is the bearer of doleful news to Erin."⁽¹⁾ The Normans soon after, says the chronicler, invaded the unhappy land, and fulfilled the saying of the acute Donald.

The people of Ireland belonged to that wide-spread family of Celts that had once ruled over France, Britain, and the hills of Scotland. They were tall, well-formed, and vigorous.⁽²⁾ Their hair and eyes were black; parents educated their children to bear privation and live on scanty food; their dress was a thick coat of the black wool of the country, and heavy hose or breeches—a plain mark of barbarism to the Normans, who still wore the flowing robes of ancient Rome. They suffered their beards and hair to grow to an enormous length; they built no towns nor cities, but lived a pastoral life, filling the woods and fields with immense herds of cattle. Yet, like all the Celts, the Irish were passionate lovers of music and poetry. Bards, renowned from Cork to Derry, sung at the great assemblies of Tara the exploits of the O'Tooles and the O'Neils, and took rank with the chief nobles and princes. The musicians of Ireland excelled those of all other lands; they touched the strings of their native harp with such delicate and cultivated art, and produced strains so soft yet lively, so rapid, sweet, and gay, that even their Norman conquerors yielded to its seductions, and filled their castles with Irish harpers.⁽³⁾ The Irish bishop or saint in his missionary toils carried his harp with him to soothe his lonely hours. The

(1) Topog. Hib., cap. xxiv.: "*Pessimos in Hiberniam rumores vermis ille portavit.*" Gerald relates the incident as if of his own knowledge.

(2) Girald.: "*Pulcherrimis et proceris.*"

(3) Girald., Top. Hib., cap. xi.: "*In musicis solum instrumentis commendabilem.*" The Irish airs began and closed on B flat, and were singularly melodious.

Irish princes swept their harp-strings with rapid touch as they made ready for battle.

But the chief boast of Ireland was its independence. The Romans had seen, but scarcely visited, the savage isle, whose inhabitants, Strabo relates, sometimes devoured each other. The Saxons had made no incursions on the Irish shore. The Norwegians, masters of the Western isles, founded the flourishing cities of Dublin, Wexford, Cork, or Limerick, but were blended peacefully with the native inhabitants; and of all the Celtic races the Irish alone remained free. Their kings were elective; a supreme ruler was chosen in the national assembly, and was crowned upon the Stone of Destiny at Tara; the impulsive people obeyed cheerfully their native rulers, and only rebelled when some cruel Dermot drove them to revolt and outraged the higher instincts of humanity.

Christianity, in its purer form, came to Ireland about the middle of the fifth century.⁽¹⁾ For six years Patrick, the son of pious parents, the child of a priest, had been held in slavery in Ireland, and on the hills of Antrim had tended his sheep and worshiped God. Every seventh year it was the Irish custom to set free all bondmen. Patrick returned to his native Brittany, to his parents and his Christian friends, was ordained a presbyter, and studied in the Celtic schools of Gaul. Yet his fancy must often have gone back to the pleasant fields and generous natives of Antrim, where his spotless youth had passed, who were still lost in savage superstitions, who sacrificed the firstlings of their flocks, and sometimes their infants, in the Valley of Slaughter, and knelt in the groves of the Druids. A vision came to Patrick as he labored at his studies in Gaul, summoning him to the conversion of Ireland. A voice called him in the midnight: he obeyed. About the year 432 he crossed the seas to the land where he had once been a slave, and preached the simple Gospel to the bards, the princes, and the bearded people of Erin.⁽²⁾

(1) Thierry, *Conquête de l'Angleterre*, iii., p. 195 *et seq.*, presents an accurate picture of the early Irish Church.

(2) The only trustworthy account of Patrick is his own *Confessio* and a single letter. The more recent lives are filled with the visions and miracles of the Dark Ages.

In the year 432 there were no images nor crucifixes, no pompous ritual, no spiritual despotism, no moral corruption emanating from Rome. The Imperial City, sacked by Goth and plundered by Hun, torn by discord, soon to be desolated by Genseric, and reduced almost to a naked waste, harried by robbers and polluted by savages, had sunk to the condition of a provincial town. Its scanty population, its corrupted priesthood, or its trembling bishop were scarcely able to maintain the existence of its fallen Church. Patrick, therefore, the humble slave and missionary, brought to Ireland the simple elements of an apostolic faith; he preached only the doctrines of Paul, with almost equal success.⁽¹⁾ The savage Irish received him with generous hospitality; he preached to the assembled nation on the hill of Tara; he purged the Valley of Slaughter of its dreadful rites; he founded schools, churches, and monasteries in the wilds of Connaught and along the dreary coasts of Ulster, and Ireland became a Christian country, renowned for its intelligence, its pious genius, and its missionary zeal.

For many centuries the island of the saints abounded with schools where countless teachers were educated, and where scholars from all the neighboring countries came to study at the feet of the most accomplished professors of the age.⁽²⁾ While Rome and Italy had sunk into a new barbarism, Ireland had revived the taste for classical learning, and was filled with a thoughtful and progressive population. At the great college of Armagh seven thousand students are said to have been gathered at once; a hundred schools studded the green fields of the happy isle; in every monastery its inmates labored and taught with ceaseless industry; its missionary teachers wandered among the Franks of Gaul and the Celts of Scotland, to Belgium and to Germany, sowing everywhere the germs of Christian civilization. Irish scholars established the

⁽¹⁾ There is no trace in the Confession of any knowledge of Romish practices, or any mention of Rome.

⁽²⁾ Thierry, *Conquête*, iii., p. 195: "Leur île comptait une foule de saints et de savants." See Ware, *Hist. Bishops of Ireland*, i., p. 4, for Patrick's life and the legends.

colleges of Charlemagne. Virgilius and Erigena renewed the taste for philosophical inquiry; Columban, among the recesses of the Vosges, had taught honesty and independence to the savage Franks; St. Gall, an Irishman, founded in the heights of Switzerland that famous monastery long afterward renowned for its opulence and pride; nor would it be possible even to enumerate the long succession of Irish scholars who in this eventful period laid the foundations of European progress. It should be remembered that the Irish were the first to impress upon the barbarians of the North the necessity of popular education, the priceless importance of the public school.

A bleak and rocky island washed by the stormy Northern seas has become immortal as the home of the most renowned of the Irish missionaries.⁽¹⁾ Iona, or the Druid's Isle, on the western coast of Scotland, swept by fierce arctic winds and lashed by the wintry waves, still preserves traces of that sacred company who once prayed and labored on its inhospitable rocks. Here are the ruins of extensive churches, composed of blocks of stone five or six feet long; the foundations of ancient schools and monasteries, whence Europe was once instructed; a multitude of tombs, overgrown with weeds, where forty-eight kings of Scotland and a throng of saints and heroes lie buried; and sculptured crosses and sepulchres, from which the grim faces of angels or demons, distorted by time, still gaze upon the observer.⁽²⁾ The legends on the tombs are no longer legible; the names of the saints and poets, scholars and kings, who sleep in the wild Westminster of the seas are forgotten; yet perhaps no holier or more heroic spirits have visited the earth than those who for many centuries made Iona an island of light amidst the general decay and degradation of the intellect.

Columba, the missionary of Iona, was educated at the opening of the sixth century, in the pure religion of the Irish

(1) Bede, *Hist. Ecc.*, iii. : "Venit autem Britanniam Columba."

(2) The tombs and ruins of Iona do not probably reach back beyond the tenth century; are the products of Romish labors. See Pennant, *Tour, Iona*. Wilson, *Tour round Scotland*, p. 130, notices a "giant cross."

Church. He was the descendant of kings, perhaps born to opulence and power. But he sought a spiritual crown, and gave himself eagerly to ceaseless study. Learned in all the attainments of the age, his chief delight was ever in the literature of the Scriptures. With Paul he meditated upon the mighty problems of life and death; like Paul he went forth to convert mankind. He passed over Ireland, founding great monasteries and schools, long afterward renowned as centres of purity and faith; he preached in the wilds of Scotland; he planted the germs of Christianity in the British Isles. At length he selected the bare and barren Iona as the scene of his chief labors, the home of his adventurous spirit. He landed with twelve disciples on its rocky breast, and built his humble monastery. Amidst the roar of the angry waves and the rage of the arctic seas the prayers and toils of the faithful company ripened into a wonderful success. The bleak rocks of Iona were wrought into a chain of costly buildings, and were covered with a pious and studious population. The kings of the North laid their offerings on its modest shrines, and claimed the right of burial by the side of its scholars and saints. Centuries passed on; Columba slept peacefully on his Druid's Isle; the fame of Iona spread over the world, and its missionaries carried learning and Christianity through all those savage lands over which the benevolent Columba had bent with affectionate regard.

Late in the seventh century the malarious influence of the Italian priesthood began to subdue the British churches, and reached even to the rebellious presbyters of Iona. To Rome they had ever presented a silent opposition.⁽¹⁾ They owed it no allegiance; they followed none of the Romish rites.⁽²⁾ They had founded a Northern Church in Scotland, Ireland,

(1) The acute, learned, judicious Thierry (iii., p. 197) asserts the liberty of the Irish Church, and observes the incessant efforts of the Popes to subdue it. "*Les papes se bornèrent à négocier, par lettres et par messages, pour tâcher d'amener les Irlandais à établir dans leur île une hiérarchie ecclésiastique,*" etc.

(2) Bede, *Hist. Ecc.*, iii., 25. Colman cites against the popes the example of St. John.

France, or Saxony, that professed to draw its origin from the gentle model of Ephesus and St. John, and had scarcely heard of the primacy of Peter. By force and fraud the unscrupulous prelates of Rome pursued and subjugated the primitive Christians, massacred their bishops in Wales, seized on their churches in Scotland, and at last intruded a Romish bishop and Italian rites into the hallowed seat of Columba. Iona now lost its reputation for scholarship and sanctity. The pestilential breath of Italian corruption dissipated its moral vigor. Its missionaries no longer poured forth in devoted hands to civilize and restrain the barbarous North. The Danes and Norwegians began their savage inroads upon the Irish seas, and in 806 a fleet of swift vessels, filled with the yellow-haired worshippers of Odin, surrounded the holy island, and landed its vikings upon the sacred soil. A brief contest followed. The monks and scholars fought bravely in defense of their peaceful home. But soon all was carnage and desolation. The Norman pirates laughed as they beheld the island strewn with the dead, and gathered their impious plunder; and the chant of the pagan bards celebrating the victory of the vikings was the only sound heard amidst the desolate ruins of Iona.⁽¹⁾

The Irish Church meantime flourished with signal vigor. It was in the fresh ardor of evangelical prosperity. Its simple elders, or bishops, without any fixed sees, traveled from county to county, confirming their intelligent people in their ancestral faith.⁽²⁾ They were maintained by voluntary contributions. Avarice and priestly pride were unknown to the successors of Patrick. They founded their ritual upon the venerable practice of the apostles, their doctrines upon the study of the Scriptures. No archbishop had ever been known in Ireland; no legate from the papal court was allowed to intrude within the sacred isle.⁽³⁾ No contributions from the

(1) It was renewed, and, often ravaged, it slowly declined.

(2) Thierry, *Conquête de l'Angleterre*, x.: "Leurs évêques n'étaient que de simples prêtres, auxquels on avait confié par élection la charge purement de surveillans ou de visiteurs des églises," iii., p. 198. They held no superiority of rank, nor thought of it.

(3) Thierry, *Conquête*, iii., 198: "Ou acheter le pallium pontifical."

Irish Church swelled the ever-craving treasury of St. Peter. No tithes, first-fruits, or ecclesiastical tribute helped to confirm the growing splendor and corruption of the Roman See. The Irish bishops firmly maintained their independence against the constant menaces of Popes or councils; would consent to hold no intercourse with the Court of Rome; denied its claim to the right of ordination, and consecrated each other by a simple laying-on of hands; rejected the worship of images, the adoration of Mary, the infallibility of the Pope, and in all their schools and colleges persisted in a free study of the Scriptures. With an earlier Protestantism that Luther might have suggested and Calvin approved, they inculcated and exercised a general liberty of conscience founded upon the wide education of the people, and a moral vigor that had been handed down from their forefathers. The honesty, simplicity, and pious zeal of the Irish teachers are admitted by the more intelligent of their opponents.⁽¹⁾

But bitter was the hostility with which the Roman Popes and the Italian conclaves had long been accustomed to view the Island of the Saints, where alone their maledictions had been treated with neglect; which had never trembled before the violence of a Hildebrand or the milder reproofs of Honorius; where they could never levy the smallest tax nor sell a benefice; where presbyters were married, and suffered their hair to hang down upon their shoulders.⁽²⁾ As the Popes advanced steadily in their career of ambition and crime, and the authority of Rome was established by a general extirpation of the primitive Christianity of Gaul, Britain, Wales, and Scotland, the Church of Ireland became more than ever before the object of the envy and hatred of the Italian priests. Its simple honesty put to shame the unprincipled lives of those guilty men who from the fabled chair of St. Peter had set the world an example of falsehood and duplicity that had

(¹) Girald., *Topog. Hib.*: "*Clerus satis religione commendabilis.*" Girald allows them piety, chastity, etc.

(²) Thierry, *Conquête*, iii., p. 198. New Rome, says Thierry, must rely on its arts, not its legions. The inhuman St. Bernard, the Popes, and Gerald unite in violent abuse of the Irish Church.

corrupted generations, and made Christianity a vain pretense, a fearful formalism. Its apostolic usages, its Scriptural doctrines, and its ever-open Bible were arguments so strong against the fabric of Romish superstition that the Popes felt that they could never be secure until they had swept from their path, in fire and blood, the schools, the churches, and the native bishops of Ireland.

To accomplish this inhuman aim, Pope Adrian IV., in 1156, sold Ireland to the Normans. For a certain tribute, to be torn from its bleeding people, the Holy Father transferred all the rights of St. Peter in the soil, the inhabitants, the schools, the churches of the Island of the Saints, to Henry II. of England.⁽¹⁾ The Italian priest saw all the iniquity of his act. He knew that he was letting loose upon a free and prosperous country the horrors of an inexorable war; that the fair fields of Leinster and Ulster would be swept by bands of ravagers and murderers; that the Norman knights, who, in their rage, did not spare sex, age, or condition, would harry the land of plenty, and bring famine and desolation, waste and ruin, to populous cities and pleasant towns; that women, children, and old men would find no mercy from their conquerors, and the stalwart youth of Ireland perish in endless seditions. Yet he also knew that the vengeance of Rome would be at last accomplished, and the rebellious Church of St. Patrick die out in the sorrows of its native land.⁽²⁾ The sale of Ireland to its foes is the guiltiest of all the evil deeds of the Italian priesthood. It produced a succession of St. Bartholomews; it was worse than the expulsion of the Huguenots; it has proved more fatal to the Irish race than the Holy Office to Spain. From freedom and ease they were suddenly reduced to the condition of slaves and paupers; from pleasant homes they were driven to live in caves, huts, and forests; they became outcasts and beggars amidst rich lands whence their ancestors had won abundance. They were herded together by the Normans in narrow dis-

(¹) *Mat. Paris*, i., p. 95; *Girald. Cam.*, *Hib. Ex.*, ii., 6; *Thierry*, iii., p. 203.

(²) The Irish in 1081 scarcely knew what was the Church of Rome. See *Lib. Mun. Nul. Hib.*, i., p. 50. The bishops and Lanfranc define it to them.

tricts, and learned to live like cattle in miserable dens. Once the most learned of their contemporaries, the teachers of Europe, the Irish sunk at once into unparalleled ignorance. Within sight of the great colleges of Cashel and Armagh, they forgot the use of books, and knew only the dull drivel of the Romish priest. Their bards were silent; their musicians had lost their art; a broken harp hung against the ruined walls of Tara. In fierce, blind ignorance from age to age they have risen in vain revolts and striven to be free; they have shown courage without discretion, magnanimity with little knowledge. Yet a keen discernment may still discover in the modern Irishman the elements of that character which produced in the age of Columba and Columban the purest of saints, the most assiduous of students, before it was betrayed and degraded by the cruel Popes of Rome.⁽¹⁾

So servile and so enfeebled has become the Irish intellect under the tyranny of misfortune that not one of its native historians has dared to trace its sorrows to their source, or to denounce in honest indignation the selfish crimes of Adrian and his successors. No patriot of Ireland has ventured to curse the hand that betrayed his country.⁽²⁾ Possessed by a strange infatuation, the Irish have become in every land the firmest adherents of the Italian priesthood, the authors of all their woes; they have joined in every bold assault of Italian Popes upon modern civilization; they have assailed the public schools of America, the new colleges of their native land; they have striven to tear down those institutions of freedom under which, in the New World, they might hope to regain their ancient ease and vigor; they have proved everywhere the willing slaves of the dying papacy, and have never ventured to rebel against that spiritual bondage that was imposed upon them by the Normans and the Popes.

How long this strange delusion will continue can scarcely

⁽¹⁾ Girald. Cam. gives the bull of Adrian (*Hib. Ex.*, ii., 6) without any sense of its injustice. There was no doubt of Adrian's authority.

⁽²⁾ Moore thinks it "a strange transaction." Lanigan (*iv.*, p. 223) is a little more explicit; but the Irish clergy in general submit to the authority of Adrian silently.

be told. Yet the descendants of the companions of Patrick and Columba, of the victims of Adrian and Dermot, can not always remain the dupes of their destroyers; and it is possible that in the careful study of the annals of their country the Irish may discover some vigorous impulse that shall lead them to value once more freedom, education, and a liberal faith.

Dermot Macmorrough in his distress had fled to the court of Henry II., had received his permission to enlist his subjects in the expedition against Ireland, and had engaged Richard Strongbow, of the somewhat decayed family of the Clares, Earls of Pembroke, to lead the invading force. Richard was to marry Eva, Dermot's daughter, and to inherit the principality of Leinster.⁽¹⁾ But the promised bridegroom was slow in his preparations, and Dermot glowed with fiery ardor to tread once more the fair fields of Leinster, and disturb the repose of his enemies. He hired, therefore, Robert Fitz-Stephen and the family of the Fitzgeralds to join his enterprise, and, when they still delayed, set out alone for his native land. It was August, 1168, when the traitor took ship at the promontory of St. David's; a fair wind blew from the east over the tranquil sea, and bore him safely to the hostile coast. Why no fierce hurricane sunk his fragile bark, whirlpool dragged him down to the caves of the ocean, or raging storm wrecked him, where so many innocent have perished, on the lonely wilds of Leinster, Irishmen may well wonder; but Dermot, bearing ruin in his path, landed safely at Glass-Carrig, a little creek near Wexford, and, hiding in woods and wastes, escaped the eyes of his enemies, and was concealed through the winter by the clergy and bishop at Ferns.

In 1168-'69 various circumstances had conspired to weaken the unity of the Irish people: the ravages of the Danes had swept away many of the institutions of learning;⁽²⁾ the cruel necessities of warfare had aroused the baser passions of the race; internal strife was frequent; the princes had become

(1) Hib. Ex., ix., p. 3: "*Stephanides vero cum suis se ad insultum acriter preparantes.*"

(2) Gordon, Hist. Ireland; O'Connor, Hist. Ireland; Moore, Hist. Ireland.

savage and corrupt; the Danish settlements had accepted Romish bishops, and for the first time an archbishop graced with the pallium of Rome sat in the chair of Patrick at Armagh; the Irish Church was divided by the intrigues of the corrupt Italians, although it still refused to pay tribute to Rome or conform to the Roman ritual; and a cloud of gloom and danger seemed to hover around the island home of the last of the Celtic races.

The traitor, meantime, had not been idle, and in the spring, when the green meadows glowed once more with fresh flowers, and the forests were thick with leaves, Dermot, at the head of a few natives, or strangers from Wales, crept serpent-like from his hiding-place and began to ravage his native land. But the Irish, led by O'Roric, fell upon him with vigor, and he fled back to his refuge in the woods. It was an important opportunity lost forever. Had the Irish pursued him to his covert, and cut him down with his followers, the country might have been saved, and the Normans would scarcely have ventured to cross the dangerous seas. But they chose to accept his treacherous submission, his gold, and his professions, and suffered him to retain a small portion of his former territory. Dermot swore fealty to Roderic, King of Ireland, and awaited until the approach of his foreign allies should enable him to destroy the freedom of his country. In May, 1169, Robert Fitz-Stephen, with several Fitzgeralds, landed at Banne, a small promontory near Wexford; forty knights clad in complete armor, and a band of a few hundred men at arms and archers accompanied them; a slight intrenchment was thrown up to protect them from the Irish; and the place is still pointed out where the ships of Fitz-Stephen were sheltered among the rocks, and the ruin of Ireland began.⁽¹⁾

Dermot, with savage joy, came out from his forests once more, to greet his foreign allies, to promise them the town of Wexford and ample lands as the reward of victory;⁽²⁾ and

⁽¹⁾ Some doubt exists as to the exact place of the landing. Tradition points to Banne.

⁽²⁾ Hammer, p. 223-231.

again his hoarse battle-cry resounded in various contests along the Wexford shore. Forty Norman knights, in bright and impenetrable armor, attended by their men at arms with flashing swords, and a troop of the famous archers of Wales, drove in the Irish forces and besieged the prosperous city. Like pillars of steel, with lance and falchion, the Geraldines, skilled in all knightly exercises, pierced the thick masses of the natives; the Irish had only battle-axes of steel, sharp arrows, and short pikes, a small shield of wood and a wadded vest; the shock was too unequal, and the Geraldines conquered in every fray. Wexford was taken or betrayed by its bishop; the invaders pressed into Ossory, along the gentle banks of the Nore; the Irish fought with desperate vigor among their bogs and forests, but the Normans chased them to the open fields and cut them down with fierce delight. Dermot's hoarse war-cry was now one of exultation. Two hundred of the enemies' heads lay trunkless on the battle-field. The savage hunted amidst the strange trophies for the face of his chief foe, and, when he had found it, gnawed and mangled it with his teeth.⁽¹⁾

Scarcely would it be profitable to review these barbarous skirmishes of the bearded natives and the steel-clad knights in the wild forests of Ossory, did they not form part of that remarkable chain of events by which the whole current of humanity has been stirred, and the Celts driven from their native land to swarm over the ocean to the New World and control the elections of New York. For the barbarian Dermot and his cruel allies were only the leaders in a great crusade, which the Popes had planned and Henry Plantagenet had been chosen to execute. The blessings of the Church attended them; they were fighting the battles of the papacy; and the giant Dermot, mangling and tearing the features of his foe, might have furnished to Spenser a happy allegory by which to paint in melodious verse the acrid bigotry of Rome tearing the rebellious Church of St. Patrick; or it may well have suggested to Dante the most terrible scene in the "Inferno," where Ugolino banquets on his perpetual revenge.

(1) Girald., Hib. Ex.; Gordon, Hist. Ireland, i., p. 74 *et seq.*

The news of the landing of the Normans and the double treachery of Dermot aroused all Ireland.⁽¹⁾ The nation sprung to arms. An assembly was summoned to the sacred hill of Tara, and princes, chiefs, and people met in a solemn council on the spot most dear to the memory of Irishmen.⁽²⁾ There Patrick had preached to the pagan host. There was the Stone of Destiny, on which the Irish kings had been crowned for endless generations. There the O'Neils, the MacCarthys, and the O'Connors had sworn to preserve the liberties and the laws of their country. In the national assemblies at Tara from age to age the accomplished bards of Ireland, in every moment of danger, had awakened the martial ardor of their race by reciting in wild bursts of poetic fancy the patriotic legends of the Great O'Neil or of Brian Boru, and the sweetest melodies of countless harpers had ever ascended from the sacred hill, rousing to boundless self-devotion the impulsive natures of the gifted Celts.⁽³⁾ Nor, we may well imagine, were any of these stirring elements wanting to the last great assembly of united Irishmen. Roderic O'Connor, King of all Ireland, presided. The princes of Connaught and Ulster, Munster and Leinster, sat around their national chief; messengers had been dispatched to the farthest limits of the island, calling its leaders to arms; and one traitor alone was absent, whose treachery and crime were known to all his countrymen. Poets chanted to the enraged and startled people their sublimest lyrics, denouncing the traitorous prince, and a thousand harps clanged, as with rapid touch warriors and princes struck their strings and made ready for battle. It was unanimously resolved that the whole force of the nation should be gathered, and a perpetual war be waged against the foreigner

(1) Gerald., *Hib. Ex.*: "Auditis itaque per insulam novis successibus."

(2) Leland, *Hist.*, i., p. 36.

(3) So eminent was the Irish bard that his wife might dress as fine almost as a princess. She was allowed, according to the Brehon laws, ornaments worth three cows; the princess, six cows. A cow was the standard of value in early Ireland. See Vallancey, *Collect. Ant. Laws*, i., p. 20. A poet laureate was allowed five cows for fine clothes. It seems the Irish were restricted by sumptuary laws.

and Dermot, the Normans' friend. A vast host poured into the fields of Leinster, led by the King of Ireland, and Dermot and the Normans, dismayed and disheartened, fled to a wild fastness among the marshes of Ferns, where they intrenched themselves by felling trees, digging deep trenches, and hiding in impenetrable retreats.

Roderic O'Connor, of the ancient line of Connaught, was the last king who sat on the throne of Celtic Ireland. His character and exploits are painted with no flattering hand by the monkish writers, who longed for his destruction, or later historians, who have written in the interest of the Roman Church. All the crimes and woes of a fated *Œdipus* are attributed to the unhappy king who ventured to strike a last blow for the freedom of Ireland, who resisted with obdurate patriotism the steel-clad legions of the Pope and Henry II., and who more than once seems to have been on the eve of a final triumph. It is said that Roderic was thrown into chains by his father, who feared his savage temper; that he put out the eyes of his two brothers; and that he wasted in civil feuds the forces that should have been turned against the foe. He seems, indeed, to have wanted prudence, and too often to have been deceived by the treacherous arts of Dermot and the priests. Yet one can not avoid reviewing with sympathy the story of the unhappy monarch whose disastrous reign was at least marked by a sincere patriotism, and whose misfortunes were never merited by his treachery or his servile fear. Amidst his savage wilds and ancestral forests, the O'Connor, terrified by novel dangers, assailed by the most powerful monarch of the age, exposed to the anathemas of the Italian Church, surrounded by traitors, and scarcely safe from the intrigues of his own sons or his ambitious rivals, still maintained a spirit not unworthy of that long line of patriotic chiefs of whom he was destined to be the last; and it is a graceful trait in the character of Roderic that he strove once more to revive, by liberal endowments, the famous College of Armagh, as if conscious that Ireland could only hope to secure its freedom by a general education of its people.

At the head of his gallant army, Roderic surrounded the

Normans in their secret hiding-place, and by his immense superiority might have forced them to surrender. Dermot's Irish allies in this moment of danger deserted him. His cause seemed lost. His cowardly flight to the forest had checked his tide of success; but his cunning had not failed him, and once more he applied himself to negotiation. The cautious Roderic was, perhaps, misled by priests or bishops to spare the traitor, or may have feared to press the Normans to a desperate battle. Dermot took a new oath of allegiance to his nation's king; gave his favorite son, Connor, as a hostage, who was to marry Roderic's daughter; and came out from his fastness to rule over Leinster, and to invite new bands of foreigners to assail the monarch he had sworn to obey. The Irish league was broken by internal dissension, and in the last sad hours of their country's freedom the unhappy race was torn by civil strife.⁽¹⁾

Dermot now resolved to drive Roderic from his throne, and become himself the master of Ireland.⁽²⁾ He had pledged himself to his countrymen to invite over no more strangers. He kept his oath by sending at once for Richard Strongbow. "We have watched the storks and swallows," he wrote; "the summer birds are come and gone, yet you delay." Fair Eva was soon to see her promised bridegroom, and the earl, allured by Dermot's offer of a kingdom, sent over a small force and prepared himself to cross the sea. Led by Raymond Fitzgerald, the Normans cut to pieces an army of three thousand Irish who had issued from the great city of Waterford; and when Earl Richard arrived, in August, with twelve hundred men, the city was taken by a desperate assault. The citizens lay slaughtered in heaps. Reginald's tower, whose ruin still overhangs the modern town, was captured, and its garrison put to death; and amidst the dreadful scene of waste and carnage Eva was given to the sanguinary Richard, and the joy of the

(1) Roderic in vain told the Normans all the crimes of Dermot. Hammer, p. 231.

(2) Lanigan, *Ecc. Hist.*, whose epithets give no high idea of the taste of the University of Pavia, never spares Dermot, iv., p. 191.

wedding festival succeeded to the unparalleled horrors of the assault.

A nobler conquest followed. In bold array, with banners flying, the whole army marched to the siege of Dublin. Founded or renewed by the Danes, the metropolis of Ireland was already—in the twelfth century—the centre of commerce, in wealth and power the rival of London itself. Asgal, the Dane, was its civic ruler, or king; its bishop the famous Lawrence O'Toole; and the latter, whether hopeless of resistance or inclined to the papal interest, formed a treaty and a truce with the powerful invaders.⁽¹⁾ But the Normans, eager for plunder, unscrupulous and daring, broke into the city before the terms were settled, and filled it with bloodshed and terror. The needy Geraldines grew rich by a general robbery. Asgal and the Danish citizens escaped in their ships to the western isles, and the Normans with resistless vigor swept over the neighboring districts, and ravaged the fertile fields of Meath.

In this moment of their country's humiliation the native clergy of Ireland, representatives of that ancient Church which was soon to be dissipated forever, met in a convocation at Armagh to consult upon the causes of their misfortunes. With something of the simple honesty and love of justice that had marked the followers of Patrick or Columba, the pious assembly inquired, through long and careful deliberations, why divine vengeance had sent the foreigners into their country, and which of their sins had chiefly merited the judgment from above. They determined that their chief national crime was the slave-trade. The Irish had long been accustomed to purchase Saxon slaves from England: was it not a retribution from Heaven that their own people were now reduced to the same condition? The enormity of their guilt struck the sacred synod, and a generous decree was issued and published throughout the land that every English captive

(1) Girald., *Hib. Ex.*, 16, 17: "Et interveniente præcipue laudabilis memoria, Laurentio." The praises of the Normans must throw doubt on the patriotism of the archbishop. Yet he is extravagantly lauded by most Irish historians.

should be at once set free. It is curious to remember that in our recent civil war the Irish, in obedience to their Italian masters, were always on the side of the slave-holders; that their votes were always given against the Government in its greatest distress; and that to defend slavery and the slave-trade they had nearly destroyed those free institutions beneath whose shelter they had found a tranquil home. They forgot the synod of Armagh; they were ignorant of the story of their ancestors; they strove at once, in their blindness, to ruin themselves and desolate the land that of all the world alone offered them a generous welcome!

Unlike his degenerate descendants, Roderic O'Connor made a last effort for a free Church and a free State. He denounced, in a vigorous proclamation, the traitor Dermot and his papal crusade; he began to collect the last army of Ireland; and when Dermot insolently claimed, in reply, the sovereignty of the whole country, Roderic put to death his son Connor, and declared an inexpiable war.⁽¹⁾ Meantime dangers again thickened around the Norman invaders. They held the three cities, Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford; but the open country was probably hostile, and they must have relied upon England for their supplies. At this moment Henry II. grew jealous of the designs of Earl Richard, who seemed by his marriage with Dermot's daughter to aspire to an independent crown, forbade the English to send him any aid, and ordered him to return. For two months the small garrison in Dublin were without any assistance from their countrymen. Famine oppressed them; the people were hostile; their hopes and their resources faded away; when suddenly a great fleet of Danish vessels entered the harbor, and Asgal, with a large force of Norwegians from the western isles, surrounded the famished city. The red shields and shirts of mail of the strangers, their steel battle-axes and sharp spears, were seen before the eastern gate. They were men of iron hearts and tried courage; and when the Normans made a desperate sally, with their usual

(1) Girald., Hib. Ex.; The Four Masters' Annals, O'Donovan, ed. Dublin, 1854, ii., p. 1185 *et seq.*

vigor, they were beaten back with considerable loss. The city must have fallen had not a Norman knight surprised the tumultuous enemy by an attack in the rear. A general panic seized them; they fled to their ships, routed and broken; Asgal, King of Dublin, was captured as he fled over the sands to the sea, and was beheaded in the city where he had once reigned over a prosperous community.

Cruel, daring, desperate, the small band of Normans, led by Earl Richard and the Geraldines, cut off from the aid of their countrymen, abandoned by their jealous king, now clung with the remorseless energy of robbers to the prey that seemed escaping from their grasp. They knew that the Irish were rising on all sides around them; they felt the universal hatred of the land they had ravaged and plundered; yet not one of the guilty knights faltered in his aim, or thought for a moment of the sorrows of the people he had ruined, or of the dangers that hung over himself. Chief of the robber band, Earl Richard, founder of the noble house of Clare—tall, ruddy, freckled, his eyes gray, his voice weak, his manner gentle and undecided except when the fierce rage of battle stirred him—ruled over Dublin. By his side stood Maurice Fitzgerald, the spotless knight, modest, fair, generous, courteous, the famous ancestor of the earls of Kildare and Desmond, but whose savage courage and unsparing cruelty were known chiefly to the helpless Irish; and Raymond, whose yellow curls and florid face, pleasant countenance and laughing eyes, were joined to a vigilance that never was deceived and a resolution that never wavered. A hundred knights, perhaps, of less renown, and four hundred archers and men at arms, made up the remainder of the garrison who were assembled in Dublin at this eventful hour, and who, with ferocious severity, restrained the angry population of the city they had sacked and captured, and awaited, in the midst of the hostile kingdom, the general onset of its people.

One friend alone had welcomed the Normans to the shores of Ireland, but he was now gone to some undiscovered place of rest for the traitor, to the scorn and hatred of posterity. A judgment from above, it was believed, had at last fallen

upon Dermot; his huge frame was torn and corrupted by a disease so terrible as to drive all men from his presence; his agony had been noted with joy by his countrymen; his mind gave way; he died without any of the solaces of religion; but horrible imprecations escaped his lips as he passed away, and his traitorous soul fled, disconsolate, from the land it had plunged into ruin.⁽¹⁾

It is possible that the ingratitude or the contempt of the Norman knights may have clouded the last days of the Prince of Leinster; that some patriotic thought may have touched his impulsive nature; that he may have resisted the Norman projects for exterminating the Irish, and have wavered in his friendship to his foreign allies. Earl Richard may have been too eager to wear the crown of Leinster, and his fellow-plunderers to appropriate the last hoards of Dermot's treasure; and the fierce barbarian, stung by their faithlessness, may have died cursing the strangers whom he had nourished into greatness. But to all Irishmen the example of Dermot should be a lesson and a warning. While they survey the long centuries of unparalleled woes which his treason has entailed upon his country, while they heap imprecations on his name, and blast his memory with infamy, they must remember that he was only the ignorant instrument in fulfilling the long-cherished designs of the Italian Popes upon the spiritual independence of Ireland.

Once more Roderic O'Connor descended from his fastness of Connaught. Around him were gathered a throng of native chiefs and an army of thirty thousand men; and it seemed a happy omen for the success of the expedition that the Bishop of Dublin, Lawrence O'Toole, had abandoned his Norman associates, and entered with patriotic ardor into the plans of his native king.⁽²⁾ The bishop's eloquence and pious fame stirred the dying hopes of his countrymen; the Irish presby-

⁽¹⁾ Four Masters, p. 1171, describe his painful death. Gerald merely says he died full of years.

⁽²⁾ Girald., Hib. Ex.: "*Missis quoque literis tam Archipræsulis quam Rotherici Connactiensis.*"

ters preached through all their parishes a holy crusade against the papal invaders; an army and a fleet, led by the king of the western isles, joined the national forces, and the whole mighty host sat down to besiege Dublin. Earl Richard had thrown himself into the beleaguered city; Maurice and Raymond, with unflinching courage, stood at his side. Yet the earl, as he surveyed the long lines of the Irish army inclosing him on every hand, the masts of the Danish fleet rising over the banks of the Liffey, the red shields and flowing locks, the stalwart forms and iron armor, of the brave Norwegians, might well believe that all was lost. His few bold knights and followers were faint from famine and toil. For two months no supplies of food or arms had reached them. As they rode through the streets of the half-depopulated city they might hear the low imprecations of the Irish and the wail of the suffering people. Incessant vigils must have taxed their strength; rider and steed grew feeble in the general need; and Earl Richard, doubtful of the result, sent to offer terms to the enemy. He proposed to become Roderic's vassal, and to hold Leinster as an Irish prince.

But Roderic replied that unless the Normans abandoned Dublin, Waterford, and Wexford, and would consent to leave Ireland forever, he would at once assault the city. The Normans hesitated. In the midst of their distress a fugitive reached the city, a son of the late King Dermot. He bore sad news: that Robert Fitz-Stephen was shut up, with his wife and children and a few soldiers, in a small fort of turf or timber; that the people of Leinster were rising; that the life of every Norman was in danger.

Then, remorseless and desperate, the Geraldines resolved to conquer or to perish. Young, vigorous, torn by the evil impulses of avarice and of ambition, the Norman robbers gathered their scanty force in the centre of Dublin, prepared to rush upon the foe. Before them lay the plunder of a peaceful country; behind them shame and death. "We are hated equally by Irish and English," cried Maurice to his companions. "We have no refuge but victory. Remember your former triumphs; renew your ancient courage. Let us ride

over this miserable rabble, and crush them to the earth.”⁽¹⁾ Raymond, ever hopeful, repeated the sentiments of his cousin; and every Norman knight, from his raised visor, sternly gave his approval. It was determined to attack first the great army of Roderic. Not Cortez, when he cut his way to the palace of Guatemozin, nor Clive when he broke the ranks of Plassey, fought at greater disadvantage than did Richard, Raymond, and Maurice in the final battle at Dublin.

Twenty knights, or men at arms, went first, led by Raymond;⁽²⁾ thirty, under Miles de Cogan, followed; the rear, composed of forty more, was commanded by Maurice and Earl Richard; six hundred archers, citizens, esquires, completed the army of the invaders. Yet wonderful was the result of this desperate charge, as, through an open gate, the Normans poured like a stream of fire upon the army of King Roderic, surprised his guards, and chased his followers, in wild panic, to their woods and bogs. The king himself was nearly captured while bathing; negligence and disorder reigned throughout the Irish lines; the Norman knights cut down the enemy at will upon the fatal plain; the Norwegians fled; and late in the evening, wearied with slaughter, laden with the plunder of the hostile camp, the Norman conquerors rode into the streets of Dublin, masters of the destiny of Ireland.

Three years had scarcely passed since Dermot Macmorrough had planned upon the cliffs of St. David's the ruin of his country. The fierce barbarian slept not unavenged; his traitorous hopes had been fulfilled. And now Henry of England stood with his fair army of knights and retainers on the same wild promontory, and, pausing to pay his devotions in that renowned cathedral that still rises the central shrine of Wales, besought, with unaccustomed fervor, the blessings of Heaven on his projected crimes.⁽³⁾ Jealous of the successes

(1) Girald., Hib. Ex., i., 23: “Quid igitur expectamus?” etc. I have reduced the eloquence of Maurice or Gerald.

(2) “Certatim igitur electa juvenus ad arma frosiliens.”

(3) Girald., Hib. Ex., i., 30. Some fragments of the ancient cathedral are supposed to be included in the modern. See the fine illustrated edi-

of Earl Richard and of the audacious Geraldines, fearful that his own subjects might ravish away his expected prize, Henry had hastened from his distant domains in Aquitaine, had abandoned the pleasures of London and the charms of a ceaseless chase, and with angry countenance surveyed afar off the dim-seen shores of Ireland. The barbarian Dermot beheld them with a fatal affection; the savage king, with the destructive cravings of a conqueror. His fleet of four hundred ships swung safely at anchor on the coast of Wales; five hundred knights—companions, perhaps, of his French campaigns—and four thousand men at arms attended him; his vessels were filled with horses, arms, provisions, and all that could insure success. In October, 1171, a fair wind bore the papal armada in triumph to the Irish shore, and the crusade against the Irish Church was to be followed out with all the brutality of chivalry and all the rigors of spiritual pride.

Henry Plantagenet was the first of that unhappy line of English kings whose follies and whose crimes so often brought ruin to the toiling throngs upon whom they trampled. Educated in the schools of knightly adventures, trained to cruelty and to ambition, the Plantagenets rained war, pestilence, and famine upon their unhappy realm. Even the Tudors might seem merciful, the Stuarts just, when contrasted with the Edwards and the Richards who descended from the ill-starred union of Henry II. and Eleanor of Aquitaine. But when Henry, in the vigor of manhood, ascended the English throne, he was learned, acute, generous; his early misfortunes might have softened a selfish nature; his ambition might have been tempered by a higher intelligence; yet every circumstance conspired to deprave the youthful king; and from his wife, his friend, and his spiritual head he could have heard only the dreadful lessons of cruelty and selfish crime.

The conqueror of Ireland stands before us painted by one who had studied his features and his life with care. He was of moderate height, and stout; his head was large and round,

tion of Giraldus by Sir R. Hoar, 1806, vol. i., p. 21. There is a view of the more recent church. St. David's was the national shrine of Wales.

his complexion ruddy, his eyes gray, and often flashing and blood-shot with anger; his countenance fiery; his voice tremulous; his form inclined to grossness, yet strengthened by incessant exercise. Henry seems never to have known ease or rest; some fierce excitement always stirred him in peace or war. In peace, at the first dawn of day, he would mount his fleet horse and pass the hours in riding through woods, penetrating the thick forests, and climbing the ridges of lofty hills; in the evening he returned to a spare supper, but scarcely sat down until he slept. He loved to watch the falcon sweeping on his frightened prey, or to follow the sagacious hounds in chase of a weary stag.⁽¹⁾ Labor was the chief amusement of the active king; but all his toils tended only to the destruction of his own happiness and that of mankind. He died cursing the day on which he was born; and his ceaseless labors were wasted because he never strove to place himself in unison with the perpetual laws of benevolence and truth.

Clad in royal pomp, surrounded by the knightly paragons of his age, Henry landed upon the shores of Ireland—a regal falcon fastening upon his prey. The bleeding land writhed, a helpless victim, in his grasp. There was now nothing to resist his progress. He moved on in triumph from Waterford to Dublin. Earl Richard yielded to his authority, and soothed his anger by humble compliances; and at Christmas, 1171, Henry celebrated his triumph by a festival at Dublin, where many of the Irish princes had gathered to offer him their submission, and where a great assemblage of the bearded natives beheld for the first time the stately feats of chivalry, the unaccustomed magnificence of a royal court; tasted the rich viands and rare wines of a Norman feast, and were dazzled by the shining armor, the golden ornaments, the precious gems, and the wasteful luxury of their conquerors. A palace of polished wood and osiers⁽²⁾ was erected, after the Irish custom,

(¹) Girald. Cam., Hib. Ex., i., 45. Henry was accustomed to put out the eyes of his male prisoners and cut off the noses of the female—at least in Wales.

(²) Roger de Hoveden, A.D. 1172.

and bishops and princes were forced to approve the ceaseless revelry. Yet if any grave and thoughtful chief, unimpressed by the pompous show, ventured to ask by what authority Henry had taken possession of Ireland, he was told that the Pope, as vicar and head of the Church, had given it to the king; and that he who resisted the generous donation of St. Peter to his favorite son was a heretic, condemned to everlasting reprobation.

It was ever the aim of the Roman Church in these savage ages—nor does the policy seem yet to have been abandoned—to set nation against nation, and from the horrid discord and general woe to add to its own revenues and its growing strength. Henry, conscious of the claims, the avarice, and the malice of his Italian masters, hastened to lay Ireland at their feet. A council was summoned at Cashel professing to represent the Church of St. Patrick. The Norman king ordered the bishops of Ireland to assemble. A motley group of Norman priests, of martial monks, of the papal archbishops, and a few trembling presbyters, natives of the South, gathered at his command; but it was noticed that none of the bishops of Ulster or Connaught assisted at the destruction of their national faith; that they still adhered to the usages of St. John, of Patrick, and of Columba; that the Irish Church, amidst bogs and forests, still defied the ambition of cruel Rome. Yet the sacrifice was nominally complete. Every trace of independence was abandoned by the Council of Cashel. The Romish ritual was enjoined on every priest; the worship of Mary, of images, and of saints was to extend throughout the island; the priest was forbidden to marry; his hair was to be tonsured after the exact fashion at Rome; the enormous crimes and vices of the simple clergy who had failed to observe the new customs were condemned with indignant solemnity; tithes were to be paid by the laity; and Ireland for the first time was made tributary to the Romish Pope.⁽¹⁾

(1) Girald. Cam., i., 33, 34. Roger de Hoveden pretends that all the bishops of Ireland were present or obeyed the council; but Gerald notices only a scanty attendance, chiefly Norman. Lanigan, *Ecc. Hist.*, iv., p. 211, says Peter-pence are not mentioned. They were perhaps implied.

With a generosity admired by all except the unhappy natives, Henry next rewarded liberally his Norman followers.⁽¹⁾ The impoverished knights were enriched by a general plunder. The conquered lands were divided among the victors, and the territory which had been given by St. Peter to the king was, by an infallible title, now vested in the triumphant Normans. The Geraldines, unscrupulous offspring of a disreputable parent, founded noble houses that were long to shine illustrious in the revelries of the court or the crimes of the camp. The daughter of Richard and Eva, laden with the spoils of her country, transmitted the fruits of Dermot's treachery to the famous race of Clare. A single knight, De Lacy, received eight hundred thousand acres of land in the province of Meath; another, Raymond the Poor, whose name indicates his condition, became a mighty baron, founder of the house of Power. The English territory was slowly extended until it embraced the lower portions of Ulster and Connaught, and along the frontier was drawn a line of palisades and forts to protect the new settlers from the fierce assaults of the hostile Irish.

Within the palisades the country was known as the English Pale, and for many centuries formed the stronghold of the Norman robbers, from whence they issued in cruel raids upon the rebellious districts of the native chiefs. Its Irish population had been wholly extirpated, or were reduced to the condition of serfs. Many had fled to the mountains and forests, and perished in frightful solitudes; some were permitted to return to till, as slaves, the lands where their ancestors had lived in prosperous ease. The slow process of a national degradation was begun, and the Irish within the Pale, after many bold uprisings, were trodden down nearly to the condition of savages or brutes. Their education, their intelligence, passed away with their freedom, and the Normans sedulously enforced upon the subject race the fatal bondage of superstitious ignorance.

In the winter of 1171-'72 wild storms swept incessantly

⁽¹⁾ Roger de Hoveden, A.D. 1172, notices his liberality or his robbery.

over the Irish seas: scarcely a ship crossed from England. Henry and his courtiers trembled before the rage of the elements, and men believed that the wrath of Heaven was impending over the troubled land.⁽¹⁾ Fear, doubt, and gloom were the king's chief attendants in the moment of his success, and his fiery eyes must often have been turned across the stormy waves during that perilous season, eager to catch the first sail that might bring him news from England. He had left his native realm covered with the odium of the recent murder of Becket; he had fled to Ireland as if to dissipate his cares in new excitements; and now he waited with impatience, shut out by perpetual storms, for some tidings of the results of his hasty words, and of the condition of his wide dominions. A ship at length came in bearing the most ominous news. The Pope had threatened to lay his kingdom under an interdict; the most fatal of the judgments of the Church might soon absolve his subjects from their allegiance.⁽²⁾ To add to his distress, he was told that his three sons had formed a conspiracy against his throne. His fond heart was torn by filial ingratitude, and Henry returned from the conquest of Ireland racked by those domestic griefs and those eating cares that were at last to bring his proud spirit to ignominious despair.

A west wind bore the king swiftly back to England; and he once more knelt at St. David's shrine—now no longer with feigned grief and assumed contrition—and prepared, with a broken heart, to fight for his throne and even his life against his children, whom he fondly loved; his wife, their mother, whose evil nature he had so often exasperated and wronged; against the King of France, and the avengers of Becket. That Henry should have triumphed in this doubtful contest has always been held a proof of singular ability. His incessant activity enabled him to surprise or confound all his foes. He drove back Louis of France to his capital; he met and

⁽¹⁾ Girald. Cam., i., 35.

⁽²⁾ Girald. Cam., Hib. Ex., i., 36, details the evil news and the sorrows of the barbarous king. Roger de Hoveden, A.D. 1172, is more prolix.

defeated on the battle-field his three ungrateful sons; he saw Henry and Geoffrey die in the midst of their madness; he wept over the early profligacy of the depraved Richard and John. Eleanor of Aquitaine,⁽¹⁾ shut up in a solitary castle, her husband's prisoner, had leisure to repent of her crimes against two kings. The Pope was pacified by enormous bribes, abject concessions, and by the spectacle of bleeding Ireland prostrate at St. Peter's feet.

Meantime the Normans, inclosed in a narrow territory, found that the conquest of the island was but just begun. A few abject and unworthy bishops might declare at Cashel that Henry was the rightful lord of Ireland, but Roderic O'Connor still scoffed at the pretensions of his rival, and the Irish presbyters rejected the authority of the unpatriotic synod. All was disorder and unrest within the English Pale. The native chiefs seldom left the Normans any repose. At length Henry, when his affairs were somewhat settled in England, resolved to test the effect of superstition upon the savage race, and to launch the thunders of the Romish popes against the Irish patriots. He had procured from Alexander III. a confirmation of the bull of Adrian excommunicating all who opposed his authority over Ireland, and he now prepared to publish the two solemn decrees, in their full enormity, to all its schismatical Church. He fondly hoped that no Irish bishop or priest would venture henceforth to resist the authority of the Roman See.⁽²⁾

A new synod was assembled at Waterford in 1175, and the two bulls were read to the corrupt archbishops, the Norman monks, and a feeble delegation from the Irish Church. In sonorous tones, John of Salisbury, Bishop of Chartres, who had come from Rome bearing the final decree of Alexander, recited the doom of Ireland. The first bull, that of Adrian IV.,

(1) She was daughter of William, Duke of Aquitaine, the heiress of his great possessions, the wife of Louis and of Henry—the least fortunate of women.

(2) Lanigan, *Ecc. Hist.*, iv., p. 233, has an implied condemnation of Adrian's bull. He can not admit the coarse charges made by the popes against the Irish clergy.

had been granted to Henry twenty years before, and had been safely kept in the royal treasury of England until the moment seemed favorable for its publication. Under a florid profession of Christian zeal it contained a bitter denunciation of the Irish Church.⁽¹⁾ It appointed Henry a martial missionary to extirpate the seeds of vice from Ireland, and do whatever he thought proper with its people; it declared the island a part of the patrimony of St. Peter;⁽²⁾ it commanded the people to receive Henry as their sovereign lord and ruler; it insisted, with strenuous avarice, that every house in the land should pay a penny annually to the blessed Peter, and promised Henry the favor of Heaven and an illustrious renown⁽³⁾ should he succeed in planting true religion in the home of Patrick and Columba. Alexander's bull was still more effective, if we may trust the infallibility of its source, since it not only confirmed the gift of his predecessor, but excommunicated all who resisted Henry's authority or that of his heirs, and abandoned them to the power of the devil. Every Irish patriot was converted into a child of Satan; every aspiration of freedom was an impious defiance of the Roman Church.⁽⁴⁾

And now began that perpetual conflict of races, the saddest in the annals of Europe, which was to oppress with endless misfortunes a gifted and innocent people, and plant in their hearts the bitter seeds of ceaseless malignity and revenge. From the wild shores of Ulster, where the northern seas break fiercely along the rocks and hills of Derry; from the tall mountains and endless bogs of Connaught, whose savage landscape has ever been the last retreat of Celtic freemen; from the lovely vales and stately glens of Wicklow, where the bright waters of Avoca melt into harmony, and leaping cataracts seam the granite precipices, and towering rocks shoot upward to the skies; from soft Killarney, sleeping in its beauty; or

(1) Girald., Hib. Ex., ii., 6; Mat. Paris, i., 95.

(2) Mat. Paris, i., 95: "Omnes insulas, quibus sol justitiæ Christus illuxit, ad jus Sancti Petri et sacrosanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ pertinere."

(3) Mat. Paris: "Gloriosum nomen valeas in sæculis obtinere."

(4) Lanigan, iv., pp. 211, 223, notices various eminent and pure-minded Irish prelates of this age not surpassed in any land.

grassy Meath, the greenest and the richest of all northern pastures—a mournful wail has never ceased to ascend to heaven and blight the charms of the Island of the Saints. Herded in filthy hovels, starving in wealthy cities, crouched among the wild hills where their ancestors once reigned—a lost, accursed race, the Celts breathe endless maledictions on their conquerors, and, amidst the boundless opulence of nature, live sullenly in a hopeless decay.

But when the papal decrees were proclaimed they still retained a manly sentiment of independence. Princes and people united in defying the authority of the Italian priests. The Irish bishops still refused to cut off their flowing locks or put away their faithful wives; the native chiefs derided the foreign pope who claimed their ancestral lands. The Celtic kings retreated more and more from the intercourse with polished nations. On some wild mountain-side or lonely glen, sheltered by trackless forests, sylvan lakes, and lofty hills, the Irish monarchs raised their palaces of polished wood roofed with wattles, and, surrounded by a courtly train of bearded nobles, famous bards, harpers of matchless skill, and brave retainers, administered the Brehon laws to a faithful race, and worshiped with the liturgy of Columba. Shut out from the Romish Church, which had excommunicated them, and the Normans by whom they were oppressed, the Celts sunk into the vices of isolation. They shared in none of the progressive movements of the age. Their literature was a poetic lament over a half-imaginary past; their churches were simple buildings of wood, like those of Patrick or Columba;⁽¹⁾ their relics some rude but ponderous bell, whose dull note may have struck upon the ears of generations of saints, which was adorned with gems and inclosed in a gilded cover; or some pastoral staff of an early bishop, glittering with modern decorations. War was their chief employment.⁽²⁾ When no band of Norman

(1) Bede, *Hist. Ecc.*, describes these early churches “non de lapide, sed de robore secto totam composuit atque harundine texit.”

(2) Spenser, *State of Ireland*, p. 7, says: “Yes, truly; for there be many wide countries in Ireland in which the laws of England were never established,” etc. This was under Elizabeth. The Brehon laws prevailed.

knights threatened their lonely glens, they preyed upon one another; the Irish princes covered their native wilderness with slaughter, and the Irish kerns paid the penalty of the follies of their chiefs.

Yet in the opening of the conquest the Celts seemed destined to a sudden subjection. The Norman chivalry swept over the island, and even Roderic O'Connor was driven to a temporary submission. At the head of a few men at arms and a band of archers, Raymond dashed over countless hosts of natives, and pierced the West of Ireland; and John de Courcy, the Cœur de Lion of the war, broke into the limits of Ulster, and, like an enchanted paladin, clove his way, almost by his single arm, to the northern sea. With one stroke of his bright falchion he lopped off heads; with another, limbs.⁽¹⁾ His huge and stalwart form, mounted on a milk-white steed of unusual size and strength, his fair complexion, his fiery valor, and ceaseless activity; his piety, and the Christian zeal with which he knelt regularly at the holy altar, and from the spoils of war founded churches and endowed monasteries; his marriage with the daughter of Godred, the Norwegian King of Man; his princely state—are celebrated by the English chroniclers. But we are also told that the Irish began now to resist with vigor, and that even John de Courcy and Miles de Cogan fled more than once from the valor of Roderic and the sharp pursuit of the men of Ulster or Connaught.⁽²⁾

The ruins of a graceful abbey, now shorn of roof and window, and opening their moss-grown arches to the forest-glade, in the lonely wilds of Mayo, are pointed out—for we must now dismiss to his repose one of the chief actors in our drama—as the refuge for many years of the weary spirit of the last of the Irish kings, and the place of his final abode. Roderic O'Connor sleeps beneath the shattered walls of the monastery of Cong.⁽³⁾ Hopeless, perhaps disheartened, shocked

⁽¹⁾ Girald., Hib. Ex., ii., 16.

⁽²⁾ Girald. Cam., Hib. Ex., ii., 16, 17.

⁽³⁾ Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall describe the graceful ruins and the lonely tomb. Yet some doubt rests upon the tradition of Roderic's grave.

by the ruin of his country, the cruel ambition of his own children, the cloud of woe that had fallen upon his guilty house, the patriotic king had signalized the last years of his reign by various bold and successful but seemingly useless exploits against the Normans, and then, laying down the crown which he had assumed in a happier hour, remained for thirteen years a monk or a recluse. We may trust that in the peace of the forest glade Roderic forgot the cares of earth, and entered into communion with the spirits of Patrick and Columba. A sacred bell, covered with rude but rich decorations, is still preserved in the neighborhood, that may have often summoned him to his devotions or tolled his requiem. The winds that sigh amidst the broken arches of Cong seem eloquent of his hapless fate; and if the harp of Tara be hushed and shattered, and the bards of Erin heard no more, history at least must pause to drop a compassionate tear over the moss-grown tomb of the patriotic king.

To compose the troubles of the English Pale, Henry sent his son John, a boy of twelve, to rule over Ireland. It would scarcely have been possible to have selected a worse example of the results of a chivalric education. John's vices and follies were already mature. He was prepared to stab an Arthur and to break his father's heart.⁽¹⁾ But he was also surrounded by a corrupt train of youthful courtiers, painted, effeminate, cruel, vain, who shocked the grave and melancholy Irish by a strange levity of vice. The miserable prince and his fitting associates plundered the land they were sent to rule. But a final insult aroused Ireland to revolt. When the grave chiefs and wealthy citizens, clothed in their national dress, their hair plaited behind in heavy braids, their beards flowing upon their breasts, came forward to offer allegiance to John, and to give him, as had been their custom with their native princes, the kiss of peace, the idle courtiers mocked the solemn deputation, and at length seized them contemptuously by their beards. The fierce Celtic fire was aroused. The chiefs fled to Connaught or Ulster, the people to the forests;

(1) Gerald faintly indicates the vices of his pupil. *Hib. Ex.*, ii.

and around the English Pale sprung up a circle of deadly foes, and the contest became one of extermination. John returned to England disgraced and penniless, and the Norman knights harried the land he might have soothed into repose.⁽¹⁾

Centuries of fatal discord followed, during which the Normans strove in vain to extirpate the accursed race who refused to obey the decrees of the Popes or submit to a foreign lord. Papal legates launched new excommunications against the Irish, and Romish priests urged on that work of extermination which alone could secure the supremacy of the Romish See. The papal monks declared that it was no crime, no sin, to kill a Celt. The Norman priests offered free absolution to the murderer whose hands were yet stained with the blood of an Irishman. The Holy Church opened its most sacred rite—which could only be approached with a good conscience and a pure heart—to him who had slain one of the abject race. The Norman knights thought no more of killing an Irishman than a dog: to rob his home, to ravish away his land, to drive him, with his family, starving and famished, to the lonely wilds, was the favorite sport of the chivalric invaders. The mountain lands of Connaught and of Ulster were thronged with the population of the plains, who had fled for life from the papal robbers; and every cave and cranny of the glens, every inaccessible fastness and hidden glade, was thickly tenanted by men, women, and children, crouching like wild beasts from their destroyers.⁽²⁾ Nor would even this suffice. The priests and knights pursued them to their caves and forests; the miserable tenants were killed in their wild retreats like wolves or stags; and, cursed by popes and persecuted by kings, the Church of St. Patrick seemed ready to perish forever—a victim to the Moloch of Rome.

One cry of mournful indignation has reached us from the fourteenth century—a subdued but touching appeal against

⁽¹⁾ Girald., *Hib. Ex.*; Roger de Hoveden.

⁽²⁾ Letter of Donald to John. J. de Fordun, *Scotichron.*, p. 908, ed. Hearne: "*Ejectis nobis violenter de spaciosis habitationibus nostris,*" etc., p. 911.

the cruel policy of the Italian priests. To John, Pope of Rome, Donald, King of Ulster, ventured to assert that the woes of Ireland were the result of the gift of Adrian to Henry,⁽¹⁾ to hint that the Roman See was the cause of the miseries of his race, and to proclaim that war until death against their oppressors which should cease only with their destruction. Superstition checked the warmth of the Irish ruler; nor did he venture to utter all the thoughts that must have filled his mind when he reviewed the fate of Erin from the days of Adrian and Henry to his own. He was overawed by the renown of that spiritual tyrant to whom he was addressing himself; he hoped something, perhaps, from the clemency of a ruthless pope. Yet he lays bare, with unflinching accuracy, the crimes of the Romish clergy. It was the monks, he declares, that taught that it was no more sin to kill an Irishman than a dog.⁽²⁾ It was the Church that roused the ceaseless fires of hate. The Cistercians of Granard or Innis every day wounded and killed the Irish, yet said their masses as usual. Brother Simon, the Franciscan—unworthy disciple of his sweet and gentle founder—preached openly that there was no harm in killing or robbing an Irishman. A Clare murdered Brian the Red at his own table after they had shared the consecrated wafer together. The assassin of an Irishman was never punished; and Donald, with mournful truth, declared that nothing but the total ruin of his race would satisfy the malice of their conquerors.

The Irish prince closes his appeal with a malediction and vow.⁽³⁾ "We nourish in our hearts," he cries, "an inveterate hatred against our oppressors, produced by the memories of long years of injustice, by the murders of our fathers and our kindred. So long as we have life we will fight against them,

(1) "*Miserabile in quo Romanus pontifex statu nos posuit.*"—FORDUN, *Scotichron.*, p. 912.

(2) "*Non magis est peccatum interficere hominem Hibernicum quàm unum canem.*"—FORDUN, p. 918.

(3) "*Quamdiu vita aderit, ipsos impugnabimus—mortalem guerram,*" etc.—FORDUN, p. 923.

without pity or remorse ; our children shall continue the endless feud. Never will we lay aside the sword until the Supreme Judge shall have taken vengeance upon their crimes, until we have recovered that independence which is our natural right, and have avenged those insults which to brave men are worse than death."

Thus the barbarous chief expressed the passions of the savage ; but had he aimed his maledictions against the Roman See as well as against its Norman allies, had he vowed for his countrymen a deathless hostility against those Italian priests and that usurping Church which had instigated all the woes of Ireland, had he been able to preserve the pure faith of St. Patrick from contamination and decay, he would have prepared a weapon sharper than a thousand swords for the preservation of the freedom of his native land.

Of the later history of the conquest of Ireland the reader may desire a brief detail. The ceaseless warfare, sometimes slumbering, yet ever renewed, glowed around the circuit of the English Pale ; and when the wars of the Roses cut down the flower of the Norman nobility, the Irish chiefs, in the favorable moment, had nearly driven the invaders from their land. Ulster, Connaught, and even Munster were free. The English were burned within their frontier castles, or nearly driven inside the walls of Dublin. The sufferings of centuries were avenged by horrible atrocities, and the colony of English might well tremble before the rage of united Ireland. In the fair country below the Shannon, the O'Briens swept away the Clares of Thomond, and renewed the Brehon laws and the ancient faith in their ancestral lands. The harpers gathered in their hospitable courts, and poets chanted by the still waters of Killarney. All over Ulster and Connaught it is probable that the married priest, unshorn and unpolluted by Roman ordination, preached the pure doctrines of Columba, and tempered the vengeance of his countrymen. Comparative peace settled upon Ireland, and its national laws and its ancient faith were maintained unchanged except within the narrow limits of the English Pale.

When the Irish were converted to the faith of Rome can

scarcely be discovered.⁽¹⁾ Until the opening of the sixteenth century they can hardly have felt any bond of sympathy to the chair of St. Peter, which had covered them with its maledictions and condemned them to slavery. The savage chiefs who ruled the wild coasts of Ulster and the wide bogs of Connaught, with their uncultivated and warlike people, knew at least that the Bishops of Rome had ever been their bitterest enemies, and that the English within the Pale relied upon the papal bull as the chief ground of their usurpation. It was remembered, no doubt, that the Romish priests had taught that an Irishman might be killed like a dog, and that Franciscan friars had urged the extirpation of the Irish race. It is possible, it is almost certain, that the native chiefs, until the opening of modern history, owed no allegiance to Rome, and that the Irish Church, endeared to the native Celts by ages of persecution, still ministered by its primitive bishops, and, with Colman and Columba, traced its authority to Ephesus and St. John. But all this was now to change. A reformation had passed over Europe, and the chief leaders of the religious movement were Henry and Elizabeth, the persecutors of the Irish name. The English within the Pale had become Protestants, but they showed no disposition to abandon the island which they had received from St. Peter's patrimony; and in the vigorous reign of Elizabeth, the English armies, renewed by the fresh impulses of progress, began to press once more upon the limits of Celtic independence. The conquest, begun nearly four centuries before, was now slowly advancing. Laws of unusual severity were enacted; tanistry and other Irish usages were abolished. It was plainly the design of the English queen to reduce the island to a passive subjection to her power.

The cause of this fresh assault upon the liberties of Ireland

(¹) Usher, who was in Ireland as bishop (1640), asserts with confidence that the Irish had never been Romanists. See Hanmer, p. 87. Murray, *Ireland* (1845), a defense of Irish freedom, may be consulted, p. 43-60. So, too, De Vinne's useful compend (1870), *The Irish Primitive Church*. The Romish writers content themselves with denying well-known facts. See Moore, *Hist. Ireland*; Lanigan, etc.

were the restless intrigues of the Jesuits.⁽¹⁾ In that gallant struggle which Elizabeth was destined to wage for the safety of her crown and her life against the Pope, the Spaniards, the adherents of Mary of Scotland, and all Romish Europe, the most active and most dangerous of her foes were ever the disciples of Loyola. To ruin and break down every Protestant government, to cover with discord and slaughter every Protestant land, and from the wreck of nations to build up a spiritual empire as tyrannical and as severe as was that of Tiberius or Nero, was then, as now, the secret or open aim of every Jesuit. To wound or to destroy Elizabeth the society began its disastrous labors in Ireland. The Jesuits, in various disguises, penetrated to the courts of the native chiefs. They roused the fires of national antipathy; they scoffed at the Saxons as heretics; they allured the Irish to abandon forever the usages of St. Patrick and to ally themselves with the Italian Church;⁽²⁾ they promised the natives the protection of St. Peter, the shield of Mary, the blessing of the Pope, and the military aid of all Catholic Europe, if they would rise once more in a grand crusade against the English of the Pale and drive the Saxons from their soil.

The alluring vision painted by the skillful touch of the unsparing Jesuits drew on the Celtic chieftains to their ruin. Not satisfied with the possession of three-fourths of the island, with the enjoyment of their own laws and their own faith, with the prospect of a gradual improvement and a peaceful union with their English masters of the Pale, the impulsive people accepted the offers of Rome, threw themselves at the Pontiff's feet, and became, for the first time, the willing instruments of the Jesuits and the Popes. They may be excused, if not forgiven. Their schools had long been swept away; their people had sunk into ignorance; history, poetry,

(¹) Sacchinus, iv., p. 148. Wolfe, a Jesuit and a papal nuncio, made his way to Cork in 1561.

(²) So Wolfe probably induced some Irish married priests—for we can not believe his scandalous account—to put away their wives. "*Clericos cœnobitasque passim omnes cum mulierculis suis.*" It is plain that in 1561 the priests were married.

and music had given place to the ceaseless turmoil of a border war. Rome stretched forth its cunning hand to extirpate the Irish Church, and, after four centuries of violence, succeeded at last by a fatal fraud.

From Ulster and Munster, from the banks of the Shannon and the glens of Wicklow, the wild Irish, inspired by the savage teachings of their Italian masters, fell bravely upon the English Pale. But the whole scheme of the crusade proved soon the desperate vision of deluded priests. The Pope could give little aid to his new converts (1560-1600); the Spanish were too far off to be of service; and Elizabeth, resolute and bold, sent, one by one, the bravest or the most renowned of her courtiers to secure her dominion over the fertile isle. Here Raleigh cut down the Irish kerns, and Grey massacred the hopeless rebels; here the Norrises and the Blounts were heard of in many a fray; here Essex, brave but inexperienced, wasted his fine army, and returned to perish on the block; and here, at length, the prudent Mountjoy broke the strength of the Irish league. Tyrone, the great O'Neil, once master of half Ireland, the terror of Elizabeth and of the English Pale, went into exile; the savage chiefs of the West sunk into submission; and when Elizabeth died, Ireland was almost wholly conquered. Happy had the fertile isle submitted peacefully to its inevitable doom!

The later sorrows of this unlucky land may still be traced to the mischievous plottings of the society of Loyola.⁽¹⁾ The Jesuits would never suffer Ireland to repose. A Romish faction grew up among its ignorant people pledged to the hopeless task of winning back the island to the dominion of the Pope. A colony of Scottish Protestants had settled on the wasted soil of Ulster, and by industry and intelligence were fast restoring the early prosperity of the favored scene of Patrick's labors and Columba's prayers. The Jesuits and the papal chiefs resolved upon their destruction (1640-1644). On a sad and memorable day, the source of many a bitter woe to

(1) Allen, Archer, and many other Jesuits are noted in the various risings. See Moore, *Hist. Ireland*, ii., pp. 437, 497.

Ireland, the Romish forces sprung upon the prosperous colony, and wasted it with fierce malignity. Forty thousand Protestants were massacred without remorse; the fields of Ulster were filled with the dead; the noble perished in his castle, the priest was hanged in his garden, and a new St. Bartholomew's swept over Ireland.⁽¹⁾ But a perpetual terror now settled upon all Protestant minds; the Irish massacre shocked all Europe; the Protestant natives brooded over their vengeance; the spirits of the dead seemed to their impassioned fancies to float over the terrified isle; spectral illusions filled the air. A group of women, whose husbands had been murdered and their children drowned at Armagh, saw, about twilight, the vision of a woman rising from the waters; her form was erect, her hair hung long and disheveled, her skin was white as snow, and she cried incessantly to the sad spectators, "Revenge! revenge!" A ghost was seen constantly from December to spring-time, stretching out its spectral hands over the scene of death.⁽²⁾

Had Ireland retained the liberal faith of Patrick and Columba it might readily have shared in the new impulses of the age, and the colleges of Cashel and Armagh and the monasteries of Iona might once again have imparted a consecrated civilization to Northern Europe; once more the hills of Antrim might have echoed to the tread of seven thousand students, and the saints and scholars of Erin have restored the intellectual glory of the sacred isle. But the fated land was now bound by terrible ties to the See of Rome. The Celtic race had doomed itself to ceaseless ignorance; the Popes and the Jesuits ruled the hopeless people with remorseless skill; and Ireland had allied itself to that cruel and immoral conservatism which was exemplified in the massacres of Ulster or the ravages of Philip of Spain. The name of an Irish Catholic seemed now the symbol of barbarous malignity. The Celts,

(1) The English had often intermingled with the Celts and adopted their manners. The contest has from this period been one of religion.

(2) These spectral illusions, the creations of minds torn by grief or racked by apprehension, remind one of the oracles of Thucydides or the apparitions of Livy.

who had once educated Europe, became, under Romish influences, accursed in the eyes of civilization.

Cromwell, the avenger of the massacre of Derry, in 1649 entered Ireland to crush the Romish league; and if retaliation or retribution ever soothed a revengeful spirit, the wraiths that hovered over the rivers of Ulster must now have sunk to rest. The Romish forces melted away before the vigorous soldier; that keen intellect, which had never faltered on the battle-field, cut to pieces, by its bold strategy, the Irish host; no pity moved him as he blotted cities from the earth, or strewed the land with dead. His cruelty was inexcusable; his followers imitated his severity, and Ireland was crushed into submission. From Cromwell's time the English ruled over the subject island, a severe and exacting caste. The bravest and most adventurous of the Celts abandoned their native land. They fought in the armies of the Catholic powers in every crusade against the reformers. Their valor became conspicuous on the battle-fields of France and Germany, and the papacy had no more remorseless defenders than that misguided race who had been sold into slavery by Adrian, and reduced to a more fatal bondage by the unscrupulous arts of the Jesuits.

The devotion of the Irish to the Italian prelate grew into an insane passion. They gave their lives freely for the priest who had destroyed them. The Italians smiled at their sincerity, and employed them in their bloodiest deeds. A band of Irishmen, a Butler and a Devereux, were selected to assassinate Wallenstein; an Irishman defended the murder;⁽¹⁾ an Irish legion committed fearful crimes in the Vaudois valleys; the brutal cruelty of the O'Neils and the O'Connors shocked the moral sense of an unscrupulous age. At length James II. set up a Catholic kingdom in Ireland, and the barbarities of Tyrone were renewed at the siege of Derry and the pillage of Ulster. But the abject race which lay sunk in superstitious

(1) "Carve, *Itinerarium*, cap. xi., *reliqui Hiberni*." Carve, an Irish exile, calls Butler, the assassin, an illustrious murderer, and exults over the woes of the enemies of Rome.

decay was no match for the vigorous Protestants who fought under William of Orange. The Irish fell once more into gross degradation. Even Swift, the idol of Dublin, scoffed at his wretched countrymen; and for a century the Celts starved in their miserable hovels, and groveled before their oppressors. The French Revolution and the vain ambition of Napoleon roused them to a new insurrection, but the fall of the tyrant left them more wretched than before.

Then began the remarkable emigration of the Celts. A free and Protestant land opened wide its hospitable shores to the hapless race, and with unbounded generosity offered them liberty, equality, and a peaceful home. They swarmed over the ocean. A ceaseless tide of Celtic bondmen has poured into the cities of the New World. But unhappily the virtues of Patrick and the modesty of Columba have too often been forgotten by their countrymen. They have brought with them an insane devotion to the Romish See—a strange hostility to the free institutions of their adopted land. They have labored to destroy that wide system of public instruction by which alone they can hope to rise from their mental decay. They have proclaimed their hostility to the Bible, whose pure lessons had once made Ireland the island of the saints. They have chosen to linger in vicious ignorance, and to fill the prisons and the alms-houses, instead of rising, by education and industry, to the dignity of freemen. They have become the servile tools of corrupt politicians or foreign priests; and when danger hovered over the nation the votes of Irishmen were uniformly aimed against the Government, and proved often more fatal to the hopes of freedom than the plots of Davis or the sword of Lee.⁽¹⁾

Yet we may trust that a more honorable career awaits the Celts in the future. Gratitude must awaken when knowledge has taught them to reflect; when they compare the generous hospitality of the New World with the bitter persecutions of

(1) Of course this rebuke will touch only the guilty; some of the Irish immigrants have been patriots, many industrious and useful; but yet our statement is true.

the Old; when they reflect that here alone they are free from the malice of tyrants and the exactions of the priest; when education shall have aroused them from their blindness, and they have discovered, with remorse and shame, that every Irishman who, at the command of popes or prelates, labors to destroy the free institutions of his adopted home, is a traitor worse than Dermot Macmorrough when he guided the papal legions to the ruin of his native land.

On a fair hill, amidst the gentlest scenery of Ulster, stands the venerable Cathedral of Armagh, said to have been founded by St. Patrick, and around it, on the sloping declivities, were once gathered the modest buildings where countless students, in the period of Ireland's intellectual glory, were freely educated and maintained.⁽¹⁾ The hills and vales of the beautiful landscape are consecrated in the history of education. Here Patrick founded his first free school. Here grew up the most renowned of European colleges. Along yonder vales the youth of Scotland, Germany, Gaul, and Britain came to study the poetry, the music, the history of Ireland, and to listen to illustrious lecturers whose names were famous in Italy and Spain. Men of profound learning and undoubted piety trod from age to age yonder peaceful plain. The streets of Armagh, it is said, were crowded with students. A scholastic tumult hung over the quiet scene where now the shuttle and the spinning-wheel alone disturb the peace of the rural village;⁽²⁾ a boundless passion for knowledge filled its early population; the clamor of a hundred lecture-rooms resounded not far from the tall cliffs of Deerry, or where the huge pillars of the Giant's Causeway break the waves of the northern sea. Patrick, the apostle of the free school and the Scriptural Church, still lives in the memories of Armagh. Disciple of

⁽¹⁾ The Four Masters celebrate a long succession of brilliant lecturers and accomplished rectors of the native colleges. Even in 1170 (ii., 1175) the death of the great *lector* Cormac is related, almost the last of the sages of his country.

⁽²⁾ Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, *Beauties of Ireland*, describe with enthusiasm the landscape of Armagh, ii., p. 458-460, the charms of the Bann, the grandeur of Lough Neagh.

St. John, child of the Bible, the humble missionary early discovered the power of education, and from his free schools or colleges sprung up a cultivated nation and a ceaseless throng of saints and scholars, poets and priests.

Touching is it to remember that when, seven centuries later, Dermot, Henry, and the Pope were conspiring to let loose upon Ireland the horrors of an inexpiable war, to destroy its freedom, to crush its Church, and to blot from existence its colleges and schools, Roderic O'Connor gave a munificent and a last endowment to the master of the University of Armagh. He remembered the heroes and saints who had been educated within its walls; he felt the power of knowledge.⁽¹⁾ An annual donation of ten cows was settled upon the office. The generous prince declared that his gift was designed to educate freely the youth of Ireland and Scotland, and to advance the taste for letters.⁽²⁾ Soon the tide of war rolled over the island; Armagh was sacked and deserted; Irish literature and learning ceased to adorn the world; and the free system of education established by St. Patrick was blotted from existence by envious Rome.

To a still holier shrine of Celtic piety and genius we may turn as we close our retrospect. Across the waves, near the Scottish shore, lie the tombs and ruins of Iona. Two recent and accomplished writers have essayed to paint the landscape that met the eyes of the Irish saint and the waves that murmured to his prayers.⁽³⁾ The warm fancy of the Southern

(¹) *Four Masters*, ii., 1171. See *Trias Thaum.*, p. 310. "*Rodericus rex summopere cupiens in academiâ Ardmochanâ studia promovere—câ conditione et studium generale pro scholaribus, tam ex Hibernia unde quoque, quam ex Albania adventantibus.*" The *Four Masters* say that Roderic gave it in honor of St. Patrick, and to instruct youth in literature.

(²) Ten cows yearly was a munificent endowment. The *Brehon law* allows six cows as the price of a queen's wardrobe. *Vallancey*, Col. i., App. By the example of a modern court the income of the rector may be estimated at a very high rate. Compared to his modern successors, he was wealthy; for what professor would not be content with an income nearly twice the value of a queen's wardrobe?

(³) *Montalembert*, *Monks of the West*, and the *Duke of Argyll's Iona*, paint its different aspects.

Celt sees only the cold and misty sky, the barren rocks, the pale sun of the North, the wild and stormy ocean; the Highland chief adorns the scene with richer colors. Red cliffs rise out of an emerald sea; the heavy banks of clouds far out on the western main are lighted with dazzling sunshine; the blue outline of the Scottish coast, a throng of islets, bare or verdant, and the endless waste of the dim Atlantic—an unrivaled wealth of sea, cloud, and sky—surround the home of Columba. But, more majestic than nature's grandest aspect, ever hovers over his beloved isle the form of the holy teacher proclaiming its immortal renown, and the rulers and the people of many lands have fulfilled his prophecy, and nations have worshiped at his shrine.⁽¹⁾

It is possible that from Iona and Armagh, from Patrick and Columba, from the free school and the free Church, may come the restoration of the Celtic race; that a fallen but vigorous people, long corrupted and degraded by superstitious ignorance, may submit to a nobler conquest of reason and humanity; and that Irishmen, in every land, may once more learn from their ancient teachers modesty, docility, gentleness—the foundations of mental strength.

(1) Columba prophesied that every barbarous and foreign nation would celebrate the renown of his narrow and barren isle.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

THE annals of man offer few more varied, more magnificent, or more touching records than those of the Eastern Church;⁽¹⁾ and from its dim yet hallowed origin, through its long career of worldly triumph and of spiritual joy, of bitter overthrows and of swift decline, of fresh revivals and unprecedented strength, until to-day it rules over half Europe, and threatens the subjugation of Asia from the Indus to the China seas, a surpassing interest has ever followed the only Christian body that can claim a visible descent from the companions of its founder. A cloud of doubt, of fable, or conjecture, rests upon the pretensions of the Church of Rome; the legend of St. Peter relies upon no contemporary proof, and belongs to the domain of faith rather than of history; nor does any Protestant communion profess to trace its origin through an unbroken line of presbyters and bishops to the apostolic age. But the Oriental Church seems possessed of a well-authenticated genealogy. Its language is still that in which the Gospels were written and Polycarp and Ignatius preached; its melodious ritual⁽²⁾ reaches back to the days of Constantine and Athanasius; its great patriarchates, that sprung up in the veritable homes of the apostles, are yet faintly delineated in the feeble churches of Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Constantinople; along the fair shores of Syria and Asia Minor the shattered ruins of the Christian Church have outlived the fallen shrines of Antioch or Ephesus; and from the city of Constantine, the capital of the Christian world, has flowed a regu-

(1) Mouravieff, *Hist. Russ. Church*, trans. Stanley, *Eastern Church*, has made free and effective use of the Russian historian, besides his own careful researches.

(2) King, *Rites, etc., of the Greek Church*; Renaudot, *Liturg. Orient.*, 1847, Paris, p. 30; Neale, *Patriarchates*.

lar apostolic succession, whose members still minister to devout congregations from the Kremlin to Solovetsky.

Scholar as well as theologian will find much in the annals of the Greek Church to touch his sympathy and startle his curiosity. The genius of Attic civilization seems often revived in its teachings; the humane and liberal spirit of philosophers and poets, the gentler impulses of Plato or Socrates, are renewed, together with their names, through all those barbarous races that were educated from the brilliant schools of Constantinople. While the Latin Church, under its illiterate popes, inculcated persecution, and grew into a fierce and aggressive political despotism, the Greeks, looking ever to the teachings of Nice and of Constantine, have preserved a humane toleration.⁽¹⁾ As if in tender recollection of their high intellectual ancestry, the monks of Mount Athos and the priests of the Kremlin have painted on the walls of their cathedrals the venerable faces of Homer, Pythagoras, or Plato, and admit to the catalogue of the just the sages and heroes who prepared the path of Christianity. In Moscow or Novgorod, the Mohammedan, the Lutheran, and the Roman Catholic are permitted to enjoy their faith and their religious rites undisturbed. No St. Bartholomew's, no dragonnades, no raging Inquisition, no hecatombs of martyrs, no strange and cunning tortures, such as those devised by the keen invention of Jesuits and Romish priests, have ever defiled the venerable ministry that traces its origin to Ephesus and St. John.

Along that hot but luxuriant shore, reaching from the falls of the Nile to the lower borders of the Euxine, still fertile at that momentous period in the richest productions of nature and art, the land of Homer and Herodotus, Scopas and Parhasius, of stately architecture and perpetual song, the Eastern Church, at the opening of the Council of Nice and the triumph of Constantine, had fixed its immutable foundations. Its mighty bishoprics—seats of learning as well as of abundant

(¹) Stanley, *Eastern Church*, pp. 34, 35. King, p. 6-8, notices that the Greeks have never worshiped the Virgin or the saints. But Covel, *Greek Church*, p. 376, thinks the Greeks "the most zealous adorers of the mother of God."

faith—seemed the corner-stones of Christianity. Alexandria, Antioch, and the Seven Churches were flourishing with such outward vigor as to overshadow the feeble Church of Rome and the missionary stations of the barbarous West. Rome, in fact, had long remained a Greek congregation. Its bishops employed the Greek language in their writings or exhortations ;⁽¹⁾ its presbyter, Anicetus, admitted the superior authority of Polycarp ; its members were obscure, uncultivated, and humbled by frequent persecutions. But, in the great cities of the East, Christianity already had invested itself with material and intellectual splendor. At the famous schools of Alexandria the keen faculties of the heretic, Arius, and the resolute genius of his young opponent, Athanasius, had been prepared for that vigorous contest that was to divide Christendom. In all the Syrian cities Christianity became the religion of the intellectual classes. Learning and philosophy were blended with faith ; the Eastern bishops were voluminous writers, poets, orators, even novelists ; while all along the sacred shore stately churches grew up above the ruins of the pagan temples, the Nile was lined with monasteries and cathedrals, the cliffs of the Grecian coast were converted into pious strongholds, the abode of cultivated eremites ;⁽²⁾ the soft music and the gay processions of the classic creed were borrowed to enlarge and corrupt the Christian ritual ; and the Greek Church had already assumed something of its modern form.

At length (325), with cries of victory and peace, the Council of Nice assembled. Martyrs and confessors, maimed bishops and eyeless hermits, cultivated scholars from the learned seminaries of Egypt and Alexandria, monks from the Thebaid, and anchorites from the desert, gathered at the call of Constantine to decide the doctrines and the usages of the tri-

(1) The epistles of Clement are in Greek. Paul wrote in Greek to the Romans.

(2) The Egyptian ascetics appear about the middle of the third century. The practice was rapidly adopted. Of the monasteries of Mount Athos some boast an origin at least contemporary with Constantine. See Curzon, *Levant*, p. 340. The Vatopede is said to have had Constantine for its founder.

umphant Church. Amidst its eager and clamorous throng wandered the inspired dwarf Athanasius, deformed, with glittering eyes; or the tall, emaciated Arius, wasted with penance and conscious of defeat, summoning his followers to that intellectual combat whose decision was to fix the opinions of half mankind. Yet the decrees of the first, perhaps the only, general council deserving of a lasting veneration are observed alone by the obedient Greeks. Imperious Rome has long neglected its injunctions and interpolated its creed. Protestantism has preferred to revive the simpler usages of the apostolic age. But the Eastern Church has remained immutable. Its clergy are married; its creed is still that of Constantine and of Nice; the worship of Mary has never been allowed to overshadow the purer rites of a cultivated age; the priest has never aspired to a temporal supremacy; the Scriptures are still read in the national language in its churches; the authority of the sultan or the czar is admitted in the selection of its patriarchs and bishops. The mild genius of Constantine founded an ecclesiastical system that for fifteen centuries has obeyed his precepts and revered his fame.

To Constantine the Eastern Church was to owe its central shrine. The Christian capital arose on the verge of Europe and of Asia, over whose mental and religious progress it was never to lose its influence, in the fairest site known to the ancient world. The waters of the Euxine rushed before the city of Constantine, through a long and sometimes narrow strait, to mingle with the *Ægean*. By its side the Golden Horn offered a safe and almost tideless harbor; ships from Arabia and from Scythia might meet in the friendly shelter. Around it opened a landscape rich with the later results of Greek cultivation; and the delusive beauties of the modern city can only faintly reflect the magnificence of the scene when the shores of the thickly wooded Propontis were cultivated with Attic elegance,⁽¹⁾ and the marble churches and palaces of Constantine covered the swelling promontory from the harbor

(¹) Gibbon often describes the attractions of Constantinople. Von Hammer, Constantinople, etc., may be consulted.

to the glittering sea. Nothing was wanting, except perhaps creative genius, to make the new Rome the chief of cities. The wealth of an empire was lavished in its decoration. Within ten years it attained a splendor that might rival the fruits of ten centuries of the slow progress of ancient Rome. The new Romulus traced the circuit and witnessed the completion of his capital. Its temples were brighter than the yellow columns of the Parthenon; its circus more spacious than that of Tarquin; its baths, aqueducts, and fountains, its abundant markets and its stately churches, provided for the requirements of a population that sprung up with artificial vigor; and for more than a thousand years, amidst the barbarous turmoil of mediæval Europe, Constantinople outshone all its rivals, even in its slow decay.

It was a museum and a store-house for the ravished treasures of Greece. A tripod of serpents from Delphi, statues from the deserted temples of the ancient faith, columns carved in the days of Phidias, gems and precious stones from the coronals of ancient deities, libraries gathered in the home of philosophy, the writings of the fathers, the poets, and the sages, found shelter in the halls of Constantine, when the museum of Alexandria was made desolate, and the Acropolis had become the haunt of robbers. Protected by its fortunate situation and its lofty walls, Constantinople held securely within its bosom its precious deposit. A last bulwark of civilization when all the world was savage, its schools still employed the language of Homer; its students read Euripides or dreamed of Plato; the wisdom which had been lost to all other men was still familiar to its children; the priests of the Greek Church were all cultivated, and often gifted with rare ability; and while the Latin clergy could seldom read or write, a living fountain of true learning fertilized the intellect of the East.

With the death of its founder a remarkable revolution passed over the Christian capital, and under the rule of the corrupt Constantius the opinions of the heretic Arius were enforced upon its clergy and its people; the whole Christian world seemed converted by the subtle argument of the new

sect.⁽¹⁾ The great see of Alexandria, almost imperial in power and state, was governed by an Arian bishop; Antioch and Jerusalem yielded to the arts of the emperor; Rome and distant Spain obeyed his commands;⁽²⁾ but Athanasius, and perhaps the majority of the laity, still defended the Trinitarianism of Nice, and the latent principle of Christianity was kept in remembrance by the sharp diatribes of the exiled prelate. Bitter, vindictive, magnanimous, unconquerable, a weary life awaited the presbyter who had defeated Arius in his early vigor, but who seemed at last to have sunk in his old age into a forlorn and powerless victim before the avenging spirit of his fallen foe. The cruelty and the keen persecutions of the Arians drove Athanasius to a savage retreat in the wilderness, and oppressed his adherents with bitter tortures. Yet more than once the heroic Copt, his diminutive frame inspired by a genuine courage, came out from his hiding-place to terrify the court and the hostile clergy into an insincere compromise; often the faithful Egyptians concealed, at the peril of life and fortune, the great head of their Church. Of all the spectacles witnessed at Alexandria, the most memorable was the reception of Athanasius after his first exile and return. The whole Egyptian population poured out like a swelling Nile—it is the figure of the narrator—to greet with shouts of joy and adoration the national saint. On the one side a huge mass of dusky children lined the broad highway; the men and women, separated into two vast hosts, as was the Oriental custom, rolled out of the city gates, an endless stream; every trade and profession was ranged in order; branches of trees were waved aloft; the richest carpets of the Alexandrian looms were flung, radiant with gay colors and costly figures, in the pathway of the hero; and when his feeble form rose on the sight, one wild burst of acclamation broke from myriads of lips. Countless hands were clapped with rapturous joy, and

(1) Mosheim, i., p. 345; Gieseler, i., p. 302; Gibbon, iii., p. 11. Constantinople was the principal seat and fortress of Arianism.

(2) See Hefele, *Con.*, i., p. 658; Milman, *Hist. Christ.*, ii., p. 431. The forced apostasy of Hosius and Liberius is well known. I need not allude to the vain controversy.

the most precious ointments, cast before him, filled the air with fragrance. At night the whole city glowed with a general illumination, and in every house rich entertainments invited perpetual guests. An unusual religious fervor followed. Men, women, children, hid themselves in convents, or sought a hermitage in the desert; the hungry were fed, the orphans sheltered, and every household, filled with devotion, seemed transformed into a Christian church.

Through a weary life of ceaseless persecution Athanasius⁽¹⁾ passed onward to old age and death. But his victory was at last secured. Constantinople, Rome, and Alexandria returned to the Trinitarian faith, and the great Theodosius reigned in the Christian capital over an undivided church. The fair and prosperous city of Constantine became now the admitted head of Christendom. Rome, sacked and depopulated by Goth and Vandal, almost ceased to dispute the supremacy of the Eastern bishops; the Patriarch of Constantinople claimed a universal rule; the Popes feebly or violently protested against the assumption; the Eastern emperors selected or deposed at will the Latin bishops; Justinian and Belisarius scoffed at the fallen priests of the ancient capital.

From Justinian the Eastern Church was to borrow that novel and pleasing style of architecture which was to adorn the Kremlin and satisfy the fancy of Moslem or Christian, whose glittering domes and lavish decorations of gems and gold are more grateful to the Oriental taste than the wildest or the grandest of the Gothic minsters; and in his long and wasteful reign churches and monasteries were scattered with profuse hand over his tottering empire. It is the characteristic of feeble rulers to seek for renown in huge or costly buildings. The active but imbecile Justinian toiled to complete the splendor of Constantinople, and to make it worthy of himself. Nor was he unsuccessful. The magnificence of

(¹) Such was the pre-eminence of Alexandria in mathematics that to its bishops only was given the duty of fixing the beginning of Lent and the Easter season. The bishop issued every year a festal letter. Those of Athanasius have recently been discovered. See Cureton, *Festal Let. of Athanasius*.

the decaying capital was perfected by the last resources of an impoverished world. A throng of stately churches, a palace of unequalled splendor, groves, gardens, and public edifices, rich with varied marbles, mosaics, and gold, covered anew the fortunate site where Constantine had first transplanted the simpler forms of Grecian architecture, and preserved the memory of the Doric temple or the Corinthian shaft. But under Justinian arose that tall and graceful dome of St. Sophia, the most wonderful of the inventions of the later architects, whose fair proportions still rise over the Moslem city, and reproach the Eastern Church with the spectacle of its desecrated shrine.⁽¹⁾ St. Sophia was built of brick, but coated with marble; its exterior, like the churches of the Kremlin, could never have been imposing; but no sooner had the spectator passed its gates of bronze than he was dazzled by a profusion of rare embellishments such as St. Peter's can scarcely surpass. Above him soared the central cupola, surrounded by six smaller domes, covered with heavy gilding and gleaming with varied colors. A hundred columns of jasper, porphyry, or costly marble, torn from ancient temples, and dissimilar in form and carving, sustained the lofty roof. The altar was a pile of silver. The sacred utensils were of purest gold, studded with inestimable gems. From the walls looked down the figures of saints and angels; and in the form of a Greek cross the magnificence of St. Sophia opened at once upon the observer, and presented all its gilding, its mosaics, and its bronzes, its gold and gems, at a single glance. In its modern dress only the bare and dusky walls and the graceful domes remain; the priceless ornaments of the shrine and chancel are gone; yet the columns of porphyry from the Temple of the Sun, and the green marbles of Ephesus, may yet be distinguished, and the dull echoes of Mohammedan eloquence seem profane and dissonant in the desecrated shrine where once the Christian world collected its treasures and poured forth its prayers.

(1) Gibbon's account of St. Sophia, iii., p. 523, has been enlarged by modern investigations. See Von Hammer, *Constantinople und der Bosphorus*, i., p. 346; *Byzantine Arch.*, Texier and Pullan, p. 21-59.

To perfect his grand conception of a Christian cathedral, Justinian labored with an ardor that never tired. Often he was seen under the glare of the noonday sun, while all others slept, clad in a coarse linen tunic, a staff in his hand, his head bound with a linen cloth, directing his workmen, urging on the indolent, and stimulating the industrious. Tradition relates that angelic visions guided him in his labors and suggested his happiest ideas.⁽¹⁾ A spiritual guest revealed to him a hidden treasure; a figure robed in white descended on the sacred site, and was deluded by the acute emperor into a promise to remain forever. But the ceaseless industry of ten thousand laborers, toiling often by night and day, in the course of six years completed the Church of the Holy Wisdom. Four columns, tall, graceful, and firm, sustained the swelling dome. Its tiles of Rhodian clay were the lightest of building materials. Its height from the pavement was one hundred and seventy-nine feet, its breadth one hundred. Twenty-four low and rounded windows threw streams of light through its groined ribs of equal number. Four colossal figures of winged seraphim adorned its four angles; and from its summit looked down the majestic face of Christ, the Sovereign Judge, whose noble aspect is still imitated or reproduced in every Byzantine cathedral. At the eastern end of the pillared nave, the climax of the magnificent interior, arose the silver screen of the altar, composed of twelve pillars wrought with arabesque devices, twined into pairs, and graced with holy faces. A massive cross of gold appeared above. The table of the altar was formed of molten gold, into which the most costly gems had been cast in uncounted masses. Behind the altar, seats of silver, separated by golden pillars, were arranged for the bishop and clergy. Tall candelabra of gold, of the richest workmanship, threw a soft light over the glittering scene. A pulpit, a throne for the emperor and one for the patriarch, and seats for innumerable priests, probably filled all the space of the

(¹) Paul the Silentiary, and Anonymi, in Banduri, p. 61. The late sultan permitted St. Sophia to be studied, the walls purified, the figures copied, but re-covered. See Fossati, drawings lithographed by Hague: London, 1854. For the first time they were seen since 1453.

eastern end. The altar cloths were stiff with gold and gems, and patriarch and emperor were adorned with robes encumbered with the spoils of ages.

Such was the monument of barbaric folly which Justinian transmitted to the Eastern Church. Feeble vanity, religious ardor, artistic genius, and inhuman waste are all exemplified in the story of the Greek cathedral. The world groaned with taxation and misery that the corrupt Church might possess a gorgeous shrine; yet the great edifice has proved more lasting than any of its contemporaries, and promises to be almost as enduring as that grotesque, half-barbarous, and half-imbecile scheme of law which Justinian embodied in the Pandects and the Novels.⁽¹⁾ Often shattered by earthquakes or defaced by insurrections, plundered by conquerors and stripped by the Turk, St. Sophia has outlived the cathedrals of Charlemagne and the early basilicas of Rome. It preceded by nearly a thousand years the foundation of St. Peter's. It opened a new era in architecture. Its graceful dome has been imitated at Moscow and Novgorod, in Florence and Rome. The boundless richness of its interior decorations has been nearly rivaled in the Kremlin or the churches of St. Petersburg.⁽²⁾ Yet no modern cathedral can recall such splendid and such touching memories as those that cluster around the central shrine of the Eastern Church. On Christmas-day, in the year 538, its founder dedicated his stately labors with a pompous pageant that exhausted the wealth and the invention of his empire. The great bronze doors rolled open. The emperor, clothed in purple; the patriarch, radiant with cloth of gold; a host of inferior clergy, arrayed in the rich vesture of a corrupt ritual, filled the silver seats around the altar. The golden candlesticks poured down their light. The courtiers and the people covered the wide expanse of the nave or dome. The graceful galleries were thronged with the fairest and the noblest women of Constantinople; and Justinian, in grateful exulta-

(¹) I would scarcely wish to do injustice to Justinian's codifiers; but Gaius is better than his imitator, and the Twelve Tables better than Gaius.

(²) The Church of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, is said to surpass all that man can conceive of splendor. Dicey.

tion, with arms outstretched and lifted in the attitude of prayer, exclaimed, "Glory to God, who has deemed me worthy of such a work! I have conquered thee, O Solomon!" The chant of countless choristers swelled through the pillared aisles. Immense sums were expended in lavish gifts to the poor, and the whole city shared in the boundless yet too transient satisfaction of its master.

For nine centuries, in St. Sophia emperors were enthroned, patriarchs installed, and the Christian festivals celebrated with Oriental pomp. It was the favorite scene for the display of the feeble magnificence of the Byzantine court. The imperial marriages and baptisms were celebrated at its altar; and above the holy spot, in the vain pride of Greek exclusiveness, was inscribed the law forbidding the marriage of a Byzantine prince with a stranger. Often its interior witnessed wild outrages and riotous fanaticism; its pavements were stained with blood in the fierce struggle of the image-breakers. From its pulpit Photius pronounced the excommunication of Rome and the separation of the two churches. The sweet music of its choristers and the splendor of its rites converted the Russians to the faith of Constantine. It was desecrated with barbarous sacrileges by the Latin Crusaders; a papal priest sat for a moment in the chair of Photius; and the hatred of the Greeks for the Latins sprung up with new intensity as they saw the brutal deeds of the chivalry of the West. "Rather," they cried, "would we see the turban of Mohammed than the pope's tiara in Constantinople." At length, in the opening of the tenth century of its existence, the vast cathedral beheld the most dreadful of all its woes. Amidst the groans and cries of the host of dying Greeks, Mohammed II. strode up its blood-stained nave, and proclaimed from its high altar the God and Prophet of an accursed faith.⁽¹⁾ A golden crescent was raised above the dome of St. Sophia. The Greek Church, fallen and powerless, yet wept over the dese-

(1) "Die Männer wurden mit Stricken, die Weiber mit ihren Gürteln zwey und zwey zusammengebunden." Von Hammer, i., p. 550. The desolation of St. Sophia was completed by the plunder of its ornaments and the covering-up of its pictures.

cration of its central shrine as the chief of its humiliations; nor in all its wide domain is there to-day a priest or layman who does not remember that St. Sophia was torn from his ancestors by the savage Turk, or long for the day of its restoration.

Not from Goth or Hun, from the fierce tribes of the German forests who had stricken down the mighty fabric of the Latin rule, was to come the final desolation of the Eastern Church. In the opening of the seventh century it still retained an exterior grandeur that overawed the feebler sees of Western Christendom. The authority of Constantinople, in Church and State, was admitted at Antioch and Alexandria, in Africa and Italy. Rome, already ambitious and avaricious, was a humble dependency of the Eastern empire. The arms of Narses and Belisarius had alone saved the fallen capital from the rule of an Arian chief, and perhaps an Arian pope.⁽¹⁾ Nor was it without a reasonable sense of superior intelligence as well as power that the bishops of Constantinople had assumed the title of Universal Patriarch, and claimed a general control of the Christian Church. Gothic Spain was yet held by the Arians; the great Lombard kingdom of Northern Italy still threatened to enforce the doctrines of Arius upon the Catholics of Rome and Naples; at Alexandria the native Copts clung to the Monophysite heresy, and submitted reluctantly to the supremacy of the Greeks; yet the Patriarch of Constantinople was still the chief head of Catholic orthodoxy, and from the pulpit of St. Sophia instructed an obedient world.

It was the sword of the Saracen that swept into sudden ruin the venerable seats of early Christianity. The children of the Arabian deserts are divided into two hostile and dissimilar families—the dwellers in cities and the dwellers in the sands.⁽²⁾ The former, assuming the pacific habits of the merchant, had laid aside the savage virtues and vices of the Bed-

⁽¹⁾ How nearly Rome became Arian forever, when its infallible popes must have propagated fatal heresy, may be seen in the history of the time. It was long a question whether Arianism would not rule the West.

⁽²⁾ Amari, *La Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia*, i., p. 34.

ouin. They lived in the rich fields of Yemen and Arabia the Happy; their fleet ships bore the spices of the East to the docks of Rome and the coast of Coromandel; their caravans had founded and cherished the prosperity of Hira and Palmyra. But it was not from the more civilized Arabs that the swift storm of reform was to break over dying intellect and virtue. The fiery children of the desert, free, impetuous, independent; whose companions from infancy had been the boundless landscape of sand and sky, the hot sun, the splendid wanderers of the night; who never rested, who had no home nor possessions but the dromedary and a tent, were now to be moved by great thoughts, and to issue from Arabia armed with a comparative truth. Amidst the wide decay of Christianity, the apparent flight of honesty and mental vigor from the earth, the cry of fallen human nature for reform was answered by a wild voice from Mecca. A Bedouin, though softened somewhat by a more pacific life, Mohammed preached to the dull world God and himself.

Mecca is described as one of those places where only necessity or habit could induce men to dwell.⁽¹⁾ An arid valley, shut in by bare and rugged mountains, is watered by a few feeble springs that support its scanty herbage. The hot sun, the perpetual blasts of the desert, are imprisoned in its narrow cleft, and the surrounding rocks reflect and deepen the torrid heat. Yet, by the vigorous impulse of a single active mind, the Arabian village became the rival of Rome and of Constantinople; and when Mohammed, half crazed by the problems of life and of immortality, prayed and fasted amidst its loftiest cliffs, he was preparing the swift destruction of that degenerate Christianity that had grown up in the venerable churches once tended by Mark and John.⁽²⁾ At his death his followers issued from the desert, and the sword of the Saracens, during the seventh and eighth centuries, perfected their work of purification or of desolation. Jerusalem,

(1) Muir, *Life of Mohammed*, vol. i., p. 3.

(2) Muir's picture of the youth of the Prophet is the most complete we have.

strewn with Christian dead, became a Moslem shrine. The fate of Damascus has grown famous in prose and song. The Seven Churches, the crowns of seven splendid cities, have sunk into almost undiscoverable ruin. Thyatira is lost, and Sardis a brambly waste; and travelers search in vain on the lonely sites for the mighty cathedrals once raised in honor of St. John or the Holy Wisdom, and for some trace of that magnificence that once marked the Eastern Church.⁽¹⁾ The sword of the Saracens swept over Egypt and Alexandria; the great see of Athanasius was reduced to a wretched shadow; the Nile was cleared of its swarming monasteries; and Africa, Spain, and Sicily were readily taught to abandon the idols of Rome for the invisible deity of Mecca.

The city of Constantinople, in this period of desolation, embraced all that was yet left of the Christianity of the East, unless, perhaps, a purer faith had sprung up beneath the iron tread of Moslem tyranny, and the virtues of an age of martyrdom were revived among the obscure and forgotten fragments of the churches of Asia or the Nile. But all the visible strength of the Eastern faith seemed shut up, with the treasures of Greek art, within the walls of Constantinople. Twice the vast hordes of ardent Saracens thronged around the trembling city; the shores of the Bosphorus were ravaged by the children of the desert; and it seemed probable that the Slaves of Russia and the Goths of Middle Europe must, with the fall of the capital, be reduced to adopt the doctrines and the Prophet of Mecca. But for the powerful walls of the Christian citadel, and the foresight of Constantine, rather than the valor of its trembling emperors and people, no human arm could have stayed the march of that swarm of enthusiasts who preached and fought for the conversion of the West; and a more successful crusade of the horsemen of Khorassan and the emirs of Mecca would have planted the crescent on the walls of Mentz or Worms. The trembling people guarded their gates; the Greek fire destroyed hosts of infidels; the

⁽¹⁾ For the desolation of the Seven Churches see Burton, Arundel, and Chandler.

Saracens melted away in the inclement winter; and six centuries passed, during which Christianity fixed itself in the heart of Russia, and a Christian empire had civilized and conquered the Niebelungs and the Hungarians, the Batavian and the Swede. The citadel of Constantine gave Christendom six centuries of progress before it yielded to the shocks of time and the rage of the Turks.

Of this period of comparative rest the most memorable event was the final separation of the Greek from the Latin Church and the deposition of the bishop of the West from an equal station in the Christian hierarchy with the Patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria.⁽¹⁾ To the faithful congregations of the orthodox East the Latin pontiff is the Judas of the band of bishops. He has been deposed from his high place; he is an excommunicate and accursed; the Patriarch of Moscow has assumed the vacant seat created by his apostasy; and a bitter warfare has raged between the rival churches, in which the praise of humanity or mercy can least be ascribed to that of Rome. Often the cruel Popes labored to bring bloodshed and disunion within the walls of Constantinople, aimed the assassin's dagger at its emperors, encouraged the rage of the crusaders, or smiled, while they trembled, at its fall. In a later age the persecuting fury of the Church of Rome was aimed against Russia and the Patriarch of Moscow. The Poles were incited to become the champions of Catholicism. For nearly a century the most fertile fields of Russia were desolated by the fierce missionaries of the West; the monasteries were sacked, the orthodox bishops tortured into submission. Moscow perished in a memorable conflagration. The Russian hierarchy were corrupted or intimidated. A usurper, the tool of the Jesuits, reigned in the Holy City; and amidst the scenes of national ruin, in which they had so often triumphed, the Popes seemed about to extend their spiritual empire over regions that had never felt their sway. But the

(1) Mosheim, i., p. 513; Gieseler, i., p. 503; John Jejunator assumes the title of Universal Patriarch, 587; Gregory the Great thinks the title impious.

Slavic nation rose, led by its patriotic priests; the Catholics were expelled with heroic courage; and Poland has suffered in modern times for the cruel policy of the Jesuits and the guilt of its ancestors.

The schism between the Eastern patriarchs and the Pope of Rome sprung, no doubt, from early differences, from opposing interests, and from varying traditions.⁽¹⁾ In the first century the mild Polycarp, who ruled, by superior sanctity, the Syrian churches, opposed Anicetus, the presbyter or Bishop of Rome, in his own city, and defended the usages of Ephesus. Anicetus modestly yielded, for he was, perhaps, a disciple of Paul;⁽²⁾ but as the Roman See grew rich and powerful, it was almost the first of the early churches to fall into superstitious decay. Its early popes, Zephyrinus, Callixtus, Victor, bear no honest characters.⁽³⁾ Its episcopal chair became the object of intrigue and corrupt ambition. Pride came with moral decay, and the fallen bishops of Rome hoped to hide their own spiritual degradation in a fabulous claim to the succession from St. Peter. Conscious of their own crimes, they strove to exalt the authority of the office they had won by fraud or violence, and to dazzle the world by vain assumptions and idle display. More honest, because more intelligent, the bishops of the Eastern cities still preserved some traits of the earlier simplicity. The two Gregorys, Basil, Meletius, and Chrysostom might do credit to the church of a cultivated age; but the Popes were grossly ignorant, and the Latin See a centre of moral decay. The pen of the ascetic Jerome has left a vigorous sketch of the growing vices of Rome. As the Latin prelates sunk lower in barbarous ignorance, their pretensions rose; but the Eastern emperors treated them with little ceremony, exiled or punished the Popes at will, and the Patriarch of Constantinople declared himself the Universal Bishop. With the fall of the chief centres of Christianity in the East under the assaults of the Saracens, the ambition of Rome revived. It

(1) Mosheim, i., p. 513.

(2) Eusebius, *Ecc. Hist.*, v., p. 24. Eusebius calls Anicetus *presbyter*.

(3) Milman, *Lat. Christ.*

aimed to subject or to destroy the Eastern Church, as it had already eradicated its rivals from Gaul or Britain, persecuted the Church of Scotland, and was to reduce cultivated Ireland to a forlorn and bleeding waste. Doctrinal differences and varying rites added lasting hostility to the war of ambition; and the Church of Rome, to the purer faith of Constantinople, seemed lost in fatal heresy. It had added to the Nicene Creed, from the decrees of a Spanish council, the unauthorized *filioque*.⁽¹⁾ It refused to allow its clergy to marry, in direct revolt from the well-known decision of Nice. Its abject worship of images and the Host, its ignorance, its dependence upon the Western barbarians, its pretension to a place above all the other patriarchates in honor and power, naturally excited the disapprobation and the fear of its Eastern brethren; and at length Antioch and Alexandria, Jerusalem and Constantinople, united in deposing forever from his place in the Christian Church the heretical and ambitious Bishop of Rome.

The chief source of this remarkable separation, the founder of the independence of Eastern thought, was Photius,⁽²⁾ Patriarch of Constantinople. No man of his period could rival his various learning and his extensive acquaintance with the Greek classics. His vast and careful library, or selections from more than two hundred writers, passes over a boundless field of philosophy and general literature, preserves the finest passages of Herodotus or Plutarch, and indicates an intellect avid, industrious, and refined. Photius, in literary activity, was the Johnson, the Gibbon, of his century. As a layman he had traveled to the cities of the Arabs, and had been employed in high offices at the Byzantine court. In 858, the Patriarch Ignatius was deposed by the Emperor Michael, and Photius was raised to the first station in the Eastern Church. The Romish See, eager to control the politics of Constantinople, assumed the cause of Ignatius, deposed or excommunicated his rival, and began its ceaseless war against a scholar and a think-

(1) The procession from the Father and the Son first appears at the Council of Toledo. See Gieseler, ii., p. 73. Its adoption by Protestant churches was indiscreet.

(2) Schnitzler, *L'Empire des Tsars*.

er whose severe pen and vigorous intellect were to deal it blows that were never to lose their sting. In his famous encyclical, Photius⁽¹⁾ reviewed the errors of the Papal See, and held up to the Christian Church the heresies and the corruptions of Rome. He pointed out its interpolated creed, its Jewish tendency, its pascal lamb that was eaten by Pope and bishops, its celibacy, and its countless crimes. His learning and his logic confounded his dull opponents, nor was there any one of the period who could meet his unequaled intellect in the field of controversy. Yet the contest was long and doubtful; the Eastern patriarchs sustained their brilliant leader; the West sided with the Popes. Photius was driven into exile. Ignatius ruled in St. Sophia; he died, and Photius was again restored. Even the Pope was reconciled to his return; but a new emperor banished the scholar to a lonely monastery in Armenia, where, perhaps, he died. Gleaming out an intellectual prodigy in the dark age of general ignorance, Photius has won no low place in the annals of mental progress. His wide reading and his acute disquisitions have not been lost to posterity; his bold and patriotic defense of the liberties of the East saved from contempt the decisions of Nice, and repelled from half the Christian world the later abuses of Rome.

It was the theory of the Greeks that there were five patriarchates equal in power and authority, but that the capital city of the empire must hold a titular precedence in rank. So long as Rome remained the source of government, it had been allowed the primacy; when it sunk into neglect and ruin, it was supplanted by the superior dignity of Constantinople.⁽²⁾ But the severe strictures of Photius had now drawn the attention of the Eastern Churches to the false doctrines and the rising ambition of Rome. A century of discord was followed by a final separation in 1054. The Roman legates boldly af-

(¹) The Jesuits (see Migne, *Pat. Græc.*, 101, 4) still rage against Photius. He is "callidus, hypocrita, ambitiosus, falsarius, tyrannus, attamen ingenio et eruditione non caruit."

(²) Mouravieff, p. 292. The Patriarch Jeremiah, in the midst of his humiliation and exile, called himself Universal Patriarch—of the whole universe; but the claim involves no infallibility.

fixed an excommunication of the Greek emperor and his adherents to the altar of St. Sophia; the patriarch, in reply, pronounced an anathema against the Pope. Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem joined in the condemnation; nor has Rome ever again been admitted into the communion of the early churches. Soon, under Hildebrand, it seemed to grasp at universal empire; and the rude crusaders saw, admired, and finally plundered the sacred treasures of St. Sophia. Yet the Greeks would never relent in their hatred of Rome. Within their crumbling walls, helpless before a savage foe, they cherished to the last hour of their freedom their devotion to the faith of Photius or of Constantine; saw with abhorrence the barbarous practices of the West; nor, even when reduced to a fearful slavery under the Turk, would hold any friendly intercourse with the defamers of the Nicene Council.⁽¹⁾

Sadly indeed had the Nicene patriarchates fallen from that material splendor which had made them illustrious in the reign of Constantine. A few feeble and down-trodden Greeks represented the Church of Alexandria; the trembling Patriarch of Jerusalem was seldom safe at the sepulchre or the cross;⁽²⁾ Antioch had sunk into a Turkish town;⁽³⁾ the Syrian shore was strewn with the wrecks of convents and cathedrals. The madmen of the crusades had nearly completed the destruction of the Eastern Church; and, in the utter ruin of the city of Constantine, the last of the patriarchs had been converted into a Turkish slave. A Greek population, indeed, considerable in numbers, still gathered around desecrated St. Sophia, or occupied the fertile fields of European Turkey, but it was fast sinking into extreme ignorance, and the learning and the genius that had adorned the age of Photius or Justinian seemed forever passed away. From the depth of its abasement no human power could extricate the fallen Church. Rome pursued its feeble rivals of Constantinople

(1) Gieseler, ii., p., 227 (note): "Posuit Deus ecclesiam suam in quinque patriarchiis," etc.

(2) William of Malmesbury, iv., p. 2 (1099), says the Saracens permitted the patriarch to remain.

(3) The Patriarch of Antioch removed to Damascus. See Neale.

and Antioch with menaces and dangerous intrigues; it would have rejoiced to sweep from the earth the four patriarchates that had condemned its heresies, its follies, or its crimes; and, from the time of the dull, mischievous Hildebrand, had threatened an instant ruin to priests or people who might dare to oppose its absolute rule of the earth. It seemed as if the moment had come for the complete submission of all Christendom to the usurping Popes. The four patriarchs might well fall down and worship their prosperous brother, whom they had so boldly ejected from the apostolic family, but who had now risen to rule over all Western Europe; whose hands were yet red with the blood of the Albigenses, the Vaudois, the Hussites, and the Lollards; whose symbol was death to the heretic; and who had resolved to drag at his spiritual triumph the nations racked by the scourge and flame, kings terrified by interdict or excommunication.

But there had grown up meantime a new centre of Oriental Christianity, inaccessible to the persecutions of Rome; and the seeds of progress, nurtured amidst the hot landscapes and the golden clime of Syria and the South, had ripened in an unknown land, where Herodotus had traced the wandering Scythians, and the Greek dramatist had placed the scene of his grandest fables. The Eastern Church seemed transplanted without a change to the boundless wilderness of mediæval Russia.⁽¹⁾ Monks and anchorites, more hardy and more terrible in their asceticism than those who had swarmed around Paul and Anthony in the Egyptian deserts, or had founded the sacred fortresses of Mount Athos, had lived and prayed amidst the Russian steppes, borne the fierce rigors of an arctic climate, and met with joy the frozen horrors of the Northern seas. Moscow and Novgorod were belted with a chain of massive convents, from whose lofty walls the conquering Tartars had been repelled with shame. The bare islands of the Arctic Ocean, where even the hardy Esquimaux had failed to

(¹) Curzon, *Levant*, p. 340, etc., describes the fortress monasteries of Mount Athos; they are revived in the Holy Trinity of Moscow. See Lowth, *Kremlin*. For Solovetsky, see Dixon's pleasant picture of that wonderful community, flourishing in an arctic waste.

find a habitation, were covered with the rude huts of Russian monks. Nor have the annals of asceticism any examples of human endurance that can compare with the self-chosen pains of Sergius, or Savatie, or Nikon. To their penance and their toils the labors of Benedict were light, the discipline of Loyola a life of indulgence. They fled to the lonely birch wood or the frozen island. Hunger; solitude; the horrors of a climate where winter and night ruled for half the year, the summer burning, but not invigorating, the earth; the plague of countless stinging insects, from whose assaults the wild beasts fled in terror; malaria and gloom—failed to check their devotion or disturb their holy meditations. Lives of strange austerity and patient faith have rolled on unrecorded in these frightful retreats. The heroism of the squalid and savage saint was often never recognized until his emaciated frame was seen no more among men;(¹) but over his poor remains, now more valued than heaps of gems, his superstitious countrymen would erect a magnificent convent, and kings and prelates bring their treasures to his shrine. Labor was always the duty of a Russian monk; sometimes intense study was joined to his devotions; and minds fortified by abstinence, bodies hardened to superhuman endurance, natural capacities enlarged by rigorous culture, have formed in the convent or the hermitage many of the men who have proved most useful to the progress of the Slavonic race.

If the monasteries of Mount Athos or Ararat were successfully copied in the Lauras of Moscow and Solovetsky, not less carefully were the patriarchates and bishoprics, the rituals and the cathedrals, of Antioch or Constantinople renewed in the Russian steppes. At Kief, for three centuries the centre of Russian Christendom, the bishop or metropolitan was usually borrowed or ordained from the court of the Cæsars. At Novgorod, and afterward at Moscow, arose a chain of curious churches—low, covered with glittering and fantastic domes,

(¹) Sergius, Basil, the wild hermits mentioned by a series of travelers, the founders of Solovetsky: the more recent hermits in Russia are more Oriental than Western monks, are dervishes or Brahmin devotees.

and shining within with a rude imitation of St. Sophia. At Moscow a patriarch was appointed,⁽¹⁾ with the consent of the four ancient patriarchates, to take the place of heretical Rome. A priesthood, bearded, robed, and disciplined in the Greek model, formed his missionary aid; and the soft music, the melodious ritual, and the classic processions and chants that had won the hearts of the early Russians were swiftly scattered through the countless congregations that sprung up in the frozen North. The library of Photius and the sermons of Chrysostom became familiar to the Russian priest, at least in name. The manners, looks, dress, and carriage of the people of Constantinople were transferred to the towns and cities of Russia. The czars boasted a descent from the successors of Constantine, and traced a lineage back to Philip and Alexander, revived in their families the classic names, and ceased to be altogether barbarous. Nor did the four Eastern patriarchates see without exultation the rise of that vigorous power whose devotion to the creed of Nice might prove a safeguard against the ambition of Rome, and in some distant hour relieve Antioch, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Jerusalem from their bitter subjection to the Turk. Not seldom the oppressed and trembling patriarchs from the South made their way, in poverty and contempt, to the Russian court, and were received with honor, emoluments, and signal veneration by the rulers and the people. Through many a period of danger the Russian patriarchate has extended a kindly aid to its feebler brethren, has protected the Greek population of Turkey, has shielded the Patriarch of Jerusalem from the malice of his Latin rival, and rescued the Holy Places from the sole custody of the Roman heretic; and one,⁽²⁾ perhaps the ruling, cause of the Crimean war was the religious question of the Holy Sepulchre and the keen affront offered by the unscrupulous ruler of France, in the interest of the pa-

(1) Mouravieff: in 1587. Jeremiah seems, at least, to have been no impostor. See Mouravieff's Appendix, Dis. on Jeremiah.

(2) Kinglake, Crimean War: "By causing a persistent, hostile use to be made of the fleet," vol. i., p. 487. The French emperor fanned the quarrels of the churches.

pace or of himself, to the Eastern Church. Nor can it be doubted that the new Constantine who is to rescue the ancient seats of Christianity from the rule of Islam will come from the North, and that the five Eastern patriarchates, united and vigorous, must once more taste an uninterrupted freedom.

A fair-haired Swede or Norseman—Rurik—in the year 862, when Alfred was about to rescue England from Danish barbarism, and when the empire of the great Charles had dissolved into warring fragments, entered Russia at the invitation of its Slavonic tribes, and founded at Kief and Novgorod the central fabric of the Russian power.⁽¹⁾ With flowing locks and stalwart forms, the hardy Norsemen ruled with vigor, and brought comparative repose to the obedient people; but they were pagans, worshiping gods formed from huge logs of wood, grotesquely carved and adorned with gems.⁽²⁾ They had heard by report of the wonders of civilization, of the splendid city to the southward on the shores of the Euxine, rich with the treasures of commerce and of art; and more than once great fleets of the avaricious and inquisitive barbarians had assailed the port and the walls of Constantinople, confident in their own strength, and conscious, perhaps, of the cowardice of the Greeks. Once the city would have fallen had not the learned patriarch, Photius, worked a miracle by touching the sea with the holy garments of the Virgin. The sea rose in a violent storm, and dashed in pieces the frail vessels of the barbarians. Later emperors were content to purchase their forbearance by lavish gifts. A friendly intercourse was established between the Russians and the Greeks; and at length a royal convert, the Princess Olga, was baptized, with imposing ceremonies, at Constantinople, received the august name of Helena, the mother of Constantine, and strove to win over her countrymen from the worship of

(¹) Karamsin gives from Nestor, Nikon, and the annalists his clear and interesting narrative. See vol. i., *Sources de l'Hist. de Russ., Les Chroniques*. The name of Rurik was common in France (p. 53) among its invaders.

(²) Karamsin, vol. i., pp. 62, 99, describes the superstition, the ignorance of the Slaves.

idols to the Nicene faith. She was unsuccessful; yet the name of Olga, the first Christian princess, is venerated and preserved in the reigning family of the czars. Her grandson, Vladimir (988), founds the Russian Church. A rude and simple savage, cruel and terrible, his conversion to the faith of Constantine is the dawn of Russian civilization, the chief event in the history of Eastern progress. He heard, it is said, the arguments of the envoys of various religions. The Mussulmans of the Volga pressed him to believe in their Prophet, the Western Christians in their Pope, the Jew in Moses, the Greek philosophers in Attic culture. The ferocious ruler listened, but sent an embassy to Constantinople to observe the manners and the faith of the city of the Cæsars.⁽¹⁾ Basil, the emperor, and his acute patriarch prepared a religious spectacle of rare magnificence to dazzle and convert their savage and simple guests. It was a high festival. St. Sophia, magnificent in gold and mosaic, blazed with a thousand lights. The Russian envoys were placed in a position whence, at a single glance, they might survey the splendors of the noblest of Christian churches, and a ritual that had been adorned by the costly devices of ages. Accustomed only to the rude worship of their forest gods, the simple Slaves were converted by a splendid show that seemed the foretaste of Asgard or of Paradise. The incense smoked, the chants resounded, the patriarch, gleaming with gems and gold, entered the church; but when the long procession of acolytes and deacons, bearing torches in their hands, and with white wings on their shoulders, passed out of the sanctuary, and all the people fell on their knees, shouting "Kyrie Eleison!" the Russians, supposing the white-winged children to be angels, took their guides by the hand and expressed their wonder and their awe. "Do you not know," said the acute Greeks, "that the angels are sent down from heaven to join in our services?" "We are convinced!" cried the Russians. "Let us return home." The

(1) Photius claimed the conversion of the Russians. The Russians assert that St. Andrew visited Kief; but the influence of saint or bishop was feeble. See Schnitzler, *L'Empire des Tsars*, iii., p. 485.

pious or the impious fraud, and the matchless pageant of St. Sophia, had converted a nation; nor could the dull Justinian, when he labored to perfect his favorite shrine, have conceived, amidst all his exultation, that the magnificent dome and the silver altar, the gleaming lights and graceful ritual, of his cathedral would allure half the world to the faith of Nice.

Vladimir received the account of his envoys with some hesitation. He besieged the city of Kherson, in the Crimea, and vowed that, should he succeed in taking it, he would be baptized. The city yielded, torn and bleeding, to its savage foe; but still the slow convert hesitated. He sent an embassy to the Emperor Basil, demanding his sister in marriage. He promised, on that condition, to become a Christian. He threatened that, if he were refused, he would lay Constantinople as low as Kherson. Anne, sister of Basil, nurtured in the luxury of a Byzantine palace, was the victim led forth to grace the rude lodge of the Slavonic prince.⁽¹⁾ Her sister already sat upon the German throne. Anne, most effective of missionaries, bore Christianity to the wild tribes of the frozen North, and with more fortitude or resignation, perhaps, than a Xavier or a Boniface, gave her hand to her ferocious suitor, and saved her country and her faith. Vladimir was baptized. He converted the Russians by no inconclusive arguments. He ordered the whole population of Kief, his capital, to be immersed in the swelling river, while the priests read prayers upon the banks. The huge log of wood, Peroun, which had for generations been the object of adoration to the savage Russians, was dragged at the horse's tail over mount and vale, was scourged by twelve mounted lictors,⁽²⁾ and thrown into the Dnieper; and Vladimir the Great, the near connection of the Christian emperors of Germany and of Constantinople, in the close of the tenth century, strove to reform Russia, and perhaps himself. It was that mournful epoch, the year 1000, when all Catholic Europe, plunged in ignorance and general

⁽¹⁾ Schnitzler, iii., p. 489.

⁽²⁾ Karamsin, i., p. 109, describes the god Peroun, "Dieu de la foudre—de bois, avec une tête d'argent et des moustaches d'or." Yet Peroun might compare favorably with a Bambino or a piece of the true cross.

woe, was watching for the last hour of existence, when it was believed that the heavens must soon melt in a general conflagration, and the earth perish in seas of fire. A wave of religious excitement passed over Germany and France; pilgrims flocked in unusual numbers to the Holy Sepulchre; the altars were thronged with ceaseless worshipers; and Russia, sharing in the general revival, seems to have gladly welcomed the Greek missionaries. Churches were built at Kief in imitation of St. Sophia; Byzantine bishops ruled in the royal city; and the docile, placable, imaginative Slaves began to adopt the manners of Constantinople, and share the virtues and vices of the Greeks.

From the year 1000—no ominous period to Eastern civilization⁽¹⁾—Russia begins its career as a Christian nation; was the spiritual offspring of the Byzantine Church; received its ordination from St. Sophia, its bishops from the schools of Constantinople; obtained an alphabet formed from the Greek, read the Scriptures in the Slavonic tongue; was transformed from utter barbarism to a softer culture, and learned the worth of education. Five centuries pass on over the varying fortunes of the Russian Church; the descendants of Rurik and of Vladimir still rule over the Slavonic race; the feeble rays of Constantinopolitan civilization extend themselves more and more over the savage tribes. But the wide disasters that have fallen upon Eastern Christianity seem once more to threaten its extinction. For two centuries the vast hordes of Tartars, from Genghis-Khan to Tamerlane, desolated the fairest fields of Russia, and reduced almost to a savage wilderness the land that had seemed about to surpass Western Europe in civil and religious progress. A few huge and battlemented monasteries defied the rage of the invaders, and alone kept alive the faith and the liberty of the Slaves. In the midst of their humiliation, the Bishops of Moscow and Kief beheld the sudden fall of the Holy City whence had come their earliest inspira-

(¹) In this year Gerbert was Pope, and Europe lost in ignorance. The Pope seemed a sorcerer; the nobles and the kings could seldom read or write.

tion. Constantinople sunk before the arms of Mohammed.⁽¹⁾ St. Sophia was desecrated by an alien worship. A common ruin had engulfed the five great Eastern patriarchates. Meantime their ambitious rival in the West had fixed its supremacy over all the European powers, and was already exciting Catholic Poland to crush the last elements of Russian freedom, to enforce the heresies of Rome upon Moscow or Novgorod.⁽²⁾

In the sixteenth century, torn by generations of discord and of hostile ravages, Russia began once more to rise into greatness. From 1533 to 1584, Ivan the Terrible, a barbarian more cruel and more frightful in his rage than his ancestors Rurik and Vladimir, ruled with success over the reviving nation, and in his moments of sanity renewed the sources of Russian civilization. He introduced the printing-press, opened a commerce with England, advanced the progress of the Church. The contemporary of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., of Elizabeth—whose hand he is said to have demanded—of Charles V. and Francis I., the name of Russia was now again familiar to Western Europe, sullied by the horrible renown of Ivan, who was reported to have surpassed the crimes and cruelties of all the tyrants of the past. His early rule had been marked by piety and generous patriotism; for thirteen years he seemed a Christian hero, destined to adorn his age by generous deeds. Then a cloud passed over his intellect; he sunk into gross vice and loathsome cruelty; his nobles, his courtiers, and his people perished wherever he came; he blotted whole towns from existence; he covered the land with bloodshed. It was his amusement to see hale and lusty monks torn to pieces by wild beasts, to inspect his innocent victims as they writhed in fearful tortures. Yet was his zeal for religion so ardent that

(1) Von Hammer, *Ges. Osman. R.*, i., p. 549, describes with vigor the fate of St. Sophia and its worshipers.

(2) Hildebrand, among his wide pretensions, claimed Russia as belonging to Rome. In their extravagant folly the Popes fancied that the earth belonged to them as the vicegerents of Christ, and proceeded to exercise their authority. The notion has been revived and fixed by the recent council. The Popes gave Ireland to the English, and America to Spain.

he often retired to a monastery for pious meditation, rang the matin bell himself at three in the morning, and passed whole days in prayer. Monster, fanatic, to whose crimes Henry VIII. might seem merciful, or Charles V. benevolent, Ivan the Terrible ruled over his submissive people with a sway perfect in its despotism. His people revered him with a strange infatuation; the assassin's dagger was never raised against him; and he died in old age, after a long and prosperous reign, and was laid in the crypts of the Kremlin.

Moscow, on the banks of the beautiful Moskwa, the Holy City of the Russians, was now become the capital of an empire vigorous and united; nor has any metropolis ever so fixed the affections and the reverence of a whole people, or become so perfectly the hallowed shrine of a national faith. Not Ephesus was as dear to the languid Syrian, nor Constantinople to the Greek.⁽¹⁾ Holy Moscow, belted with convents, crowned with the rich spiritual and material splendors of the Kremlin, with the tombs of the czars and the bones of the saints, has become to the fanciful and ardent Russian a spot consecrated in the annals of religion and of his country. Pilgrims in yearly inundations have flocked to it from all the borders of a land where pilgrimages are yet a sacred duty; the czar and the serf, the Siberian and the Cossack, meet in the Church of the Assumption, or lay their various offerings in the treasury of the monks of the Holy Trinity. The traveler who passes swiftly between the endless forests of the level country sees, as he draws near and stands on the neighboring hills, a rich and wonderful city, crowned with a glittering circle of cupolas, blue, red, green, or gold, and teeming everywhere with the emblems of the Nicene faith. One strange building near the Kremlin is the wildest that fancy ever conceived. Basil, a

(1) "Our men say," writes Richard Chancellor, "that in bigness it" (Moscow) "is as great as the City of London, with the suburbs thereof." He notices the nine churches of the Kremlin; the majesty of Ivan the Terrible, his jewels, gold, his diadem, and his courtiers clad in cloth of gold; the beauty of Moscow, the wooden houses of the Russians, their Greek faith. He went to Russia in 1553. He describes their long fasts, their service in their own tongue, their leavened bread at the communion.

hermit, naked and bound with an iron chain, winter or summer, wandered through the streets of Moscow. He alone dared to rebuke the old emperor, Ivan the Terrible, for his fearful crimes; and when the hermit died, Ivan resolved to build a cathedral over the tomb of the saint. It was one madman doing honor to another; and day after day the aged tyrant sat in his tower on the Kremlin watching the strange building rise like an exhalation; the pagodas, cupolas, staircases, pinnacles, blend in wild confusion, and his own mad dreams shape themselves in stone. Justinian had built on in dull imbecility; Ivan in furious lunacy. At length the maddest of architectural designs was finished, and the emperor put out the eyes of his architect lest he might build another cathedral as surpassingly fair as his own.⁽¹⁾

In the Kremlin centres the swelling tide of Russian faith; in the Cathedral of Michael the Archangel lie ranged around the walls the long succession of the buried czars until near the period of Peter the Great; in the chapel or church of the Repose of the Virgin, from Ivan the Terrible, the czars have been crowned; in its tower the Russian primates were elected. It is crowded with pictures hallowed by entrancing associations to the imaginative people, and rich with relics dear to the Russian and the Greek. Within the Kremlin a glitter of enchantment seems to hang over the path of the visitor; the ground he treads is the holiest upon earth to countless pilgrims; on every side he sees the peasant casting himself on the bare stones; the priests employed in ceaseless adoration; palaces splendid with the decorations of ages, and gay churches stored with gems and gold, before whose priceless treasures even the wealth of St. Sophia and of Constantinople might seem only tolerable indigence;⁽²⁾ nor anywhere has the gor-

(1) Schnitzler, *La Russie, La Pologne, etc.*, p. 63. It resembles "ces concrétions de stalactites où la nature imite l'art." Lowth, *Kremlin*, has some clear pictures. Spottiswoode thinks Moscow more beautiful in winter, covered with snow, than in summer, p. 245.

(2) Dicey, *A Month in Russia*, 1866, gives a lively picture of Moscow. "The wealth of Russia," he says, "would not suffice to buy the treasures of the cathedral church at Moscow," p. 108.

geous taste for glittering baubles and wasteful pomp, the legacy of the Byzantine court, been so carefully applied as within the grotesque battlements of the Kremlin Hill. It resembles one of the robber caves of the Arabian legend, where the spoil of generations of plunderers was heaped up in masses of uncounted wealth. Moscow spreads broad and prosperous around its ancient fortress, the Constantinople of the North. Sixty miles from the Holy City, in the midst of the wild and endless forest, sprung up in the year 1338 the Monastery of the Holy Trinity. When the Black Death was desolating the human race, and the vices of men seemed about to bring their own extirpation, the solemn refuge of meditative souls grew into a vast assemblage of buildings; its huge and lofty walls, its wide circuit of churches and convents, its swarm of brave as well as pious monks, defied the rage of the Tartar hordes; and from the battlements of the Holy Trinity saints and anchorites, bishops and deacons, summoned their countrymen to the holy wars against pagan Cossack or Catholic Pole.⁽¹⁾ Hermits more than once have saved Russia. Sergius, the Tell, the Wallace of his country, was a wild anchorite, hiding in impenetrable forests.⁽²⁾ At the battle of the Don (1380) his prayers and the valor of his monks, clothed in steel, broke the power of the Tartars. From the moat and the towers of the Holy Trinity the Catholic Poles (1613) were beaten back in a wild confusion of fighting monks and raging demons; nor, had the convent of Sergius fallen—the last retreat of Russian freedom—would the Pope and the Jesuits ever have released from their grasp the sinking fabric of the Russian Church.

The sacred city became, in 1587, the seat of the fifth patriarchate, and assumed, in the opinion of the East, the place made vacant by the fall of the Roman See. Jeremiah, a wandering patriarch from Constantinople, consecrated his brother Job of Moscow; the Kremlin resounded with thanks-

(¹) Schnitzler, *La Russie*, etc., p. 97: "Le monastère fut un refuge pour les vrais enfans de la patrie, et ses trésors soldèrent les défenseurs," etc.

(²) Sergius is called the father of Russian monasticism. Mouravieff, p. 63. He preferred to die, as he had lived, in poverty, and refused the rewards offered him for saving his country.

giving; the happy czar loaded the Greek prelate with generous gifts; Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem welcomed the new representative of the Nicene hierarchy; Russia was filled with holy joy, and the Patriarch of Moscow ruled over the Slavonic Church.⁽¹⁾ Yet never were the Eastern patriarchates nearer their destruction; and Russia was now to prepare for that final struggle with the Pope, the Jesuits, and the Poles, from which she arose, at length, wounded and bleeding, to a new career. In the close of the sixteenth century, Theodore, the last of the descendants of Rurik, sat on the throne of the czars. His mildness, his weakness, and his superstition had left him little real authority. The bold, aspiring, unscrupulous Boris Godunoff ruled in the name of his master. Already Boris had stained his conscience with a fearful crime, and had procured the assassination of Prince Demetrius, the half-brother of Theodore, and the only heir to the crown. Demetrius was eight years old when his merciless enemy removed him from his path. When the pious Theodore died, childless, Boris Godunoff, who had so long ruled the nation, was chosen czar of all the Russias in his place. Moscow rang with festivities.⁽²⁾ The Patriarch Job was the devoted friend of Boris; nor, in the moment of his coronation and his triumph, could the usurper have ever dreamed that the shade of his victim, the holy child Demetrius, the last of the race of Rurik, would fall ominously across his upward way.

Raised from a private station to an imperial crown, Boris resolved to marry his two children among the royal families of Europe. His son, Theodore, the heir of the Russian throne, was destined, he thought, to win a princess. His daughter, Xenia, fair, graceful, with thick black hair and sparkling eyes,⁽³⁾ he betrothed to Prince John of Denmark.

(¹) Mouravieff.

(²) Karamsin, xi., pp. 50, 54. Boris begins to reign 1598; Moscow rejoices.

(³) "Boris cherchant pour sa fille un époux digne d'elle, parmi les princes Européens de sang royal," p. 54. In the year 1600 Boris was full of hope, p. 123.

All was made ready for the wedding. The fair bride had seen her husband at a distance, when suddenly Prince John was seized with a mortal sickness, and died in the midst of the gayeties of Moscow. Yet still Boris Godunoff, in the year 1600, was at the height of his prosperity. His authority was undisputed; his pious zeal conspicuous; he lived with his family in the palace of the czars, and fought with success at the head of his armies. One danger alone seemed to threaten him: the Jesuits ruled at the court of Sigismund of Poland, and, with that peculiar union of logic and of violence which has marked so many of their assaults upon nations, were winning over the Russian bishops to an alliance with Rome, or urging the Poles to invade the heretical empire. But what they most desired was to awaken civil discord among the Russians, to divide the Church and the nation, and to launch the immense force of Poland, then in its mature strength, against the walls of Moscow.⁽¹⁾

Nor was it long before the opportunity they had looked for came. A sudden check marred the career of the prosperous Boris. He grew suspicious and tyrannical almost in a moment: the memory of Demetrius, his innocent victim, the intrigues of the Jesuits, and the reproaches of his people, may have conspired to change him to a cruel tyrant. He imprisoned or put to death the noblest Russians, and no house suffered more deeply than that of Romanoff, the founder of the present line of czars. To add to his dangers, a wet summer brought famine over Russia; a pestilence followed;⁽²⁾ robbery and murders filled all the realm; and brigands wandered through the streets of Moscow. The keen Jesuits—

(¹) Karamsin, xi., p. 170, attributes the success of Demetrius to the Jesuits and the papal influence. And Mouravieff describes the mischievous labors of the Jesuit Possevin, the spread of Romish influence from Poland among the Russian bishops, the defection of many, the progress of the Unia, or the party advocating submission to Rome. That the war of the pretender was a religious one—an assault of Rome upon the Greek Church—no one will deny. Of its cruel results to Russia and to Poland all later history is full.

(²) Karamsin, xi., pp. 131, 132.

such, at least, is the Russian narrative—now resolved to distract the suffering realm by a civil war, to destroy the liberties of the Russian Church, and plant the papal banner in the heart of the Kremlin.⁽¹⁾ There was a monk named Gregory Otriepieff, whose character was vicious, but who was quick and subtle; he had been a favorite of the Patriarch Job, and had seen much of the royal family. One day he exclaimed, to the wonder of his fellow-monks, “I shall yet be Czar at Moscow.” He wandered from convent to convent; he fled to Poland, and there, at the house of a wealthy noble, pretended sickness; he sent for a confessor who was a Jesuit, and revealed his secret. He was, he said, the Prince Demetrius, who was supposed to have been murdered by Boris Godunoff, but who had escaped by a friendly exchange.

The secret was revealed by the incautious father. Sigismund, King of Poland, was induced to patronize the impostor; the papal nuncio at Warsaw and the Pope, Clement VIII., joined in the project, and Demetrius, or Gregory, was acknowledged as the lawful monarch of all the Russias. He was privately reconciled to the Romish Church by the Jesuit fathers, and pledged himself to restore his empire, should he regain it, to the papal faith. Gregory was of middle size, graceful, his eyes blue, his hair auburn or red; one of his legs was shorter than the other; he had several marks upon his person that it was claimed proved him to have been the true Demetrius.⁽²⁾ His intellect was quick and cultivated, his air noble and pleasing, his disposition generous, and his temperament sanguine. He had won the affections of Marina, the

(1) Mouravieff, p. 147. Karamsin, xi., p. 160, calls the pretender “le fils d’un pauvre gentilhomme de Galitche nommé Jouri Otriepieff.” Schnitzler, *L’Empire des Tsars*, p. 508, gives a clear and brief account of the Unia.

(2) The question of the identity of Gregory with Demetrius is sometimes revived. In the last century Professor Müller is said to have argued against it, yet doubted. See Coxe, *Russia*, App. It was noticed that the great nobles went out to meet him; that his mother received him; that she never openly disowned him, etc. But the Patriarch Job, who could best detect the imposture, was his steady opponent. Karamsin and Mouravieff do not doubt.

ambitious and haughty daughter of the Voivode of Sendomir, whom he had promised to place on the throne of Moscow, and her father's wealth aided in providing the forces with which he first invaded Russia. Never, indeed, was there a less promising undertaking. To enter a powerful empire, to assail a vigorous and active prince, to defy a church endeared to the whole nation, and plan the conversion by force of a hostile realm, was a project so extravagant as could only be equaled in the annals of fanaticism or of madness. Twice the undisciplined forces led by Gregory and the Jesuits were defeated. The Russian Church excommunicated him; Boris seemed firmly seated on his throne; Moscow, in the midst of the national calamities, shone with festivity; and scarcely did it seem that Gregory and Marina would ever occupy the palace of the Kremlin, or papal priests defile the altars of the Annunciation.

It is impossible to unravel the dark intrigues of this singular story, yet suddenly, in the midst of his power, Boris died, and the emissaries of Demetrius appear in the heart of the capital. His proclamations were in every hand. The great nobles assumed his cause, the people rose in his favor. The young czar, Theodore, with his mother, was dragged from the splendors of the Kremlin to perish by a horrible death; and soon, amidst a great throng of princes and boyars, Demetrius entered the capital, accompanied by his Jesuit advisers, and was hailed by his countrymen as the last of the house of Rurik. One touching scene was arranged to strike the attention of the multitude. The mother of the murdered Demetrius was still alive, hidden in a convent, and known only as the nun Martha. She was brought forth, by what influences can never be known, to acknowledge Gregory as her son. They met before all the people.⁽¹⁾ They embraced with a profusion of tears. The impostor led his pretended mother into a tent near at hand, and there, after so many years of separation, they indulged in a tender interview; it was told in

(¹) Karamsin, xi., p. 191. Mouravieff, p. 151, says that the Martha testified *silently* to his person.

Moscow, that the czarina at once knew and rejoiced over her long-lost son.

Marina, the proud Pole, with a throng of her countrymen, hastened to the capital to share in the triumph of her husband, and amidst a wild scene of revelry and strange rejoicing⁽¹⁾ Gregory and his wife were crowned in the Kremlin. The impostor sat on a throne of gold; Marina, at his side, on one of silver; their splendor mocked the miseries of their country. Moscow seemed now fallen into the hands of the Poles and the Romanists; the papal priests desecrated the churches of the Kremlin; the Jesuits pressed their scheme of reducing the Russian bishops to a submission to Rome; the impostor scoffed at the usages of the National Church, and filled the high offices of the court with foreigners. A deep discontent sprung up through all the unhappy realm; the horrors of a foreign tyranny, the rule of the hated Jesuits and Poles, the dissolute morals of the new czar, who wasted his life in light amusements or fatal indulgence, roused the disgust of the clergy and the people, and from the walls of the convent of the Holy Trinity the Eastern Church still defied the arts of Rome. The imposture of Gregory was everywhere proclaimed. A new insurrection was planned. One night the tocsin sounded over the cupolas of Moscow; the insurgents hastened to the palace, and Gregory, flying in terror from room to room, at last threw himself from a window, and fell, maimed and bleeding, on the pavement below. He was put to death. Marina, the Poles, and the Jesuits were suffered to escape, and a new czar was chosen, whose reign soon closed in general anarchy. All Russia was weighed down by rebellion, discord, famine, and boundless woe; the ties of society were torn asunder; the flames of blazing villages, the strife of rival factions, the desolation of the Russian Church, marked the final fall of the dynasty of Rurik.

Touched neither by remorse nor compassion at the spectacle of the frightful woes they had aided so largely in bringing upon the miserable Russians, the Jesuits and the Poles, re-

(1) Mouravieff, p. 151.

joining at the opportunity, resolved to win by violence what they had vainly attempted by fraud, and, through new seas of bloodshed and devastation, to destroy forever the stronghold of the Nicene faith. Rome succeeded for a moment in fixing its deadly fangs in the heart of the sister Church. Poland is supposed to have attained under Sigismund III. the height of its martial and intellectual glory; its men of letters are reckoned in long lists of doubtful excellence, and Warsaw shone with the faint radiance of a dawning civilization.⁽¹⁾ Its humanity, however, does not seem to have been conspicuous. Sigismund made war upon perishing Russia. With a fine army of thirty thousand men he crossed the border, took Smolensk, reduced Livonia, and appeared before the walls of Moscow. The capital yielded, and the hated standards of the Poles, the heretical emblems of Romish supremacy, ruled over the gay cupolas of the Kremlin. So low had the great empire fallen, that a son of the Polish king was elected Czar of all the Russias, and Moscow, the Holy City of Eastern Christendom, had almost sunk into an appanage of hated Rome. Yet still from the brick walls and tall towers of the Holy Trinity,⁽²⁾ now become the last stronghold of the Eastern faith, while the Swedes ravaged Russia in the north, and the Poles held its fairest provinces, a brave monk proclaimed a deathless resistance to the invaders. The vast wealth of the famous monastery was applied to no useless aim. The Swedes for sixteen months besieged in vain the holy fortress, and at length Moscow was set on fire, and all except the blackened Kremlin was leveled with the ground. The Poles and the Jesuits fled from the wild rage of Russian monks and a superstitious people. The first of the Romanoffs was placed on the throne, and, with shame and horror, Russia threw off the yoke of the fallen Pope, which had for a moment defiled the Holy City of the East.

(1) *Hist. de la Pologne*, Chev  : "Sigismund   tait attach   aux J  suites. Il voyait avec plaisir quelle ardeur ils d  ployaient pour la conversion des h  r  tiques," etc., ii., pp. 77, 87. Chev   reckons up a list of more than a thousand eminent Poles.

(2) Mouravieff, p. 165.

The son of a bishop, the representative of a mercantile family, whose plain house is still preserved by their imperial descendants at Moscow, Michael Romanoff became Czar of Russia. His father, the Patriarch Philaret, a person of learning and of virtue, guided his councils. The country and its Church slowly recovered from the dangerous wounds they had received from the Jesuits and the Poles, yet the wide provinces torn from Russia by Sigismund, the humiliating peace with Poland (1613), the ravages of the Swedes, had checked its progress or blighted its prosperity. The young czar was forced to give up to Sigismund new territories, to be added to the spiritual empire of the Pope. It is related of this period that Russia, apparently shut out forever from European conquests,⁽¹⁾ began to spread its authority over the icy wastes of Siberia. Yet, as the son of a priest had restored the peace of his country, a wild, huge, stern, impulsive hermit renewed the vigor of its Government and reformed its Church. Savage and scholar, priest or executioner, the brutal Nikon ruled over the court and the monasteries of Russia with signal power, and the rites and the culture of Russian Christianity have received their final molding from his rude yet original hand.

Of all the eminent names of the seventeenth century, that of Nikon is least known to the West, yet most honored in the East.⁽²⁾ The gigantic reformer was seven feet in stature, his frame stalwart and vigorous, his complexion ruddy, his eyes blood-shot, his countenance severe and terrible. He was born a peasant; his huge frame was inured in childhood to hardship and labor; in his youth he met with a copy of the Scriptures, and, seized with that strong religious impulse so common to his country, he fled secretly from his father's house to hide himself in the recesses of a convent. Remorse, contrition, hope, despair, such as a Bunyan or a Baxter may have felt or described, had probably seized upon the iron nature of the huge Slave and driven him to silent meditation or secret prayer.

(1) Mouravieff, p. 181. From this period begins the spread of Russia toward the East.

(2) Mouravieff, p. 193; Stanley.

His father, however, succeeded in recalling him from his convent to a more useful life. He was married, and became a village priest, and for ten years Nikon seems to have performed with regularity his modest duties. But of all passions, that for a monastic seclusion, an asceticism founded upon the model of Paul or Anthony, seems to be the most powerful to the Russian mind; the unhappy, the destructive, and the degrading taste for a monkish solitude or a hermit's cell, the mental disease of Thibet or of the Middle Ages, ruled, and still rules, in Russia with unabated power. Nor could Nikon ever restrain the promptings of his powerful but disordered intellect, and in every moment of disappointment or chagrin he pined for the soothing privations of a stone pillow or an eremite's cave. After ten years of labor as a village priest, he persuaded his wife to enter a convent, and went himself (he believed at the call of Heaven) into the wildest abodes of asceticism. At Solovetsky, amidst the fierce waves of the Arctic Sea, in the depth of unvarying winter for two-thirds of the year, the gigantic recluse complained of the luxury of his abode, pressed on into a sterner retreat; and on a lonely island of the Onega, swept by wild winds, corroded by frost, torn by stinging insects, and fed or starved on the dole of pilgrims or the coarse food of a peasant, the Russian reformer macerated his powerful frame, poured forth his litanies, and lived for many years, it is said, content.⁽¹⁾

Alexis, the fair and amiable, sat on the Russian throne, and the annals of human friendships have few more curious records than that of the close and intense intimacy that grew up between the wild hermit of the White Sea islands and the despot of the Russian realm. Nikon was drawn reluctantly, with pain and dim foreboding, upon some convent business, from his forest cell to Moscow. He met Alexis, and won a control over his gentle intellect that seems to have contributed little to the happiness of either. The czar forced Nikon to leave his island to rule in his councils and guide the Russian Church. He became bishop, patriarch. For six years

⁽¹⁾ Mouravieff, p. 195.

Nikon ruled Russia, nor was Alexis often absent from his side. In the magnificent robes of his ancient ritual, Nikon is seen on many a canvas or panel in his favorite churches, his huge form, his fierce countenance, indicating that powerful hand with which he purged the convents or assailed the Poles. Intellectually Nikon seems to have been scarcely less remarkable than in his physical nature. His mind, purified by abstinence and enlarged by silent thought, had, by some process little conceivable, become stored with learning in his forest home, and toiled upon literary labors that might have employed the whole leisure of feebler intellects. His eloquence, his voice—the cry of a giant—subdued his impassioned audiences; but it is as the reformer of the National Church that he is either adored or loathed by his countrymen. For six years he toiled to purify and elevate the rites, the liturgy, and the manners of his barbarous clergy.⁽¹⁾ He was sincere, with a depth of truthfulness that Knox or Luther would have admitted; he was passionate, sensitive, imperious, tyrannical, and cruel almost as a Dominic or a Loyola. His janizaries roamed through Moscow, and when they had found an erring monk intoxicated, he was scourged and sent to prison. Nikon, it was said, never forgave. He exposed the metropolitan of Mira to be eaten alive by cannibals for smoking tobacco; he left three deacons, who had married twice, to die in chains;⁽²⁾ the prisons were filled with the clergy; Siberia was peopled by the unworthy ministers of the Church; and, with no uncharacteristic cruelty, in the land of Ivan the Terrible or Peter the Great, Nikon enforced a Puritanic or a monkish austerity in every convent and every parish.

To his vast, ill-ordered, yet fanciful intellect, so imperfectly fed with appropriate aliment, and eager for some advance in knowledge, there rose up the splendid pageant of that early church which had shone in fresh magnificence under Constantine, or adorned St. Sophia in the pious reign of Justinian;

⁽¹⁾ Mouravieff; Stanley, p. 360; Macarius, ii., p. 227.

⁽²⁾ They were released at the request of Macarius of Alexandria. Mac., ii., p. 364.

and Nikon resolved, by a wide reform—an Oriental progress—to soften the barbarism of his uncultivated clergy, and revive in Moscow and Novgorod the ancient graces of the Eastern rites. He sent to Mount Athos to gather from its pious fortresses, untouched by the infidel, the purest and most tasteful of services, the true mode of giving the benediction with three fingers instead of two, the fairest altar-cloths, and the most authentic pictures. The most extravagant of modern ritualists would have been satisfied with the care bestowed by the barbarous patriarch upon robes and vestments, music and genuflections. His printing-press at Moscow poured forth his new ritual; he corrected the Russian Scriptures, and improved the Slavonic literature. His gigantic intellect, so keen in its perception of minute faults, was engaged in endless labors. He generously fed the poor, founded hospitals and convents, and built a magnificent patriarchal palace on the Kremlin; was insensible to mortal dangers, and ruled Russia with awful severity. Alexis, with bare head, listened with fixed interest to the stern eloquence of his friend, stood uncovered before him at the cathedral, and gave him the precedence in spiritual rank; and Nikon, with the zeal, if not the intelligence, of a Luther or a Calvin, conscious that he was pursuing a perilous career, pressed on the work of reform.

Around him gathered the clouds of ruin: the nobles resolved to destroy the fierce and impassive monk, who had risen from a peasant's hut to rule all Russia; the priests refused to alter one word of that venerable service that had satisfied the tastes of their simple fathers. At last—most fatal omen for Nikon—a coldness grew up between him and his friend; the fierce, impulsive, sensitive monk was wounded by the neglect of the czar, and, in the anguish of disappointment, of lost affection, and fading hope, once more recalled the first vision of his youth, the peaceful habitation of his manhood, and sighed for his hermit's cell.⁽¹⁾

Fearful of approaching evil, wounded by the cruelty of Alexis, who refused to see him, for the last time clothed in

(1) Mouravieff; Stanley.

the magnificent robes of the Greek service, the patriarch celebrated the holy office in the cathedral of Moscow, and then, elate with indignation, tore off his costly insignia, laid down his patriarchal staff, and with his mighty voice, that echoed through the crowded building, declared that he was no more the head of the Russian Church.⁽¹⁾ Amidst the tears and the terror of the faithful people, who strove by various arts to confine him in the cathedral, to imprison him in their arms, Nikon left the splendid patriarchal palace and his royal circle to hide in rage and gloom amidst the solitude of a forest. Not very far from the Holy City, in a pleasant wood, he had planned a monastery and a cathedral in imitation of that which enshrines the Holy Sepulchre; and in its chancel rose five lofty seats, to enthrone the five eminent patriarchs, of whom he was at one moment the most powerful. But, in his disgrace, he took refuge in a tower behind the convent. His cell was so narrow as scarcely to admit his gigantic form. His bed was a ledge of stone. His dress, no longer glittering with the insignia of office, was coarse and rude; he labored among the workmen, no unskillful mason, in completing his convent; he wrote in his cell his annals of Russia.⁽²⁾ Yet humility was never a virtue of the savage anchorite; he still heaped curses upon his enemies, and once he stole from his retreat to Moscow, hoping to revive the lost friendship of Alexis. He was repulsed. His enemies pursued him to his retreat; and on a solemn day, in the patriarchal palace, assembled a remarkable synod of Eastern bishops to try and depose Nikon for contumacy and fancied crimes. Alexis, like Constantine at Nice, presided in the council, and wept incessantly over the sorrows of his former friend. Yet the feeble ruler did not venture to save him.⁽³⁾ He was condemned, degraded from his office, and in the dead of winter, when the fierce frost ruled over the Russian steppes, was hurried, thinly clad and

(¹) 1658, the close of his six years' rule. Mouravieff, p. 263.

(²) Mouravieff, p. 223. Nikon, says the historian, was morbid, gloomy, quick to take an affront.

(³) Mouravieff, p. 227. His six years' rule was the most brilliant period of the reign of Alexis.

torn with wild emotions, a prisoner to a lonely convent on the White Sea. Many years passed on; Nikon was forgotten; Alexis died; his successor permitted the prisoner to be removed to the more genial clime of his favorite convent of the New Jerusalem; and touched by a mortal illness, bowed down by old age and shame, the monk set out on his last journey. His huge form was carried on a sledge to the Volga; he floated on a barge down the rapid river; the monks and the peasants thronged around him to kiss his hands or his garments; and as he approached the well-known shore he had only strength to receive the last rites of religion, to cross his hands upon his breast, and with one great sigh left the world in peace.

Nikon renewed the Russian Church. He was no Luther, teaching progress; nor a Wesley, breaking down the priestly caste; nor a savage Dominic, founding an Inquisition: the vices or the virtues of Western reformers he never shared. But he brought into the national service the sweet music of Greece, the rich dress, the rare pictures of Mount Athos; he improved the ritual; he revived the memories of Constantinople and St. Sophia.⁽¹⁾ He roused his barbarous countrymen to a fresh study of their own annals, brought to the minds of monks and priests the picture of the great patriarchates of the East, lost in poverty and humiliation, and pointed them to their brethren of the South. But Nikon's reforms produced a great schism in the National Church. A large body of the people refused to accept his new books, looked with horror upon his innovations, and clung to the usages of their fathers. They are known as the Starovers, or Old Believers. They abhor the name and memory of Nikon⁽²⁾ the Reformer. He is the false prophet of the Apocalypse, and all his followers are Antichrist, and lost. No Starover will eat from the same dish with a Nikonian, or bathe in the same water. The Old Believer never smokes tobacco, will eat no potatoes—the devil's

⁽¹⁾ Mouravieff; Stanley.

⁽²⁾ Kohl. Dixon and the travelers give various notices of the Russian sects; but little unity seems to exist in the faith of the people.

food—or worship the pictures of recent artists. He clings to the past with barbarous obstinacy, and many millions of these austere conservatives, frowned upon by rulers and scorned by priests, still inhabit the southern provinces, and even have their churches at Moscow.

A regal Nikon, Peter the Great, is the next reformer of the Russian Church. He broke down the power of the great monasteries, deprived them of their revenues, reduced them to weakness; he changed the constitution of the Church, and in the place of a single patriarch ruling at Moscow, placed the control of all ecclesiastical affairs in a Holy Synod.⁽¹⁾ There is no longer a patriarch of Moscow. The Holy Synod or Council takes the place of the earlier prelate, and has been admitted by Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Constantinople to an equality with the patriarchal office. The huge, stern, cruel Peter, hated by every Old Believer as the Antichrist and the Nikon of his age, crushed with rigorous hand the power of the clergy, and sanctioned the music, the robes, the improved books, the endless rites, suggested by the reforming monk. The modern Russian Church is the church of Nikon, and the wild hermit of the arctic forest has left the trace of his original hand upon the Christianity of the East. Yet the Greek Church still repeats the magnificence and the stately ceremonies of St. Sophia. There are no images; but countless pictures of saints and deities crowd the walls of the Kremlin or of St. Isaac's; and at Moscow the picture of the Iberian Mother visits its patients in state, like the Bambino at Rome.⁽²⁾ In every house, in every room, there is a picture with a candle burning before it, and no faithful churchman passes it without a bow. In the cathedral no organ or clashing band startles the pillared nave with wild bursts of labored harmony; but

(¹) A laborious but wearisome effort, by the Rev. C. Tondini, to allure the Greek Church back to the arms of Roman infallibility, objects that the patriarchs have no temporal power; but it is probable that they will prefer spiritual to temporal progress. See his *Assault on the Patriarchates*, p. 165: a feeble argument.

(²) Lowth, *Around the Kremlin*, has a lively description of the deep devotion shown by all classes to the Iberian Mother.

a choir of singers, trained to the highest excellence, breathe forth the ancient melodies of Greece; or some Russian basso, it is said the most powerful of human voices, shouts forth the anathemas against the heretics, and terrifies his hearers with musical indignation. The traditions of a simpler ritual still linger, and sometimes a rude, ill-cultivated, but zealous layman reads, in faltering accents, from the clerical desk the story of the Passion, the scene in Gethsemane.⁽¹⁾

The taste for a monkish life, which has received fatal wounds in Western Europe, still rules in modern Russia. The convents swarm in countless numbers from the Black Sea to the Arctic. It is a common conclusion for a merchant's or a banker's career to build a hermitage and lay the foundations of a monastery. The black clergy, as they are called—a host of hermits, friars, monks, ascetics—live in abstracted ignorance, and withdraw from society the faculties and the intellects that should be given to the common benefit; and the principle of selfish isolation is illustrated in the Russian convent with a general prevalence unknown to modern times. Paul and Anthony, the two Egyptian fanatics, are still the guides of millions, and Russia teems with anchorites and wild ascetics. Far out on the frozen waters of the White Sea, on a cluster of islands to whose clime Iona might seem a balmy haven of summer rest, stands Solovetsky, the most prosperous, the chief, perhaps, of modern monasteries.⁽²⁾ In the dawn of the fifteenth century St. Savatie penetrated to the lonely scene, where even the hardy Lapps refused to dwell, carved a rude cross from a fallen pine, and made his hermitage on the icy shores of Solovetsky. The island has become a city of meditative souls. A huge fortress encircles its chief convents. White churches, crowned by green cupolas and golden crosses, shine upon its hills. In the bright, short summer, when the clear Arctic Sea sweeps gently around the holy

(1) Kohl, p. 166, hears a scarred soldier read in a church on Easter-eve with touching effect.

(2) Dixon's animated account of Solovetsky (see *Free Russia*) abounds in interesting particulars, of which I have been enabled to notice only a few.

island, throngs of pilgrims wander to the shrine of St. Savatie, bathe in the sacred lake, and taste the consecrated bread. No woman is permitted to dwell on the hallowed soil. For the brief period of summer she may come, for a single day, under careful restraints, to win the benefits of the arctic pilgrimage; but no sooner does the first snow whiten the poor herbage of the island than the privilege ceases. Then not even the Empress of all the Russias would be suffered to intrude within the abode of celibacy. The monks of Solovetsky are industrious; their workshops produce a variety of useful articles; neatness, good order, and precise devotion mark the singular community; its churches gleam with rich ornaments, and are stored with the gifts of the pious; and, locked in the impenetrable security of a frozen sea, the followers of Anthony and Savatie dream out their dull and useless lives, defy the rigors of an arctic clime, and chant the litanies of Chrysostom or Basil.

Such is an imperfect sketch of that imperishable Church that grew up on the rich shores of Syria, under the genial guidance of the Beloved Apostle, and has fixed its firm foundations in the heart of the most progressive of modern empires. It may be hoped that the genial influence of an enlightened reform may pass over its faithful but uncultivated followers; that its superstitions may be softened, its lingering traits of harshness be removed; that its humanity, which has been so lately proved in the liberation of millions of serfs, may lead it to a general toleration; that its cumbrous ritual may be restored to the simplicity of a Scriptural age; that Antioch and Alexandria, Jerusalem, Constantinople, and Moscow, may share the advancing tide of progress,⁽²⁾ and renew the moral

(1) Dixon, p. 79. The monks excel in bread-making, are tanners, weavers, etc. The convents resound with the hum of labor. They have proved that successful industry repels the influence of climate.

(2) The East will probably owe its new progress to the vigor of the excommunicated Photius, yet the fury of the Popes against the founder of the Eastern Church is beyond expression. Hadrian II. assails him: "Photio invasori, Photio sæculari et forensi, Photio neophyto et tyranno, Photio schismatico et damnato, Photio mæche et parricido."—*Migne, Græc. Pat.*,

vigor, the clear common-sense, the love for man, the boundless self-devotion, of the fishermen of Galilee.

It would seem not unnatural that Asia should draw its humanity and its education from the Church of Ephesus and the East: on the Syrian shore, philosophy and religion may revive together; and if the Russian czars shall make knowledge the foundation of their new progress, they will at least carry some of the best fruits of Greek civilization to the banks of the Oxus and the Amoor.

101, p. 11. Nor is there any one so execrated by the fanatics as the accomplished scholar of the ninth century—the intellectual parent of the empire of the czars.

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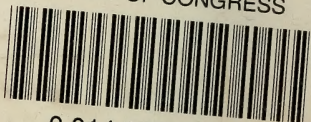
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